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Romsey Millenary Celebration.

A.D. 907 - A.D. 1907.

Words and Music
Price 2/6

Romsey Pageant 1907





Broadlands Park

June 25 - 26 - 27 AD 1907

Divine Service at the Abbey Church 11 AM

Pageant 3 P.M. to 6 P.M.

A ticket of admission which must be presented at the barrier is enclosed with this card.

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In Anticipation of the
ROMSEY MILLENARY,
June 25, 26 & 27, 1907.

RECORDS OF ROMSEY ABBEY

A Sketch of

The Benedictine House of Nuns,

WITH

Notes on the Parish Church and Town,

A. D. 907—1558,

BY

HENRY G. D. LIVEING, M.A.,

Vicar of S. Bartholomew's, Winchester.

Demy 8vo., 340 pages of letterpress, with 36 illustrations and index; Two Maps and Plan, bound in blue and white buckram, with the Abbey Seal stamped in gold.

Published at 10s. 6d. net, to be had of any Bookseller, or from the Publisher; 6d. extra for Postage.

Thirty Copies only on hand-made paper, in superior binding, signed and numbered, at £1 : 1 : 0 each (only 5 remaining).

WINCHESTER: WARREN & SON, THE WYKEHAM PRESS.

PRESS NOTICES.

There seems to be no History of Romsey Abbey in existence; and unfortunately the monastic rolls and register have been lost. Mr. Liveing therefore is to be congratulated on this detailed and careful historical investigation. There is a chapter on "The Family de Romesey," and the Rev. F. Hyne Davy contributes a chapter on the Romsey Psalter. The value of the book, too, is enhanced by an interesting series of illustrations—photographs, facsimilies, reproductions of old pictures, etc.—*The Times.*

We may at once congratulate Mr. Liveing on having produced a comprehensive and scholarly work. He sets forth the whole story of the Abbey in a series of clearly written and particularly interesting chapters. The volume is moreover admirably illustrated, whilst the typography and binding are exceptionally good.—*The Athenæum.*

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XIII. Abbess Elizabeth Broke.
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XV. Afterwards.
XVI. The "de Romesey" Family.
XVII. The Romsey Psalter. By the Rev. F. H. Davy.

A Calendar of Events, List of Officers, and Appendices on the Patron Saint, "Æthelflæda"; Domesday Notices; Dr. Latham and his Collections; etc., etc.

PRESS NOTICES.

Mr. Liveing deserves well of all who are interested in Romsey, and indeed in the history of mediæval convent life. His work is very complete, and its arrangement is orderly. There are numerous illustrations and plans, and the chronological tables and index make reference easy.—*The Church Times.*

The Author has shown a true historical spirit of an expert, by allowing facts and circumstances to speak for themselves. This is indeed a high commendation, and gives an additional importance to the book.—F. J. BAIGENT, ESQ.

It is the product of many years of loving labour and scholarly research, and its author deserves the gratitude of all students both of Hampshire antiquities and of mediæval ecclesiastical institutions. —*Hants Field Club.*

The book is a valuable contribution to Hampshire Bibliography, dealing with Romsey Abbey and its Records, ranging from 907 to 1558.—*Hampshire Advertiser.*

Mr. Liveing has carefully examined Saxon and later Royal Charters, Close Rolls, and other documents, throwing light on the Abbey's history and benefactors. Altogether the volume is a most valuable contribution to Hampshire bibliography, and the history of a magnificent church, which, like Winchester, is a school of architecture.—*Hampshire Chronicle.*

The book is a valuable contribution to the History of Romsey Abbey, and a potent herald of its Millenary celebration.—*Hampshire Observer.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Photographic reproductions of Sketches from the collections of Dr. Latham in the British Museum Library, and from a collection of Water-colour Drawings and Sketches by Buckler and Cattermole in the Library at Broadlands.

Some modern Photographs of the Abbey Church, a Map of the district, a Plan of the Abbey Buildings, together with a reproduction of a Drawing of the beautiful Monumental Effigy in the South transept, forming a frontispiece to the volume.

List of some of the Illustrations.

1. Abbey Seals.
2. The Ancient Roods.
3. Carved Capitals in the Choir Aisles.
4. East and West elevations of the Church.
5. Page of Bishop William of Wykeham's Register at New College.
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10. Silhouette of Dr. Latham.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Records of Romsey Abbey.

By H. LIVEING.

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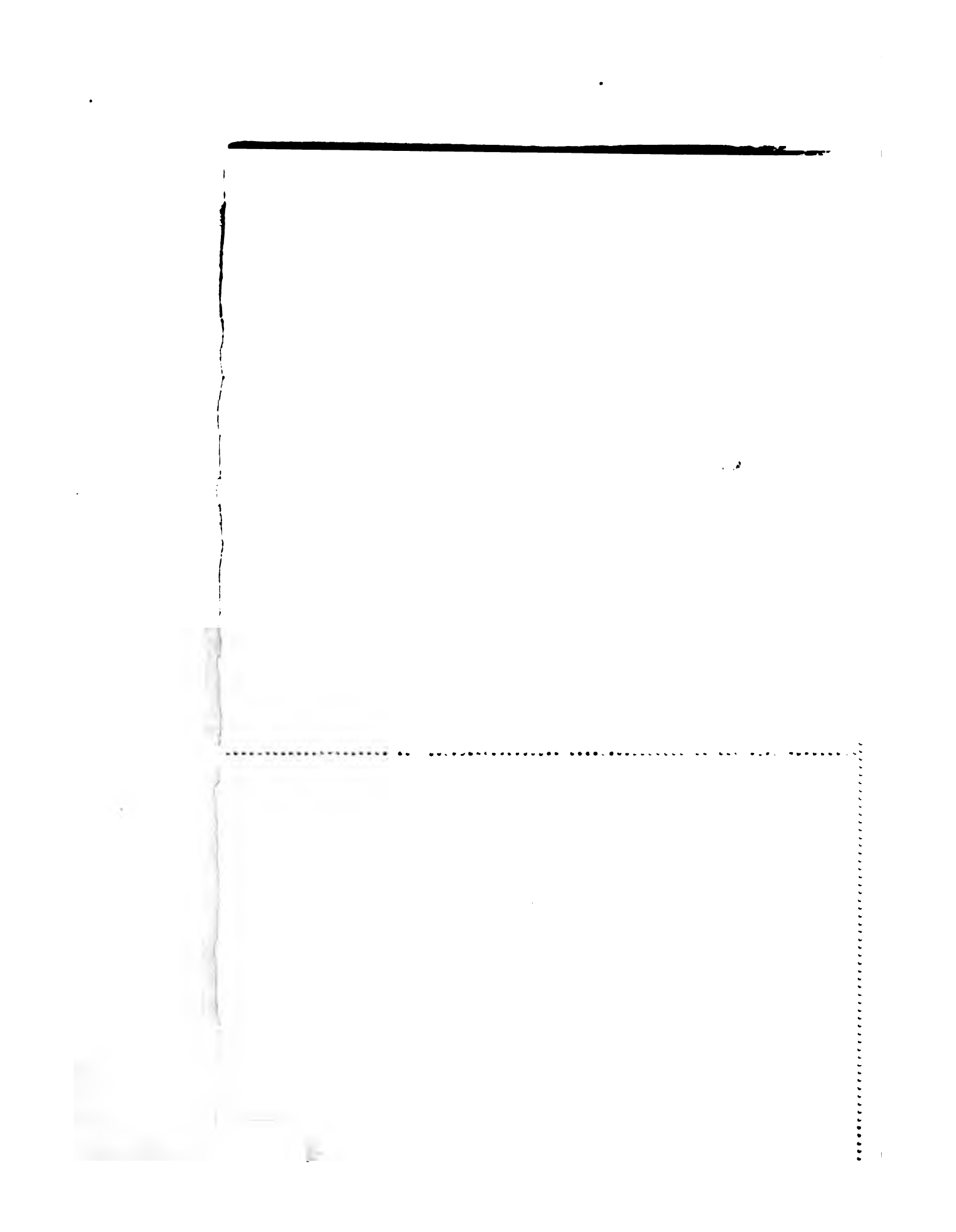
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Date.....1907.



Romsey Abbey from the Green Hill.

O LAND of crystal streams and verdant glades!
Where vale and hill in sweet confusion lie,
No requiem is thine of life that fades,
For thou dost speak of days that never die;
O'er camp and shrine thy grassy waves have rolled
Both saint and pagan sleep beneath our tread,
From silent crypt and battlefields untold
Resound the voices of thy mighty dead,
Thine ancient forest, whisp'ring to the vast,
Through all its wilderness recounts some story of the past.

Still tolls the curfew from thine ancient walls
With softened mandate at decline of day,
Still o'er thy meads the solemn Sanctus calls
To hearts that find, may be, more need to pray.
The ancient spirit slumbers for a while,
Steadfast in faith, yet patient in repose,
To meet the martyr's torment with a smile,
Or fall undaunted in the face of foes.
Hail! to the land that in the page of time
Hands down a record of undying deeds, and faith sublime.

W. H. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.

(*For Music see p.* 123.)

Art in A
10/23
.07
R.B.

THE BOOK OF THE WORDS AND MUSIC

Written and Composed for

A THANKSGIVING AND PAGEANT TO BE HELD AT ROMSEY ABBEY AND IN BROADLANDS PARK On JUNE 25, 26 & 27, A.D. 1907

In Celebration of the Thousandth Anniversary of the Founding of Romsey Abbey by King Edward the Elder in the year 907,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOWN AND ABBEY OF ROMSEY, A DESCRIPTION OF THE VARIOUS SCENES TO BE DEPICTED, AND SOME SHORT HISTORICAL NOTES ON THE EVENTS AND PERSONAGES REPRESENTED.

Published at the Mayor's Parlour, the Town Hall, Romsey.
1907.
M & C.

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1907

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Divine Service

Will be offered each Morning at 11,

In the Ancient Abbey



Church of Romsey

On TUESDAY, JUNE 25th.—The occasion of the visit of H.R.H. Princess Louise—the Service will be rendered by the Choristers of Romsey Abbey, voluntarily assisted by the Choir of S. Mary's, Southampton, and others.

The Sermon will be preached by the Lord Bishop of Bristol
(formerly Professor of Archaeology at Cambridge, &c., &c.).

The Mayor and Corporation of Romsey will attend the Service in State.

On WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26th.—The Music of the Service will be kindly undertaken by the gentlemen of the Royal Chapel of S. George's, Windsor, under the Precentorship of the Rev. Minor Canon E. H. Fellowes.

And on THURSDAY, JUNE 27th, the Service will be rendered by the Plain Song Choir of S. Alphege, Southwark, under the kind Conductorship of the Vicar (Rev. Gerard Tylee.)

The Preacher on the SUNDAY PREVIOUS (JUNE 23rd) will be the

Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of the Diocese (Winchester).

ALL SEATS WILL BE FREE.

On each Morning of the week there will be a Celebration of Holy Communion at 8 a.m.

The Offerings at all the Services will be for the Restoration Fund of the Abbey.

It is hoped that Services will also be held at other places of Worship in the town.

A PAGEANT OF HISTORICAL INCIDENTS

Which have taken place in the immediate neighbourhood of ROMSEY during the last 1,000 years will be presented

EACH AFTERNOON, JUNE 25th, 26th, & 27th,

between the hours of 3 and 6 p.m.

In Broadlands Park, Romsey,

(By the kind permission of the Rt. Hon. EVELYN ASHLEY, P.C.)

The Pageant Ground will be opened for Luncheon, etc., at 1 p.m. each day.

Preface.



Our Pageant is an endeavour on the part of the people of Romsey to represent some of those historical incidents which have taken place in the town since the founding of the Abbey in the year 907.

No land has memories more glorious or more tender than our own. And the New Forest, with its scattered hamlets, where old traditions linger, and the folk songs of bygone days are still remembered, has a power to arouse the passion for historical reminiscences, which few other countrysides possess.

It is but a step from the story of each English town, to the wider scenes and the grander Drama of our National History.

These men and women of our kith and kin, who lived out their lives, and played their little parts so long ago, were the real builders of our England of to-day.

The religious privileges, the civil rights, the just laws, the free life which seems so naturally ours in this age, are only ours because somewhere in the stormy past, people of like passions with our own, with even greater hindrances, and fewer opportunities, arose and shook off their sloth, and toiled and fought that we in the distant future, might enter into the fruits of their labours.

Such things as these our Pageant will commemorate, and thus it becomes a Call to each of us to hand on our goodly Heritage, ever more beautiful and more noble, to the coming years.



And there are two further lessons which, perhaps, our Pageant may be found to teach. Strangely enough, they are the two central thoughts of what one might call the Pageants of Holy Writ.

The one is breathed into the soul of the Eastern prophet, when from the high places of Moab, "as



one who deep in heaven some airy Pageant sees" he views—

"In outline dim and vast,
"the giant forms of Empires on their way to ruin."*

until at last his gaze rests upon the tents of Israel, "like lign-aloes by the water-side where the Lord hath planted them." Balaam comes down from the vision of this world-wide Pageant with the knowledge that "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

The other is a Pageant of nature, rather than of history. Elijah on Mount Sinai sees the vast Drama of the physical world unfolded before him. The elemental forces of nature play their parts, the hurricane sweeps the sky, the earthquake shakes the ground, the heavens blaze with fire, but the Pageant passes, and there comes a silence in which the voice of God is heard. "What," He asks, "is man's part on the vast stage of Divine Providence? What doest thou here, Elijah? Amid all the ceaseless activity of nature, what hast thou found to do?"

The duty of Individual Effort; the value of National Righteousness. These are the great lessons which all pageants have to teach.

* The Christian Year—Second Sunday after Easter.



The Dramatic Representations

Will be held in a picturesque part of Broadlands Park, on the bank of the River Test. The Pageant Ground may be approached either by the Southampton Road Gate or by the Palmerston Road Gate (which is the nearest to the Station). The distance from the Railway Station to the Grand Stand is rather more than a mile.

A Covered Grand Stand, commanding a complete view of the Pageant Ground, has been erected, and seats may be secured at **5s., 10s. 6d., £1 1s.** and **£2 2s.**

Applications for Seats, Furnished Apartments, and all other information should be made to the

Honorary Secretaries,
Romsey Pageant,
The Mayor's Parlour,
Romsey, Hampshire.

For Particulars of **Cheap Railway Tickets** to Romsey in connection with the Pageant see Railway Company's announcements.

Accommodation for Motor Cars, Carriages, etc., will be provided on the Pageant Ground at a moderate charge.

Refreshments (Luncheon, Afternoon Tea, etc.) can be had near the Grand Stand.

* * *

N.B.—Only persons provided with tickets for Seats or with Actors' Badges will be allowed to enter the Park.

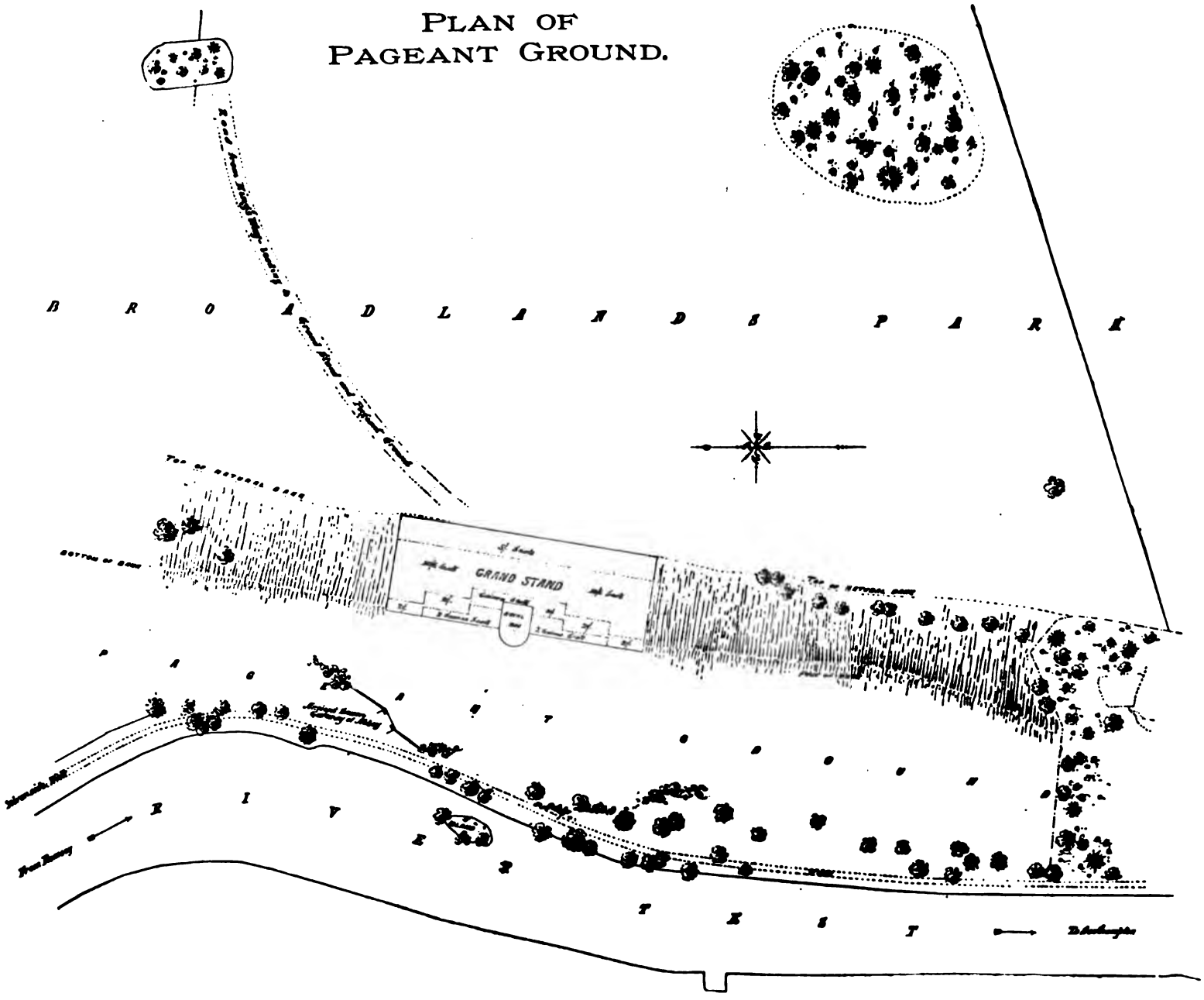
An Exhibition of Objects of Interest, Relics, Pictures, Curios, connected with the past history of Romsey and its Abbey, and the Scenes commemorated in the Episodes, will be open in the Town Hall each day under the superintendence of the Reverend F. W. H. Davy, Priestlands, Romsey, who will be glad to receive offers of objects for exhibition.

Sale of Interesting Objects.—Several of the skilled mechanics of Romsey have devoted their spare time to making Crosses, Picture Frames, and Walking Sticks out of some Ancient Oak which had to be removed from the Abbey roof in course of reparation, after having been there some 600 years. These will be offered for Sale on a stall on the Pageant Ground. In addition, other working-men are engaged in making articles of Brass and other Metalwork as Mementos of Romsey and its Pageant.

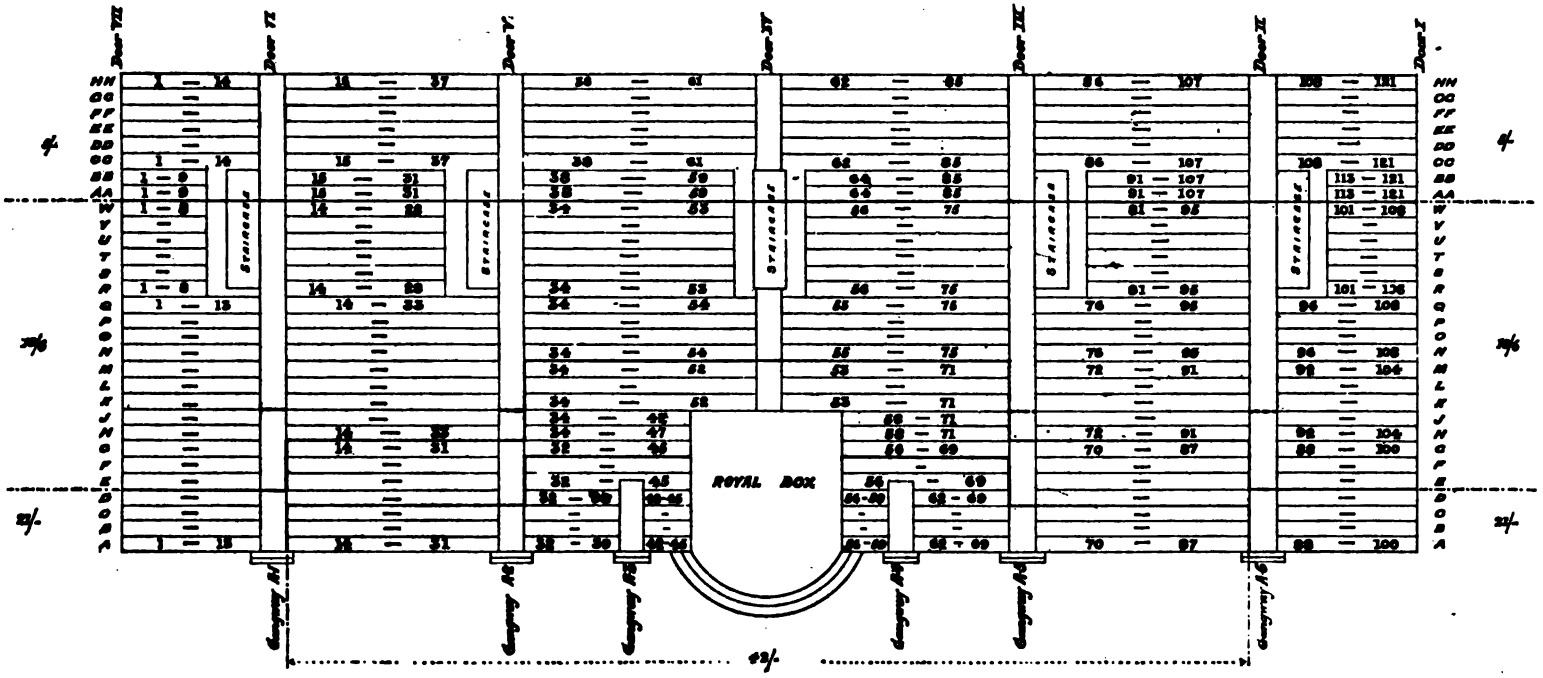
A Photographic Stall will also be held by the Test Valley Photographic Studio, at which excellent Photographs of Romsey and the neighbourhood can be had.

* * *

The Proceeds of all Seats, Photographs, Metalwork, etc., sold at the Pageant, will, after deducting all necessary expenses, be applied to the Restoration Fund of the Abbey.


PLAN OF
PAGEANT GROUND.
BROADLANDS PARK
GRAND STAND

PLAN OF GRAND STAND.



The Romsey Pageant.

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Office: The Mayor's Parlour, Romsey.

The Authors and Actors of the Pageant.

First and foremost our thanks are due to the Right Hon. Evelyn and Lady Alice Ashley, to whose kindness in lending Broadlands Park, and help in many ways, much of the success of our Celebration will be due. As regards the Dramatic Representations, we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. W. H. Cooke-Yarborough, of the Surveyors' Institute, who has found time, in the hardly-earned leisure moments of a very busy life, to write the Six Episodes which bear his name. In addition to these, the language of which is singularly dignified and musical, Mr. Cooke-Yarborough has written all the Narrative Choruses, and the graceful sonnet on the "View of Romsey from the Green Hill," which appears opposite to our frontispiece. The frontispiece itself is from a water-colour drawing by Mr. J. K. Sadler, of "The Gentlewoman" newspaper. Three of the Episodes—two especially attractive—were written by the Reverend Canon Skrine, the Rector of Itchen Stoke, and the last, the pathetic picture of Charles the First's last progress, by Miss Mary Anderson-Morshead, whose impressive verses on that King's last words, "Remember" form a fitting close to our Millenary Celebration.

The Scenes.

The Music of the Choruses and the Triumphal March, which occupy some fifty pages of this book, are entirely the work of Mr. Louis Tours, while the selection and arrangement of the ancient church music which occurs in the Episodes has been the work of Mr. J. C. Richards, the organist of Romsey Abbey. Mr. L. S. C. Moss, the hon. conductor of the Romsey Choral Society, assisted by others, has undertaken the work of rehearsing the Chorus Music. All this work has been given entirely as a voluntary offering, out of love for the Abbey and desire to present a worthy Thanksgiving on its Thousandth Birthday.

The Music.

And we must not omit Mr. F. R. Benson, who has thrown his immense powers of work and wide dramatic experience enthusiastically into this work as Master of the Pageant, believing that to inspire the rank and file of English men and women with a real sense of the grandeur of their Nation's history is a worthy and admirable use of dramatic art.

The Master of the Pageant.

The Planners and Workers of the Pageant.

The part of Narrator in the Chorus Music is taken by Mr. George Buchanan.

Perhaps the most striking thing about our Celebration will be found in the perfectly unanimous response which has come from every class and station in Romsey and its neighbourhood to the call to help in producing the Pageant. Rich and poor, gentle and simple, Church and Non-conformist, have all worked heartily together to ensure its complete success. Working-men, shop-girls, dressmakers, have given up their spare time, month after month, not simply to the excitement of rehearsing, but to hours of hard work in making the costumes and properties required for the Episodes.

An Unanimous Response.

The Costumes.

These costumes and properties have been designed throughout by Miss Dorothy Carleton Smyth, the lady designer to Mr. Benson's dramatic companies, and the greatest care has been taken to secure historical accuracy down to the very slightest details. With regard to the ecclesiastical costumes, admittedly the most difficult, the Committee have to thank Mr. W. H. St. John Hope, the Secretary of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, Dom Gasquet, O.S.B., and others for most helpful advice; the heraldic bearings having been supplied by Mr. J. T. Lee, F.R.I.B.A. The dresses, after having been thus designed, have been made by work parties meeting two or even three times a week, and in this regard our warmest appreciation is due to Mrs. Harry Stead, who with unflagging zeal and skill has not only made patterns to scale from Miss Carleton Smyth's designs, but has cut out practically all of the several hundred garments required for the Episodes, and to Mr. Parsons, who has undertaken the very arduous task of constructing the wigs of long hair for the Danish and Saxon warriors, and assisting largely in the general make-up of the characters.

The Properties.

Another feature of the Millenary Celebration as conceived and carried out in Romsey has been that all the "properties" are being voluntarily made by parties of working men. The Danish ships, for instance, are being constructed by skilled mechanics of the Berthon Collapsible Boat Works in the Town, by the kind permission of Edward Berthon, Esq., the Secretary, the Directors having been most kind in lending boats and helping in many ways. The brass, iron, and other metal work required for the shields, bracelets, armlets, crowns and weapons, have all been done by the working-men members of the Church Men's Club under the superintendence of the Rev. M. West, assisted by Mr. Allen, an instructor approved by the County Council, and supplied from Miss Bullar's Technical School in Southampton.

The Scenery.

The Abbey Gateway, which forms a striking part of the scene in the Park has kindly been designed by Mr. W. D. Caroe, F.S.A., Architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; the framework and plaster having been prepared by voluntary workers under the superintendence of Mr. W. Read. The Grand Stand, again, is the result of many hours of careful labour on the part of Mr. N. C. H. Nesbit, F.R.I.B.A., and Mr. F. Jenvey, while Mr. A. Jenvey has contributed illustrations for our Preliminary Notice.

"Sundries."

In addition to these more prominent helpers, there is a great crowd of zealous workers whom it is impossible to specify separately—the gardeners who have prepared the Pageant Ground, employers who have made sacrifices to allow their employees to take part; organizers, as Mr. C. Mintrim and others, who undertook the framing a list of lodgings and the distributing of circulars; gentlemen, tradesmen and manufacturers who have given the most liberal help by subscription, guarantees, gifts in kind, or supplying materials for costumes, &c., at less than cost price; the Test Valley Studio also supplying photographs at initial cost. Ladies who have spent many hours in addressing circulars; others, as Mrs. Edgar Morgan, who have worked most efficiently under Mr. Benson and Mr. Hugh Moss (stage manager) in coaching the actors in their parts; helpers, in fact, without number, down to the Hon. Secretaries, on whom has fallen, despite the assistance of many most zealous committees, a burden of unremitting labour for some eight months in directing and forwarding the whole work of producing the Pageant.

Lastly we have to express our indebtedness to the Rev. H. G. D. Liveing, whose admirable work, "The Records of Romsey Abbey," has been of the greatest service in the compiling of the Episodes, and whose valuable suggestions and advice have been always most readily placed at the disposal of the Committee.

Romsey • Abbey.



IF YOU want to see Romsey Abbey at its best, you should visit it some bright afternoon in autumn, and, if possible, approach it by the road from Salisbury. As you near the town, the road, which has hitherto been fairly level, suddenly dips down towards the valley of the Test. Just as it begins to descend, you will see a gateway on your left hand. Stand in the gateway, and look across the green slope below, and you will certainly see one of the fairest sights in Hampshire. The valley of the Test at this point is about a couple of miles across. Northward, a silver streak, visible here and there among the deep pastures and misty meadows, marks where the river flows. Beyond the valley, low hills, crowned with woods, rise gradually to the distant downs, while in the level plain between, half hidden by trees, stand the grey abbey church and the red-roofed town.

The church itself crowns a gentle eminence beside the stream. Its walls are backed with lime trees, now dressed in their autumn hues, and dark yews and holm-oaks nestle close in to the southern side, while catching the glow of the already sinking sun, the lofty battlements and

massive tower stand out against the wreaths of smoke and the dusky roof-tops of the town. It is a view homely and England-like. Side by side are the busy little town—mills and shops of yesterday—and old grey walls that have seen many centuries pass by. Shorn of much of its ancient splendour, the passing years have touched the abbey church with a beauty that even its noble architecture cannot give by itself. It stands as the expression of a venerable past, which breathes its living charm upon us still. It has had its trials, it has survived them all. Like the belfry of Bruges :—

Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded,
Still it watches o'er the town.

The River and the Bridge.

The road then makes a sharp turn at the foot of the hill, and crosses the river. Here we begin to tread historic ground. You catch a glimpse, from the bridge, of Broadlands, once the home of the great Lord Palmerston. Along this street, which leads into the town, once went a straggling fight of Roundheads and Cavaliers, when Colonel Norton's troopers beat in the Royalist guard at the bridge by a night attack, and roused the sleeping townsmen with shouts and pistol shots. For a moment, the Cavaliers rallied in the Market Place, then broke again and fled, leaving the town in the hands of the Parliament, and many dead all along the street. The names are given in the Abbey Register as—

Slain at the Routing of the King's forces at Romsey.
Dec. 12. 1643.

The tradition of the town is that they were all feasting and carousing when the Roundheads took them by surprise.

Along the road, too, which ran parallel to this, through Broadlands Park, skirting the town, and by a still remaining portion of which you will reach the Pageant ground, only some five years after, so the story goes, came the pathetic figure of the discrowned King, escorted by the grim Puritan soldiers, on his way to the last scene at Whitehall. By that way, too, they say, centuries before, rolled heavily the charcoal burner's cart which brought the body of another King, for whom "no bell was tolled, no prayer was said, no alms were given," on its way to burial in the Old Minster at Winchester.

The Market Place.

So, amid memories that meet us at every corner, we come to the Market Place, but the old houses that once stood round the central square are gone. A statue of Lord Palmerston occupies the middle space. All is modernised,

except one old hostelry, now the Conservative Club, whose sign-board still swings on an ancient twisted bracket of hammered iron, on which, so the Parish Register again records, disorderly soldiers of the Parliament were hanged "when General Fairfax was in ye towne."

Where the line of shops now stands, on the west side of the Market Place, was once a stream. Across the stream was the convent wall; the gateway of the Congregational Chapel, on the left, now marks the site of the abbey gate. Behind the wall, from among the trees and shrubs of the abbey garden, once rose the roofs and gables of the nunnery buildings, and beyond them again, sheltering them by its solid mass, was the abbey church. These buildings are all gone now, except the refectory, which, though almost indistinguishable among the other buildings, and now forming two dwelling-houses, can still be traced.

The Exterior of the Abbey.

A turn to the left now brings us to the abbey door. You may be disappointed at the first sight of it. The exterior gives rather an impression of strength and solidity than of beauty. "The city lieth foursquare." Its tower is low, its transepts rise sheer, with shallow buttresses. There is comparatively little attempt at ornament, only simple mouldings to the windows, and some fantastic forms and faces which peer out from under the corbel-table. It is externally from the west like a big cruciform parish church; and it has lost three features which must have added greatly to its beauty. The Dedication Chapels at the east end, and the Chapel of S. George on the north side of the nave, were all pulled down after the Reformation; and the old belfry tower of S. Laurence, which stood near the church on the north-east side, is gone too. It was pulled down in 1624.

The Interior of the Abbey.

Now let us enter. You will certainly be surprised at the grandeur and nobleness within. Those old builders built for all time, and with what a keen sense of proportion and effect they built! It is a perfect Norman church, with only the two east windows and the three western bays added by later hands (thirteenth century). The massive piers of the nave arches remind one of Durham, the lofty triforium rather of Norwich; the perfect Norman clerestory has nothing quite like it in England. There is just enough of ornamentation to give richness without decreasing the feeling of breadth and stateliness; while the great height and fine proportions convey the impression of a far larger building than it really is. Go eastward to the

chancel aisles, and notice the carving of the Norman capitals, the curious "classical treatment," the quaint variety of the mouldings, some of them (as in the ambulatory) recalling some of the Norman work in the mosques of the tenth century at Cairo; and then go back again, and contrast the exquisite delicacy of the Early English capitals near the north-west corner. The stone is of a soft dove colour. It came from Binstead, in the Isle of Wight, brought, as the general tradition tells, in carts across the Solent at low tide, by a causeway which ran from Yarmouth to near Lymington.

The church, to give more precise details, is 263 feet long, and at the transept 131 feet wide; the width of the nave is 86 feet, and the height of the chancel arch about 55 feet. The Dedication Chapel, now pulled down, extended about 40 feet further to the east.

History—Roman Remains.

Now that we have taken in some of the general character of the building, we may begin to trace out its history. How deep these ancient foundations drive their roots into the history of our land! Under our feet, as we stand in the centre of the nave, lie the remains of a Roman villa, ruined and forgotten before ever the first stone of the abbey was placed here. Possibly one other relic of that time is preserved in the church. In 1839, a grave was being dug in the south aisle, near the abbess's door; at four feet deep, the sexton came upon masses of masonry which were believed to be the foundations of a church earlier than the present Norman Abbey. *Underneath* these again was a leaden coffin, apparently of extreme antiquity, lying north and south. It contained the skeleton of a girl which the first breath of air crumbled into dust, leaving only a heavy plait of brilliant auburn hair almost as bright and shining as when the poor body was first laid to rest, perhaps 1,500 years ago. A coffin lying north and south points to pre-Christian burial. Did the owner of the auburn hair (which is still preserved in the church) live in that Roman house?

Remains of an Earlier Saxon Church.

The abbey has no crypt, but when the floor was relaid three or four years ago the foundations of most of a previous Saxon church were found, evidently left by the Norman builders to secure a solid base for their columns in the gravel bed on which the abbey stands. You can still see, by lifting a trap-door in the floor near the pulpit, a part of the apse which formed the east end of the Saxon church. The earliest Christian building was, no doubt, a wooden one, built, as the chronicler tells us, by King Edward the Elder. This was replaced in 967 by the first stone church, and this church in its

turn burnt by the Danes in 994 and rebuilt about 1000 was finally pulled down about 1130, to make way for the Norman building in which we stand. Happily, those Norman builders did not destroy all that they found:—

The Saxon Crucifixes.

In the east wall of the south chancel aisle, over the side altar, is a Saxon carving in white stone representing the Crucifixion, and done in high relief. There are many indications of an early date for it. The figure of our Lord has a beardless face; the limbs are unbent; two attendant angels are placed on the limbs of the Cross; below are the Virgin and St. John; the soldier with the sponge and vessel of vinegar, and Longinus the centurion with the spear. We are told that King Edgar gave a gilt crucifix to the abbey. It may be this one, despoiled of its jewels, of which some of the lead sockets remain; and, if so, we still have that crucifix in wonderful preservation. There is yet another memorial of those Saxon times. Go out by the abbess's door in the south wall of the church: you will now find yourself standing where once the nuns' dormitory looked out above the cloister-garth. Here you will see, built into the west wall of the transept, an almost life-sized figure of our Lord upon the Cross. The exact date is uncertain, but the treatment is distinctly Byzantine in character, resembling the roods of Headbourne Worthy and Breamore, and no example of a crucifix treated exactly in this style is found later than the eleventh century. It is worth while to notice here the difference between the earlier and later types of crucifixes. The modern type presents us with the figure of the Saviour dead or dying. It is an appeal to our pity, our gratitude, our love. "Behold and see," it seems to say, "if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow." But this one represents *the living Christ.* The head is erect, the eyes are open. There are no nails, only the wounds in hands and feet. The arms are outspread to call the wanderers home. Yet still there is the Cross, and, from above, the Father's hand is outstretched from the cloud as if to point—"This is My beloved Son." It is Christ risen and glorified, yet "reigning from the Tree."

Memories of the Past.

Let us go back a thousand years. It is in the year of grace 907. Romsey is as yet, what its name implies, "the island among the sedges,"* the gravelly soil among the streams and marshes of the Test.

* Anglo Saxon *Rhuim* sedge, *eye* island.

The Founding of the Abbey.

There are but the ruins of the Roman villa, perhaps a few huts of half wild tribesmen, and all around the thick woods and open downs. Here the Princess Elfleda, the eldest grand-daughter of the great Alfred comes with her twelve companions to devote herself to the worship of God, and the care of His poor. And so her father, King Edward the Elder, builds for her a church, and here she lived, and lies somewhere close beside us, though in an unknown grave. The years roll on, and once again a king is at work here, this time rebuilding Romsey. Edgar the Peaceful restores the church which his grandfather had built. It is consecrated with great state at Whitsuntide, 967, in the presence of the King and many of the chief nobles. Peter de Langtoft sings his praise in somewhat uncouth verses:

"Mikille, he wirschiped God and served our Lady,
The Abbey of Rumsege he feffed richly;
With rentes full gode, and kirkes of pris,
He did [place] therin of nonnes a hundred ladies."

Destruction by the Danes.

But only thirty years later all the labours and promise of that re-foundation are swept away. It is a time of misery and fear by reason of the invasion of the Danes. Elwina, the abbess, is praying at the High Altar.

To her there comes a Divine voice, which warns her that the sea-wolves are on their march from Southampton to burn and destroy, so she gathers her frightened nuns and seeks refuge within the walls of Winchester. The next night Swegen, over whose brow the crown of England is already hovering, and with him King Olaf, in after years the Evangelist-Saint of Norway, swoop down from their camp on the Toothill, and the abbey goes up in flames to the wintry sky, while Ethelred of Ill-rede and his troops camp in cowardly indecision twenty miles away at Andover.

Twenty years more and the church rises again from her ashes. Count Swegen's son has become a Christian, and is busy building again the shrines his father burnt. His Queen, Emma Elfgifu (the fairies' gift), gives benefactions to the church at Romsey.

The Story of Good Queen Maud.

It is almost a new England which meets us when we look at Romsey again. Only seventy years have passed, but the Norman holds the land, and the royal race of the Saxon line is scattered far and wide. Margaret, the grand-

daughter of Edmund Ironside, becomes the wife of Malcolm III. of Scotland. Her sister, Christina, is at Romsey. To her care S. Margaret sends her two fair daughters, Eadgyth, whom we are to hear of afterwards as Matilda the Good, and Mary. And so Romsey becomes the home of the last hopes of the Saxon race. But the man who should wed Matilda would secure a strong position in the realm, for the King seems unlikely to marry. Good Abbess Christina has much ado to keep ineligible suitors off from her fair ward, who in the meantime, the old chronicler (William of Malmesbury) says, "*Exercised her female breast with scholarship of every kind.*" One day, however, Aunt Christina has genuine cause for alarm. The cloisters resound to the rattle of arms and the ring of spurs upon the stone; the King himself has come to see Eadgyth. Did the abbess know that she was already in love with Henry Beauclerc, the Red King's brother? In any case, every effort must be made to keep her from the eyes of Rufus. One chronicler in his account even hints at the fear of the Red King's violence. The abbess is equal to the occasion. Into the church with the dark-robed nuns, clothed like them in conventual garb, Eadgyth goes, and the day office is begun. "The Princess is at her devotions; she cannot see you," says the brave abbess, quaking, no doubt, inwardly the while. "Come into the cloister, and I will show you my roses." So the evil King goes on to his sudden death in the forest, only eight miles away, and a few months later the joy bells ring out at Westminster for the marriage of Matilda and King Henry I.

> "Henry wedded Dame Molde, that kyng was and sire,
> Saint Anselme men tolde, corouned hym and hire,
> The corounyng of Henry, and of Molde that may-
> den at London was solemply, on S. Martyn's Day."
>
> —*Langtoft.*

The Abbess who broke her Vows.

And now a pathetic figure flits across the scene. Mary, the daughter of King Stephen, becomes Abbess of Romsey in 1155, and many a busy month goes by while the new abbey rises in place of the old Saxon church, under the superintendence of her uncle, the great Prince, Bishop, and Architect, Henry of Blois. She is abbess for just five years, and then she disappears. Her name is blotted out of the Abbey Register. She has renounced her vows, and, perhaps swayed more by the political aims of Henry II. than by her own inclinations, has married her cousin, Matthew of Alsace. Ten years of apparently stormy married life appear to have been her lot, and then once more the shelter of the cloister receives her, and she dies in the Abbey of Montreuil.

The Abbey in Mediæval Times.

So the years roll on, and round the abbey grows up the town. Domesday Book pictures it for us as a little settlement, comprising some two thousand acres of cultivated land, and inhabited by about a hundred people, and "the abbey of Romsey holds the whole township in which the church is placed." By the thirteenth century it has grown to a good-sized town, and the life of the Abbess of Romsey is indeed a busy one. She has some twelve estates to manage, and the patronage of many churches. She practically owns the town of Romsey and its trades. She dispenses justice through her courts of law. She has the right of hanging criminals in the market place, and perhaps greatest of all, the task of order and discipline among her hundred nuns and her canons and singing priests; her servants and retainers; and the many guests who found shelter and hospitality within her walls.

The fifteenth century draws on apace. The story of the great abbey gets dark and sad. One abbess succeeds another quickly. The Black Death takes its awful toll alike of nuns and clergy and people. The Bishop comes from time to time to hold enquiries as to scandals, and to preach the blessings of a holy life. Bishop Orlton, of Winchester, for instance, comes in state, and preaches in the Chapter House to the nuns upon the text: "And they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut" (S. Matt. xxv. 10). Reforms are carried through, matters are righted for another fifty years, but the clouds darken over it again. Evil deeds and loose ways creep within the sacred precincts. In the reign of Henry VII. an enquiry is held into the state of the abbey. It is a miserable and sordid story that the Bishop's registers unfold. An enquiry is ordered to be held in 1502. One by one the nuns are examined, touching the scandals which are said to have arisen. Their evidence is a strange mixture of godly sorrow on the part of some that such things can be, and paltry backstairs gossip and malice from the rest. The abbess, always a weak woman and now some 70 years old, has fallen under the evil influence of a certain Master Bryce, chaplain of the infirmary. Large sums are not accounted for; repairs to the church are neglected; the rain comes in upon the nuns in their dormitory; while the abbess drinks with Master Bryce in her private rooms. There are rumours of even worse things going on. Out of it all comes the conviction that the spirit of holiness has passed away; the doom of such a convent cannot be long withheld.

The abbess dies soon after, but her successor is no better; and when at last a vigorous reform sets in under Abbess Ryprose, it is too late. A wider Reformation is at work. One after another, the Acts for the Dissolution of the Monasteries are passed. Nothing, indeed, by fair means

or foul, can now be alleged against Romsey, but envious eyes are cast upon its rich possessions. Men, besides whose evil lives the sins of the abbess and her nuns are small indeed, cringe and toady to the King for a share of the plunder. The very people whom the abbey employs are the first to suggest its spoliation. "First you shall onderstande," writes John Foster, of Baddesley, the convent steward, to Lord High Admiral Seymour, one of the greediest of them all, "that the house is out of dette; also the plate and jewells is worth ccc *li.* and better; VI. belles be worth c. *li.* at the least; also the church is a great sumptuous Thynge, all of freestone, and covered with lede, which as I esteme it is worth iij. or iiij. *Cli.* or rather myche better."

So the Convent of S. Ethelfleda of Romsey, after six hundred years of chequered history, comes to an end. Let us not judge it harshly. It has done its work; "the old order changeth, giving place to new"; and the new order, unhappily, was a miserable ending to a noble history. But the faults of their declining years ought not to blind our judgment to the splendid work and the noble lives of the monastic bodies throughout the greater part of their history. Romsey is still reaping some at least of the good which they achieved. The provision for religious ministrations to the parish was made by one of the abbesses, and still remains, and a large portion of the abbey estates has passed into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and is administered for the Church's good. And, above all, the great church which they built for the glory of God still stands as of old. By an act of public spirit somewhat rare in those days, the parishioners came forward, and saved it from the fate which befel so many. A royal deed, still preserved in the vestry, records how they bought it from the King to use it as their parish church.

And the town which we have seen grow up under the easy and beneficent rule of the abbesses of Romsey had been, through all these later years, gradually learning the art of self government. The reins of authority drop from the hands of the last abbess, only to be immediately taken up by the municipal officers. Even while Henry VIII. is still reigning, we begin to hear of a mayor and councillors.

Our last thought of the abbey shall be one of gladness and promise. The church is filled with an enthusiastic people, who now claim it as their own. They are gathered to welcome King James I., who comes to listen to a sermon from the saintly Bishop Andrewes, and to grant a charter of Incorporation to the ancient Borough of Romsey.

* * * * * *

So the memories of the past go trooping by. While we have been sitting here, dreaming of other days, the sun has been slowly sinking in the west,

and the shadows have crept up from pier to capital, and vault and roof tree, a few lights begin to twinkle here and there, the bells begin their chime for evensong, a few scattered worshippers pass silently in. Soon the sweet voices of the choristers echo along the distant aisles. Their chant swells out in fuller tones, "O how amiable are Thy Dwellings, Thou Lord of Hosts." So it has always been. One by one the generations come and go. Here, for a little while, they bring their hopes and fears, their passions and regrets, and then they pass on into the silences beyond. But amid all the changes, and all the failures, the Church still lifts her perpetual round of worship and intercession.

The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

J. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.



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The Book of the

Words and Music

for A

Thanksgiving and Pageant

at

Romsey Abbey.



The Episodes.

Introductory.



STORY covers ten centuries of English History. What vast changes have taken place in those thousand years! Languages have died out. Nations have risen and fallen. Empires have been founded and have passed away. Saints and heroes have lived and died and been forgotten. Our curtain rises on an England without a literature, without a Parliament, without scarcely anything of that social, political and intellectual life which has made her what she is to-day, but as scene follows upon scene, we shall be called upon to mark how disorder and barbarism have given place to order and civilization, how clank of mail and stroke of sword have hammered out national unity and social law, and how, though it were through the jar and fret of contending factions, our land has swept into clearer knowledge and not less strenuous life.

It is true that the first two centuries were days of storm, and stress, and suffering, but even while Saxon and Dane and Norman fought across the land, they were slowly welding together the England that was to be. And though we close our scenes from history with the strange and mournful spectacle of a King who goes to his death at his people's hands, and yet is upheld all the while by the conviction that he dies

for his people's sake, still we shall not forget that out of that dark cloud of civil and religious strife rose broad and strong the constitutional freedom which has made these later centuries glorious and beneficent.

Certainly ours has been a marvellous history; not the least because we have been permitted by Providence to work out our destiny in a way which has been granted to no other nation. There is not one land in all Europe, save perhaps the rugged and barren hills of Norway, which has not within a single century been shaken by the tramp of invading armies, nor seen its sky reddened by the blaze of burning homes.

This favoured land alone, "girt by the silver sea, and double moated by the Grace of God," has never in these last 700 years felt the footsteps of a foreign foe. Our evil days have been of our own making, and even they have often been overruled for good.

This is surely a tale well worth the telling!

"Well we know that through the ages,
One unending purpose runs;
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the progress of the suns."

We enter upon our Pageant with a deep spirit of thankfulness to the Giver of all good things.

The First Episode.

The Founding of Romsey Abbey by Edward the Elder, A.D. 907.

THE First Episode shows us the founding of Romsey Abbey. It is soon after the close of the 9th century. The glorious reign of Alfred has ended in the expulsion of the Danes from the south and west of England. Both sides are gathering their strength for a final struggle. In the brief interval of peace which marks the early years of his reign, Edward the Elder sends forth Romsey Abbey on its long career.

The event takes place in a woodland glade by the River Test. There is no sign as yet of human habitation. The Roman villa which once occupied the spot has long since disappeared beneath the grassy mounds. Beyond the trees you catch glimpses of the wide marshlands which once filled the whole valley. As the chant of the chorus which introduces the story dies away, a Saxon hunting party sweeps across the scene. The baying of the rough hounds and the deep notes of the huntsmen's horns awake the echoes of the silent woods. The hunt rides on till the glancing forms and the trampling steeds are lost among the trees. Then, more slowly, there enter, surrounded by a little band of attendants, King Edward and his son Athelstane. Not wearied by the chase, but by the burden of increasing cares, he turns aside from the hunt, and dismounting, seats himself upon the trunk of a fallen tree. He calls Athelstane to him and solemnly charges him, when he comes to the throne, to carry on relentless war against the savage Danes until all England is free from their yoke. Their colloquy is broken off by the advance of a brilliant party of ladies and attendants, who approach along the river bank. Among them are seen Queen Ethelfleda and her six fair daughters, who have come to meet the King. At the same moment the huntsmen begin to return, bearing the stag they have slain, and, as the two parties re-unite, a fresh company appears making its way through the woods. It is Denewulf, the aged Bishop of Winchester, who comes as the bearer of a petition to the King to found an abbey which shall replace that of Nutcel, destroyed by the Danes some years before. While the King is considering his request, Elfleda, the eldest of the princesses, advances from her mother's side, and kneeling at his feet, asks to be allowed to devote her life to God's service in the Convent he is about to found. Thus pressed, the King grants the double boon, and the Bishop's attendants hearing the news break into a beautiful Latin chant to the Psalm, Lætatus Sum: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord"; while Denewulf, lifting his aged hands in thanksgiving, sees a vision of the glory and beauty which will belong to Romsey Abbey in the days to come.

The Second Episode.

The Murder of Ethelwold, A.D. 962.

THE Second and Third Scenes, while they commemorate events connected with the history of the Abbey, illustrate also some of the causes which led to the final ruin of the Saxon power. We pass on only some fifty years; the Abbey, probably built only of wood, is already decayed, and the incident which this Episode describes, was one of the chief causes which led to its rebuilding by King Edgar.

Edgar the Peaceful is on the throne. Left a widower at an early age, he deputes his bosom friend Ethelwold, a Hampshire nobleman, to visit the Court of Ordgar the Earl of Devon, to make proposals for the hand of Elfrida, the Earl's daughter, who is said to be the loveliest woman in the land. Ethelwold goes on his errand, falls in love himself with Elfrida, and, torn 'twixt love and loyalty, determines to deceive his King. He returns saying that Elfrida is but a homely person, quite unworthy of the King, and then, at the first convenient opportunity, slips away and marries her himself.

It is at this point that the Episode takes up the story. The scene opens upon Ethelwold and his fair lady surrounded by their servants and retainers in their Hampshire home. To them enters, in hot haste, a messenger from the King. He is coming to pay a friendly visit to his friend Ethelwold. Ethelwold is overwhelmed with fear and shame; he implores Elfrida not to let the King see how fair she is. But Elfrida, on her side, is furious at having been deceived, and Ethelwold, finding her obdurate, retires from the scene. The King enters. He finds Elfrida alone. She fascinates him by her beauty. Suddenly he learns that she is Ordgar's daughter and now his false friend's bride. In a burst of passion he calls one of his thanes and whispers in his ear, "Go, murder Ethelwold." Elfrida, all unknowing the impending tragedy, makes shameless love to the King, who is, however, moody and ill at ease.

Suddenly shouts are heard—"Lord Ethelwold is slain"—and a band of retainers rush on, dragging with them the King's thane. The King is horrified at the result of his hasty words, and Elfrida reads in his face the cause of her husband's death. The tension is broken by the entrance of Bishop Ethelwold of Winchester, who brings a last message from the dying earl. His infant child is to be brought up in seclusion at Romsey, "that no man's heart break bounds for love of her," while the King, in shame and penitence, promises to rebuild Romsey Abbey in expiation of his crime, and the scene closes with a solemn warning from the Bishop to the guilty pair.

The Third Episode.

The Destruction of Romsey Abbey by the Danes, A.D. 994.

THE Third Episode opens upon a scene of peace and loveliness. The nuns of Romsey Abbey are grouped in front of the ancient Saxon gateway engaged in various works of charity and devotion. Around them throng the poor, the sick, the children, to partake of their ministering care. A stately procession moves towards the shrine which forms the last resting place of the late Abbess, Merwenna, who lies buried, according to the custom of the day, at the gate of the Church.

But this vision of holiness and tranquility is soon to be rudely broken. The crime of Edgar and Elfrida, told in the preceding Episode, has brought with it trouble and disaster. The stern courage and noble ideals of the race of Alfred have given place to sloth and luxury and careless lives. Elfrida, whom Edgar had married two years after the murder of her husband, now left widow, has foully murdered Edgar's eldest son (Edward the Martyr) in order that her own son may inherit the throne. That unhappy King (known as Ethelred of Evil Counsel) is struggling in vain amid faction and disloyalty to rally his great nobles against the Danes. A change too has taken place in the character of the Danish invasion. In Alfred's time they were simply bands of marauders, now they came a whole nation led by their Kings, bent upon the conquest of the whole country. The year now commemorated (994) is marked in the Saxon chronicle as the occasion of a furious attack upon London by the combined fleets of Sweyn and Olaf. Beaten off there they sailed up the Solent and burnt Southampton. They then landed, and, says the old chronicler, "they wrought the greatest evil that ever army could do; throughout Hampshire they lighted their war beacons as they went." The King was entrenched at Andover, the Danes at Southampton; Romsey was between them and shared the fate of every church and dwelling where they passed, but the nuns escaped, saved by a miraculous intervention, of which the Friar Capgrave tells the story.

It is here that the Episode takes up the tale. The peace of the cloister is broken by the rush of frightened villagers crying that the Danes are coming. "To arms," cries the Reeve or Headman. "To prayers," is the call of the Abbess. Imploring, trembling, sobbing, the nuns, surrounded by a crowd of villagers, raise a Litany of Supplication at the Shrine; while far down the river appear the boats of the Danes, struggling up against its swift current. Ere they can reach the scene the figure of the Sainted Abbess Merwenna appears in the shrine and promises Divine Protection to the nuns. Before they have time to escape, however, the Danes are upon them, and a ruthless massacre begins. But again the Saint appears, and, clad in unearthly light, arrests the onward charge of the sea-wolves. As the vision fades they rush forward

again to slay and plunder, but the townsfolk have had time to rally, and behind a line of devoted Saxons the nuns make their escape towards Winchester, while the smoke and flames, rising from the Abbey, proclaim the completion of the Danes' evil work.

The Fourth Episode.

Prince Henry's Wooing, A.D. 1100.

THE Fourth Episode brings us to an important turning point in English History. It is somewhere between the years 1095 and 1100. The Norman Conquest has changed the face of England. The Saxon Royal Family is dispossessed and scattered. Edgar Atheling, the last heir to the Crown, has gone with his 200 knights into Apulia, and his sister Margaret is now the wife of Malcolm III. of Scotland. The saintly Queen sends her two daughters, Eadgyth and Mary, to be educated at Romsey, under the care of her sister Christina, who was probably Abbess here at this time. William Rufus is now on the throne, and the times are dark with trouble and mis-rule. "In his days," says the chronicler, "all justice sank and all unrighteousness arose."

The scene before us depicts a strange incident of this evil time. The King suddenly makes his appearance at Romsey Abbey and demands to see the Princess Eadgyth. The good Abbess Christina has been already much tried by the task of keeping her wards safe from the unwelcome attentions of Norman Knights. But now the evil King himself, with doubtless some bad purpose in his mind, knocks at the Convent gate. Eadgyth is hurried into a nun's dress, and joins the rest of the sisters at the mid-day prayer, while the Abbess, trembling inwardly, invites the King to look at her roses in the cloister garden. Even while he stands demanding to have the Princess brought to him the service ends, and the long train of nuns demurely issues from the church and passes before him. He sees Eadgyth, not as a gay princess but a professed nun, and not daring to incur the wrath of the Holy Church by forcing the cloister, rides on in anger to his fatal hunting in the New Forest. Scarcely has he gone when Henry his brother comes. He also seeks an interview with the Princess. He and the Princess have met before at her father's Court, and already the foundation of a friendship laid there is ripening into love. His wooing, however, meets with a sudden interruption. Past the Convent gate, even while they talk, there comes the charcoal-burner's cart, on which, attended by two or three huntsmen, lies the body of the King in its bracken shroud. The grim cortège pauses to ask directions from the Prince. "On to Winchester," is his command, and after a brief leave-taking, in which he tells the Princess that he will return to claim her as his bride, Henry rides on to seize the English crown. In a few months more the joy-bells of Westminster ring out at the wedding of the Norman Prince and the English maiden, and the two warring nations are blended in one English people.

The Fifth Episode.

The Abduction of Abbess Mary, A.D. 1160.

ONCE more a descendant of the Royal Founder is Abbess of Romsey. Mary, the only daughter of King Stephen and grand-daughter of Queen Maud's sister Mary, has become a nun, and after spending a novitiate at Stratford and Lillechurch, now hopes in the Convent in Romsey to find that peace and holiness of which the outside world of her time had so little to offer. But there was no peace for this unfortunate Princess. Her father and brother died in quick succession. She became the direct heir to the provinces of Boulogne and Mortagne, as well as to estates in England. Henry II., with his usual meanness where money was concerned, speedily stripped her of all but Boulogne, whose inhabitants refused to acknowledge any ruler but their liege lady. But the politic and unscrupulous King soon found a means of using the Earldom of Boulogne. Engaged in countless struggles with Louis VII. of France, the alliance of the Earl of Flanders was of the utmost importance to him. To secure this he offered the hand of the young Abbess (she was in her 24th year) to Matthew of Alsace, the Earl's son, who was then about forty, in callous disregard of her solemn vows, so that by the transference of her property to the son he might secure the support of the father. Although their iniquitous plans were laid with the utmost caution they came to the ears of Thomas Becket, whose long struggle in defence of the liberties of the Church and people against the King was just commencing. His endeavours to save the Abbess, however, only brought upon him the hostility of Matthew, who placed hired assassins in the French ports to murder him on his way to Rome, and the helpless and frightened Abbess was forcibly hurried away from her beloved Abbey, and forced to break all her most solemn vows. She was hurried across to France, helpless, friendless, despairing, only to find herself the wife of a man of atrocious character, and at the same time the innocent object of execration to the whole Catholic world.

The scene of this Episode is laid outside the Convent gate. The interview between the King and Matthew of Alsace is interrupted by the fruitless endeavour of Becket to save the Abbess. As he departs the Abbess enters with her nuns. Angered by her evident horror at his proposals, Matthew threatens to let loose his soldiers on the Convent. A struggle ensues, in which some of the villagers are wounded, and the Abbess, seeing that resistance is hopeless, surrenders herself to avoid further bloodshed.

The Sixth Episode.

The Resignation and Re-election of Abbess Elizabeth Broke, Sept. 15, 1475.

LIKE other great Abbeys, there were times in the history of Romsey when the lamp of devotion burnt very low, and the Bishops had to exert all their powers to check the growth of that lack of discipline, and other abuses which did so much to prepare the way for the dissolution of all the monastic establishments. The scene which depicts the deposition and re-election of Abbess Broke or Brooke in 1478, has been chosen because it gives a vivid picture of the declining years of the conventual system, and of the untiring efforts made by the Bishops to keep the religious houses up to the higher standards of the earlier centuries. The story is told at great length in the Episcopal Registers of Winchester, but briefly it is as follows: After Elizabeth Broke had been Abbess for about six years she was greatly troubled in conscience by the memory of some grievous fall, which had apparently occurred before she became a nun, and which she had concealed at the time of her profession and election as Abbess. Bishop William of Waynflete came to the Abbey, and after several interviews, at her own request, accepted her resignation and declared her office vacant. Soon after this the sisters were assembled, and Bishop Richard Beauchamp of Salisbury, at the request of the Bishop of Winchester, presided over the election of an Abbess to take her place. When the nuns had all recorded their votes it was found that Elizabeth Broke had been all but unanimously re-elected. The Bishop, apparently much against his will, was obliged to respect the right of the nuns to elect whom they chose, and after much hesitation, and no little persuasion on the part of some of the sisters, the unhappy Abbess was prevailed upon again to accept office. The Bishop, however, in re-instating her, decided to keep her pastoral staff (*i.e.*, the supreme authority over the Convent) in his own hands for seven years. Subsequent events, which are detailed in the Rev. H. G. D. Liveing's "Records of Romsey Abbey," show that the step was an unwise one, and the Convent practically never recovered from the result of her weakness and want of discipline.

The chief interest of this Episode lies in its accurate picture of the declining days of English monasticism.

The Seventh Episode.

The Suppression of the Nunnery and the Purchase of the Abbey, A.D. 1540.

IN the vestry of Romsey Abbey hangs an ancient deed of almost unique interest. To it is attached the Royal Seal of King Henry VIII., and it records the sale of the Abbey Church (after the suppression of the nunnery) to the Parishioners by the King. This Episode, in which these events are commemorated, is, therefore, one of considerable importance. It opens with the visit of Dr. Layton, the King's Commissioner, who is attended by Sir Richard Lyster of Stanbridge, and other gentlemen of the Court, all hungry for a share of the spoil, and a small force of soldiers brought to suppress any attempt at resistance on the part of the townsmen. As the news spreads that the Convent is to be dissolved, and the ladies of the nunnery deprived of their property and cast out upon the mercy of the world, a crowd of indignant townsfolk gathers, and discusses the situation in broad Hampshire dialect, which, however, ceases on the approach of Dr. Layton, the King's Commissioner. John Foster, the Convent Steward, enters, followed by the Abbess, her chaplains, and the nuns, servants, and dependents of the Convent, while a dense mass of the Romsey people, among whom are seen Master John Newman, the Vicar, and his four churchwardens, gathers before the Convent gates. Foster has been playing a treacherous part, suggesting to Lord High Admiral Seymour, the late Queen's brother, methods by which the nuns, against whom no accusation of evil can now be brought, may be induced to part voluntarily with their property. He has suggested that by the gift of all their property in Wiltshire to Seymour, he may be won over to stand their friend, and save them from further spoliation. It is a vain hope indeed! The moment the deed is signed, fresh charges are brought against them. They have pensioned off some poor sick folk without the permission of the King, and this is made the excuse for the seizure of their whole property. They are driven forth from their home, and the Convent buildings are granted to the town; the estates being divided among a number of greedy claimants for the King's ill-gotten favours. Happily a portion was granted to the Chapter of Winchester, and still provides endowments for poor livings and curacies in the Diocese. A spirited protest from the Abbess is not regarded, and the doors which for 600 years have opened to give relief to the poor and suffering, and shelter from the world, are barred and closed for ever by the King's Decree.

The scene closes with the decision of the Vicar and townsfolk to save the Church from being pulled down by raising a sum of money with which to purchase it from the King.

The Eighth Episode.

King James I. at Broadlands, Aug. 5, 1607.

THIS Episode introduces what we may call the modern period of English History. The rule of the Abbesses, which was so characteristic of mediæval times, is now giving place to the conditions of civic life, and the grant of a Charter of Incorporation by King James I. in 1607 marks, as regards Romsey, the growth of municipal life which was taking place all over England. On each occasion that the King visited Romsey he was received at Broadlands, and this Episode depicts a brilliant and striking scene. James is invited by his host, Henry St. Barbe, to leave a memorial of his visit by planting a mulberry tree. His acceding to the request gives an opportunity of delineating the Scottish King's quaint and ungainly ways and homely wit. The planting is interrupted by the advent of a deputation of Romsey citizens, who approach with the request that the King will grant a Charter of Incorporation to the loyal borough. This the King graciously consents to do, and subsequently confers the honour of knighthood on the gentleman who speaks for the deputation, while some of the assembled company proceed to entertain the Royal visitors with a graceful country dance.

The Ninth Episode.

The Fight at Romsey Bridge, Dec. 12, 1643.

A BRIEF but vigorous and effective scene next commemorates some of the experiences which Romsey shared, with other towns in the neighbourhood, during the Civil War.

A party of Cavaliers, some on foot and others mounted, ride on to the Pageant ground. They are the advance guard of a Royalist force of about 400 men who are holding Romsey; the Parliamentarian Forces being at Southampton. Their captain posts them—giving them their watchword for the night—and warns them to keep a sharp look out. Scarcely has he gone when the troopers begin to amuse themselves with cards and dice, and are so engaged in their revelry that the stealthy approach of a party of Puritan cavalry is unobserved until too late for effective resistance. One wild rush, and the majority of the Cavaliers are either slain or taken, and the rest retreat towards Romsey, keeping up a running fight which continues far up into the town.

The Tenth Episode.

The Passing of King Charles, Dec. 11, 1648.

THE keynote of this Episode is struck in the concluding words of the Narrative Chorus, "So rides the King from Prison House to Death," and the scene opens with a waiting crowd, uncertain what to expect, and divided in allegiance by the contending issues of the day. Among the townspeople may be seen disbanded troopers of both armies, while a little group, composed for the most part of widows and orphans belonging to the Royalist families of the neighbourhood, draws near to watch for their last sight of the King for whom they have sacrificed so much. In the foreground the noisy crowd jeers and wrangles, while Sir William Petty and other gentlemen do their best to prevent an unseemly outbreak.

All voices are hushed for the moment as the troop of mail-clad horsemen attending England's dethroned King comes into sight. All through that last sad journey from Hurst, by slow stages, through Lyndhurst, Romsey, Winchester and Bagshot to Windsor, and at last to the scaffold at Whitehall, we have that note of subdued sorrow not only among adherents, but throughout the country at large: that royal dignity at which even a foeman exclaims, "He nothing common did or mean upon that memorable scene."*

The King is attended by his faithful chaplain, Mr. Symmons, who carries the precious MS. of the "Eikon Basilikè," Mr. Thomas Herbert, who accompanied him to the scaffold, and his page, Mr. William Levett, with whom he converses as he rides.

By Cobbet's orders all marks of respect are sternly repressed, but notwithstanding, Lady Mill, whose husband had died fighting for the King only a few months before, presses forward, and lifting up her little child cries to him to see the King for whom his father died, while a little girl approaches to offer a basket of Christmas Roses, from which he selects one and then passes on to his doom on the scaffold.

* Andrew Marvell.

In addition to the preceding Episodes, Mr. F. R. Benson has planned a final Tableau in which all the actors will reappear, and, grouped according to their respective centuries, will terminate the Pageant with a solemn act of Thanksgiving.

The Romsey Pageant

CHORUS I.

1st Chorus. A thousand years have passed since on this spot
Rested the eye of God with prescient plan.

2nd Chorus. And as on Ararat He placed His ark,
So here His love ordained an ark should stand,
A shelter from the floods of sin and death
That overrun the world.

Narrator. To-day we call to life long buried years,
And midst the chaos of this teeming land
We build once more the Abbey's ancient walls,
And clothe this spot with sacred memories.

Chorus. Behold! The scene unfolds, Time backward flies,
And here on Romsey's isle—a tangled waste—
Led by the unseen providence of God
Edward the Elder lays the corner stone.

(*The Music of the Chorus will be found on p.* 89)

EPISODE I.

The Founding of Romsey Abbey, A.D. 907.

By W. H. Cooke-Yarborough.

Dramatis Personae.

King Edward the Elder.
Athelstane (his son) a boy of about 15 years old.
Bishop Denewulf of Winchester.
1st Huntsman.
Queen Ethelfleda.
Elfleda (her daughter) and her sisters.
Huntsmen, Ladies and Attendants.

The scene is laid in a woodland glade near the River Test. The sound of a horn is heard. Hunters cross the stage, followed by King Edward the Elder with Athelstane.

1st Hunt. They turn again, will not my lord pursue?

King. Nay, I am weary, not in use of limb,
But with the ceaseless vigil of my mind.
Resume the chase and meet us here anon.

Exeunt Huntsmen.

Athel. Shall I not follow?

King. Nay, my son, sit here,
For I would train thy mind to loftier aims.
(*Athel. sits.*) 'Tis time that thou should'st put thy manhood on.
Hear'st thou not tidings of this scourge of fire,
And sword, and savage passion, that sweeps through
This land of ours?

Athel. The Danes?

King. Aye, Athelstane, the Danes!
Look on this gentle land, these peaceful glades
So full of sacred memories and trysts!
Here thy sweet mother, chancing on my chase,
Like some unheeded bloom of Paradise,
Of growth unseen amidst the wild wood flowers,
First cast her fragrance on my unsoft life.
See yonder wooded hills where Stanbridge Holm
Looks down the winding furrow of the Test.
'Twas there my sainted father Alfred dwelt
A king indeed. There Ethelwulf his sire,
Whose latter days were full of weariness,
Found for his body rest, and for his soul,
God grant it, peace. Shall heathen warcries break
Such tender thoughts, or hallowed ground as this
Be desecrated by a foeman's tread?
Aye, grasp thy spear, thy strength is scarce matured,
But Time, thy sturdy friend, my ruthless foe,
Will clothe thy limbs with strength it takes from mine.
Thou shalt be King! and guard this harrassed land,
Drive these fierce Vikings to their stormy seas,
And claim by valour what is thine by right.

Horn heard and the hunt returns, as a procession with Queen Ethelfleda and her daughters enters. The Queen is followed by Bishop Denewulf and attendants.

King. The hunt returns this way, and in good time
The Queen and thy fair sisters. Be discreet.

The King lays his hand on Athelstane's shoulder. Athelstane kneels and kisses his hand.

Athel. My lips, dear sire, shall seal thy confidence.

King. Well met, fair Queen!

Queen. Again well met, my lord!
Forgive the boldness that pursues thee here.
And craves a hunter's share of rest and meal.

King (*to Elfleda*) Welcome indeed thou art, and yet, methinks,
This was not all thy quest. Good Denewulf here
Comes not to hunt, nor thou, sweet child, to snare.
Unless, the saints forfend! I be the quarry.

Queen. The Bishop must be surety for himself
I did but guide him here at his request.

Dene. O King! a double purpose moves my steps,
To crave a favour, and demand a right,
A boon for this sweet child, the right for God.

Elfleda. Father, give ear!

King. Say on!

Dene. By heathen hands
Hath Nutcel's Abbey been defiled and burned.
God's sheep are scattered and His priests are slain!
I bid thee raise again on this fair spot
A Temple to His Name.

Elfleda. (*kneeling*). And mine the prayer
To give myself as bride to none but Him
Who calls me from the world with tones that ring
More loud, more tender, as the days pass on.

King (*raising her*). Kneel not to me, fair daughter. If the voice
Be God's, 'tis surely I should kneel to thee.
Much had I hoped, but hope must higher soar,
Lest, haply, I be found to fight with Him.

(*to Dene*). Good Father, be it so, take as thou wilt,
And we will be thy servant in the toil.

Queen. My child, is home unkind, thy parents' hearts
Denied thee?

Elfleda. Mother, thou art ever kind,
Nor has my love grown cold, yet, on my soul,
I know not how or why to one so ill,
Save that the deep calls ever unto deep,
There comes a love to Christ surpassing all.

Dene. Come, then, my daughter, to that Mother's breast
Who gave thee birth anew. "Incline thine ear,
Forget thy people and thy father's house,
So shall the King have pleasure in thy love."

Denewulf lifts his hands to the place where the Abbey now stands.

I see God's temple stand in Terstans' vale
While kingdoms fall and earthly thrones decay,

Dene. Its tower a beacon pointing to the sky,
Its walls a shelter from the world's desire;
And they who kneel hereafter at this shrine
Shall witness to the faith on which we build
And God in them and us be glorified.

He turns to bless the King and Queen who kneel with the rest, while the Priests and Attendants raise the Psalm cxxii. (Lætatus Sum) and move slowly away with Elfleda and Attendants on one side, while the King and Queen ride off on the other with their train.

(*The Music of the Psalm will be found on p.* 137.)

Historical Notes.

The Daughters of Edward the Elder.—Edward the Elder's second wife was known as Ethelfleda. She had six daughters, the eldest (Elfleda) became a nun in the Abbey of Romsey, and probably Abbess. The next (Edgiva) married Charles the Simple in 919. Ethelhilda, the third, was a nun at Wilton, and Ethylda married Hugh Capet, King of the Franks. Edgiva married Otho, Emperor of Germany, and Elfgiva married a nobleman in the south of France. His three sons, Athelstane the Glorious, Edmund the Pious, and Edred the Excellent, each succeeded him in turn, but they were children by other wives. Edburga, his daughter by his third wife Edgifu, became a nun at Winchester and is known as The Saint Edburga.

"Stanridge Holm."—This house, now known as Stanbridge Earls, is about two miles from Romsey, and was the dwelling-place of Ethelwulf, father of King Alfred, in his latter years.

"Bishop Denewulf."—Denewulf became Bishop of Winchester in 879, and died in 908. He was said to have been originally a son of the swineherd in whose hut King Alfred took refuge in the Isle of Athelney, when he burnt the cakes.

"Terstans Vale."—Romsey Abbey stands on the banks of the Test, or Teorstan, which, rising near Overton and flowing southward, falls into the sea at Southampton.

"Thy sweet mother."—The circumstances attending the birth of Athelstane were of a romantic character. Edward, his father, while yet a very young man, turned aside on one occasion, when hunting in Hampshire, to visit his old foster-mother; in her hut he beheld a lovely maiden whom the old woman had found exposed in the forest, and had brought her up as her adopted child. Edward forthwith fell in love with her, and she became his first wife, and the mother of Athelstane.

CHORUS II.

1st Chorus. Thus Romsey's Abbey rose in humble guise
Hewn from strong oaks by rough untutored hands.

2nd Chorus. Here lived Elfleda all her saintly life,
And left a name engraven on its walls.

Narrator. So pass full fifty years, years full of change
And o'er the Abbey creeps a sad decay.
Look now on Edgar's and Elfrida's sin
And mark the patience of the infinite.
The seed that love has sown in long passed years
Repentance waters with her fruitful tears!

(*For Music see p.* 93.)

EPISODE II.

The Murder of Earl Ethelwold, A.D. 962.

By W. H. Cooke-Yarborough.

Dramatis Personae.

Ethelwold - - - - - A Nobleman.
Elfrida - - - - - - His Wife.
King Edgar - - - - -
Ethelwold - - - - - Bishop of Winchester.
Ethelwold's 1st Attendant.
,, 2nd Attendant.
King's Messenger.
King's Thegn.
Ethelwold's Infant Daughter.
Ethelwold's Servants, Elfrida's Waiting Maids,
King's Attendants, Monks, Villagers.

Scene—Exterior of a Saxon Nobleman's dwelling. Peasants return from the fields. House servants prepare the evening meal. King's Messenger rides to centre. First serving man approaches the rider.

1st Serv. Thy news should be of moment from thy haste!

Rider. Is not this noble Ethelwold's domain?

1st Serv. Aye, surely, here he comes with his fair dame
Elfrida, loveliest lady in the realm.

Rider. My lord! King Edgar follows close behind
To greet in person both his friend and spouse.

Ethel. (*aside, greatly disturbed*).
King Edgar here! So darkness ends the day
And evil deeds beget their consequence.

Elfrida (*to rider*).
His visit shall be welcome as his act

(*To serving men*).
Is gracious. Haste! make ready bed and board
The Servitors bring forward a table and seats, and spread with goblets and dishes.

Ethel. This must not be!

Elfrida. What cobweb's in thy brain?
Not meet the King, good husband, thou art mad!

Ethel. Aye, mad with shame and evil destiny,
Now must thou know what craven heart would hide,
And love or hate turn balance in the scale.
The King had heard thy beauty praised afar
And sent me as his envoy for thy hand.
I saw thee, loved thee, as all must who see,
And could not render thee again to him.
I told the King thou wert not what thou art
So turned him from his purpose for mine own.

Elfrida (*greatly enraged*).
The King would wed me! And thou standest there
To plead thy treachery in guise of love!

Ethel. Elfrida! wife! forbear thy wrath awhile,
If not for me, for sake of home and child.
Disguise thy beauty if thou must be seen,
Or hide thy presence for a single day.

Elfrida. Thou hast as poor conceit of woman's pride
As mine is of thy manhood's chivalry.
Wife thou dost call me, mate I ne'er shall be;
As well may eagle pair with mooning owl!
Nor deem me mother to thy puling maid
Who should bear sons to sit on Alfred's throne.
Shouts heard "The King," "The King." The King and a small band of horsemen ride in, followed by villagers.

Elfrida. Now thou shalt see what chain thyself hast forged
To bind my comeliness to thy desire.
Ethelwold makes a gesture of despair and departs, as the King and his Attendants, who have dismounted, approach. King Edgar stops suddenly on seeing Elfrida.

King (*comes nearer*)
What star is this outshines the midday sun!
Most gracious lady, I have erred perchance,
'Twas Ethelwold I sought.

Elfrida. Your pardon, Sire,
He lingers but a moment, and his wife
Elfrida, bids you welcome in his stead.

King. Art thou Elfrida, Devonshire's fair maid?
(*Aside*) As fair indeed as friend's report was false.
pressing his hand to his brow.
What evil chance is this?

Elfrida. My lord is faint
(*To attendants.*)
Bring hither cordials.

King (*recovering.*) Nay, take no heed,
Dids't thou before thy marriage with the Earl
Receive no message of my will to thee?

Elfrida. Nay, Sire, no word of thine hath reached mine ear.
Elfrida retires a little, and her attendants deck her with headdress and jewels.

King (*aside*). Then have I mated with base treachery,
And squandered gold on him who stole my purse.
No King were I to let such insult pass,
No lover to be robbed of such a bride.
He looks towards Elfrida who, while being attired, smiles on him.

King (*to attendant*).
Seek thou this Ethelwold, this friend forsworn,
And smite him as thou woulds't thy mortal foe.
See thou strike hard, mine honour is at stake.
Attendant goes out hastily.

Elfrida (*advancing*).
The board is spread, will not the King partake?

King. If fair Elfrida shows her guest the way.
He conducts her to the table and seats himself, she waits on him and pours from a horn and hands to him; he puts it aside moodily.

Elfrida. Thou art not vexed at lack of courtesy?
My husband tarries long.

King. And longer will.

Elfrida. My lord, thy looks and words betoken ill,
I pray thee pledge thy favour in this cup.
Hands it to him again, touching it with her lips, he takes it and lifts it towards his mouth, when a great outcry is heard, and attendants come in hastily.
The King puts down his cup hurriedly.

Elfrida. What happens now?
The King's servant is dragged on by a crowd of servitors, amidst cries.

Crowd. Lord Ethelwold is slain.

The King rises.

Elfrida (*rushes forward*).
My husband dead! How comes this dreadful deed?

Ethelwold's 2nd Attendant (*holding spear*).
By this base thegn, whose spear proclaims his crime,
With fouler stroke than ever war laid low.

Elfrida. Whose deed is this?

King's Att. (*sullenly*). The King's.

Crowd fall back confusedly, releasing the King's man.

Crowd. Did'st hear? the King's!

King (*aside*).
Now doth my soul abhor its tenement,
My hands drip red with blood.

Elfrida (*dazed*). He said "The King's."

She turns slowly and looks at the King, then hides her face in her hands. Bishop Ethelwold of Winchester has by this time entered, and makes his way to the centre.

Bishop. I come from Ethelwold.

Elfrida. He lives!

Bishop. With God!
Of this foul deed I come not now to speak,
Already hath begun its punishment.
But as the mouthpiece of his dying words
Do here proclaim them in the ears of all,
The lands of Sydmonton he doth bequeath
To Romsey's convent, laying to my charge
To see his infant daughter there bestowed.

(*Looks at King.*)
That no man's heart break bounds for love of her,

(*Looks at Elf.*)
Nor she, for pride of life break faith with man.
From thee, O King, he craves a friend's farewell,
Who, wronged and wronging, may, like him, forgive.

King. Such meek forbearance doth but weight the load
It seeks to ease; good Bishop pray for me
That I may find some work of grace at hand
By which to make atonement for my guilt.

Bishop. Lift up thine eyes and see how man's cold heart
Hath desolated yonder House of God,
And, in His sight, behold thy ruined soul.

King. Then be it mine this temple to restore,
And so, by work, and prayer, and penitence,
Mine own poor temple may be purified.

Bishop. So let it be! God's ways are manifold,
And none dare gauge the limit of His love.
(*Sternly*). Yet for thy soul beware thou *dost* repent
And turn not back thy mind to thy desire.

The King draws back from Elfrida's side.

So to thy knees, as I to mine, in prayer.

Bishops and Attendants exeunt, singing a dirge (*Ps. cxxx.*). *King, Elfrida, and retainers retire after them.*

(*For Music see p.* 137.)

Historical Notes.

"Edgar and Elfrida's sin."—The story of Edgar and Elfrida is found in the chronicles of William of Malmesbury, Florence of Worcester, and the French History of Gaimar (thirteenth century). It is impossible to harmonise the different versions, especially with regard to the place and circumstances of Ethelwold's murder, but the general outline of the story has been carefully followed in compiling the Episode.

"Lord Ethelwold is slain."—This is believed to have happened in Wherwell Wood, near Andover, part of Harewood Forest, where at a spot called from time out of mind, "Dead Man's Plack," a modern Cross replacing an ancient one, now stands. The ancient one is said to have been made into a marble mantel-piece in Wherwell Priory, a house standing on the very spot where once existed the Abbey which Elfrida founded as her act of expiation of the murder of Ethelwold.

"Bishop Ethelwold of Winchester."—S. Ethelwold was Bishop of Winchester from 963 to 984. Acting in conjunction with Archbishop Dunstan, he turned out the secular clergy from S. Swithun's at Winchester, and filled their places with monks of the Benedictine Order. Under the influence of these two Bishops a general reform of religion was carried out in King Edgar's reign, no fewer than forty monasteries being built or rebuilt by him, among them the Abbey of Romsey. S. Ethelwold consecrated Ethelfleda, the little daughter of Earl Ethelwold, as a nun at the age of 13 in 976.

"The lands of Sydmonton."—The property, which is in the North of Hampshire, near Burghclere, thus bequeathed, remained in the possession of Romsey Abbey until its dissolution, when it passed to the Kingsmill family, by whom it is now held.

"His infant daughter."—This child was the Saint Ethelfleda, who is commemorated on October 23rd, and to whom, in conjunction with the Blessed Virgin, Romsey Abbey is dedicated. She is supposed to be the child of Ethelwold and Elfrida, though she is sometimes thought to be his child by his first wife Brichgiva. Being neglected by Elfrida and her lands of Sydmonton having been bequeathed by her dying father to Romsey Abbey, King Edgar placed her in the Convent at Romsey, under the saintly Abbess Merwenna, whom ultimately, though not immediately, she succeeded as Abbess. A beautiful fourteenth century MS., formerly in the library of Romsey Abbey, and now in the British Museum, contains a legendary life of S. Ethelfleda, recording several miracles as performed by her. She lived on until 1016, and her name occurs among the list of nuns shortly after the Abbey was destroyed by the Danes.

CHORUS III.

1st Chorus. High festival and splendour marked the year
That sanctified anew the House of God.

2nd Chorus. The lofty aisles by later skill designed
The walls more strongly fenced against decay.

Narrator. So Edgar made atonement for his sin
Yet turned not from pursuit of his desire.
From bridal sealed in blood new crime doth spring,
And Edgar's son lies slain by Edgar's Queen.
Elfleda, child of Ethelwold the Earl,
Hath raised the house to fame and sanctity,
And with her deeds hath passed away to God.

Both Chorus. But now once more the storm clouds fill the sky
And redeless Ethelred heeds not the signs.
While foes exultant launch their ships of war
And shout defiance in his slumb'ring ears.

(*For Music see p. 96*).

EPISODE III.

The Destruction of Romsey Abbey by the Danes, A.D. 994.

By W. H. Cooke-Yarborough.

Dramatis Personae.

Elwina - - - - Abbess of Romsey.
The Reeve - - - Head Man of the Villagers.
1st Villager.
2nd Villager.
Apparition of S. Merwenna.
Nuns.
Danes.
Villagers.

A temporary shrine is erected in the centre of the arena. Immediately succeeding the chorus the Abbess and Nuns file in and move towards the shrine, singing the hymn "Jesu, Corona Virginum." (For music and words see p. 138). They are interrupted by an excited band of villagers who run on with every sign of consternation, looking behind them as they come.

1st Vill. Good Mother, cease thy chant, I bring bad news!

Abbess. The worse thy tidings, more the need for prayer.

1st Vill. Last eve a fleet of seaboats forced their way
Beyond Southampton Water!

2nd Vill. Through the night
The sky was red with fire toward the sea!

Abbess. God's saints defend us!

Nuns draw together in a frightened group. The Headman of the village comes in hastily.

3rd Vill. Hither comes the Reeve!
He brings cold comfort if his looks speak true.

Reeve. To arms, if ye would see to-morrow's sun,
Southampton burns, a very tomb of fire,
And Danes round Toothill swarm like angry bees.
Good Abbess, to the woods with all thy train;

Abbess. But who will guard the holy treasures here?

Reeve (impatiently).
I pray thee let the saints protect their own.

Abbess. Thou sayest well, albeit thy speech is rude.
Come, children, let us pray.

Abbess and Nuns kneel before the shrine. Villagers also on their knees round them. A Litany is sung.

(*For Music see p.* 139).

(*S. Merwenna appears.*)

Apparition. Be comforted, your prayer has reached the Throne,
Already hosts of angels round you stand.
Bear ye the treasures of the House of God
To safe protection at S. Mary's Home
At Winchester. Ye are expected there.
Fear not the shadows of your lonely road,
God's face shall make your darkness to be light,
Nor sword, nor prowling beast, nor powers of ill
Shall pluck you from the shelter of His wings.

(*The Apparition disappears, they all rise.*)

Abbess. Now thanks to God for this most wondrous grace
Let us depart according to His word.

The Danes led by King's Sweyn and Olaf suddenly break in upon them with loud shouts and a scene of great confusion ensues, during which the Reeve and the villagers hastily snatch up their weapons and endeavour to keep back the foe while the Abbess and the Nuns retreat. They are, however, gradually driven past the shrine and are about to break and fly when the Saint again appears. The Danes fall back in terror. At this the Nuns are able to make their escape, the Danes still pressing on, but kept back by the retiring Reeve and his followers.

Historical Notes.

Destruction of Romsey Abbey—the Vision of Saint Merwenna.—The actual account in Capgrave is as follows:—"The Abbess Elwina, prostrate in prayer before the Altar, was counted worthy to hear a voice telling of the coming of the Danes, which took place the following evening, but she, gathering up the relics, and other possessions, fled with the sisters to Winchester, and was hospitably received by the sisters of St. Mary's Abbey there."*

* But also in "The Legends of Engelonde," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, there is mention of an appearance of Saint Merwenna to one of the nuns after her death, which occurred a few years before this.

There is in the Ambulatory of the Abbey an ancient and partly obliterated painting (thirteenth century) which seems to depict a figure appearing above an altar or shrine before which there are kneeling figures. This possibly refers to the story represented in this Episode.

Sweyn and Olaf, the leaders of the Danes on this occasion, are well known to later history. Sweyn finally conquered England, and became King in 1013. Olaf, having been baptised in the Scilly Isles and confirmed at Andover, returned to Norway, where he became King, and after converting many of his countrymen to Christianity, was killed in a sea fight against his old friend Sweyn.

"Edgar's son lies slain by Edgar's Queen."—Despite the warning of Bishop Ethelwold, narrated in the last Episode, and the strong opposition of Archbishop Dunstan, Edgar married Elfrida in 964. This evil woman, although in a moment of penitence she founded Wherwell Abbey as an act of expiation for her share in her husband's murder, committed a still more fearful crime, by the murder at Corfe Castle, a few years after, of her stepson Edward—the son of Edgar's first wife. The story of his being stabbed in the back by one of her servants while drinking the farewell cup which she had handed to him, is well known.

CHORUS IV.

1st Chorus. So pass we on a century of years,
While England yields to Norman conquerors.

2nd Chorus. Yet midst the strife of tongues, and deeds of blood,
The Church's seed hath grown a goodly tree.

Narrator. Beneath the shelter of the cloistered home
The Norman Prince and Saxon maiden woo,
And foiled of human prey the wanton King
Rides forth unwitting to his final chase.

Chorus. What strange procession winds along the road?
A jolting bloodstained car, and driver grim
Who points his finger to the bracken shroud
That hides the lifeless body of the King.

(*For Music see p.* 101.)

EPISODE IV.

The Wooing of Princess Matilda, A.D. 1100.

By Rev. Canon Skrine.

Dramatis Personae.

William Rufus - - -	King of England.
Henry - - - -	His Brother.
1st Huntsman.	
Princess Edith (Matilda) -	daughters of S. Margaret Q. of Scotland.
Mary - - - - -	
S. Christina - - -	Abbess of Romsey.

Huntsmen, Attendants, Charcoal Burner, Nuns.

The Scene is laid in the grounds of the Convent at Romsey. Some Nuns move across and through the Abbey gate in the background.

Enter Matilda, holding her veil in her hand, singing.

O the bird on the tree,
O the deer on the lea,
And the summer, the summer,
It smiles on me!
And some one else there is that smiled on me
Once.

Enter Mary.

Mary. . Sister, sister! Fie! Unveiled again.
I marvel how you dare our kinswoman.
Think! if Christina saw.

Matilda. She will not see me.
Are we, with all the summer woods ashine,
To mope and mew ourselves behind a veil?
And blinker out and black the blessed noon?

Mary. But, Sister, the good Abbess knows the world,
Knows what men are. She fears the Normans here.

Matilda. Good lack, then let her take the stick to them
She gave her niece last se'en-night!

Enter Christina unseen.

Chris (aside) And will give her
Again this se'en-night! Naughty child! put on,
To Mat. Put on thy veil. Niece, will you madden me
With folly? Will you vex your mother's ghost
By some ill-happening and the shame of it?

Mat. resumes the veil.

Keep you the veil, or else we'll keep you veiled
By turning of the door-key, wilful one. (*Exit.*)

Matilda watches her off, plucks the veil from her head, and dances, singing,

O the bird on the tree,
O the deer on the lea,
And a Norman, a Norman,
He smiled on me!

Mary. Shame on thee, Sister!

Matilda. Nay, you know he did,
That time he came.

Mary. Who came?

Matilda. The Red King's brother.
I will not say his name—(*aside*) save to myself.

A horn is blown without.

Matilda. Hark, Mary! Some one at the gates. Run you,
Learn who it is. (*Exit Mary.*) O were it Henry now!
How should I know, poor maid, what lovers be?
But when they smile, they smile, I think, as he.

Mary re-enters hurriedly.

Mary. Quick! Hide thy face! A Norman with his train
Speaks with the Abbess, and he asks for thee!
Heaven's mercy! Get your veil on; come away.

Exit Mary.

Matilda. Then Henry comes and takes me for a nun!
No, no! (*After hesitating*) And yet— and yet—. Prince, use your eyes.

She puts on veil.

It is the maid that wears the clout awry,
Through little use of it. O be not blind! (*Exit*)

Enter Rufus with hunting train and Christina.

Rufus. And Malcolm's daughter? We will wait her here,
Good Abbess, while you send.

Chris. Your Grace, the maid
Is with the other Sisters at the Sext.

Rufus. We'll see her when they rise.

Chris. Perhaps your Grace
Will trust me with your message.

Rufus. I will see her.

(*A pause*).

Chris. Then will your Grace come view our garden close;
We somewhat boast our roses?

Rufus. Why, anon.
But see, here come your Sisters from their prayers.

The Nuns pass in procession, Matilda peers at him, gives a start and muffles herself up in her veil.

Rufus (*aside*) She, by the height of her but wears the veil.
I dare not force the cloister. By my faith,
This grey old jailer, King, has beaten you.
Let her go marry Heaven, and my curse
Upon the bridal! Dame, (*to Chris.*) I keep the chase
Too long awaiting. Pray you, give the maid
The King's good greetings. Say I visit her
When I come back from hunting. So, farewell.

Bows and leads off his train, the Abbess following to the gate, Matilda re-enters veiled, looks round, then removes it.

Matilda. Merciful Heaven! The evil eyes of him!
The evil eyes of prey!
O dear, dead, holy Mother, was it thou
Beside the wilful maiden, motherless,
When most her need was, as the mothers use?
If he had chanced on me without the veil!

Takes off the veil.

Matilda. I will not think upon it. Graceless me,
That mocked and tore and tossed and trampled thee,
Poor clout, and called thee ugly spleenful names,
Why now, methinks, thou'rt none so ill to see
Being there, where I can scan thee—off my head.
Fie that I so miscalled thee. Well, forgive—(*fondles it*)
And I'll find out some tender name for thee.
Now what? (*Reflecting: then in rapture*)
Yes, yes, O yes!—Christina.

Henry enters behind her.

Henry. Noble maid!

Matilda (*startled*).
Sir! You?

Henry. It is Prince Henry at command.
You seem to wonder at me.

Matilda. Why the King——,
She let *him* enter. But——

Henry. The King's own brother,
Is he less welcome then?

Matilda. Less welcome! (*Adjusts the veil.*)

Henry. Maid,
Do we so need the veil? I saw, remember,
Just now your locks without it. I am sure
You are not yet betrothed to Holy Church.

Matilda. Nay, but Christina thinks—

Henry. And wise is she;
She thinks to guard a bride for her true hour.

Matilda. O Henry!

A horn is blown.

The King's horn. How comes he back
So soon from hunting?

Matilda hastily veils.

Henry. Nay, you shall not veil.
What need then? . . . Ah! you fear my brother. So!
Princess, he would not dare it. Put it by.

Enter the charcoal burner and cart bearing the body of the King attended by huntsmen.

And see, it is not he. Some dead man hither
Borne on a bier. What means it?

Huntsman. Sire, the King
Lies on this bier, by treachery or mischance
Slain; in his side an arrow-head.

Matilda. Holy Mother!

Huntsman. Sire, your commands.

Henry. William! my brother! dead!
Dread Heavens, how ye deal!
Maiden, (*to Matilda*) I have no words for this, no words.
(*to huntsman*) Bear you him on to Winchester. I follow.

Cortege moves off.

Dear maid, a woeful wooing time is ours:
Brief, brief, God wot, and broken. Let it be.
This King, this brother—I loved him (Heaven forgive it!)
Scarce more than others loved. But can we mix
Mourning and wooing? Then, our England calls;
Deeds press. I take my leave of you, Princess,
Unripely, and with little ceremony.
God be with you! Farewell.

They exchange stately bows. Then he steps forward, and lifts her hand.

Dear maid, our eyes have pledged us, have they not?
Ah! then, when England's King comes here again,
Why, we'll redeem their pledges—with the hand.

He kisses her hand and goes out, followed by his retinue. Mary re-enters, and Matilda taking her by both hands sings—

Matilda. O the bird on the tree,
O the deer on the lea,
And Henry, my Henry,
He smiled on me!

(*Exeunt.*)

Historical Notes.

The Saxon Princesses.—Edmund Ironside left two sons, one of whom, Edward the Exile married Agatha, a Hungarian Princess, and had three children—Christina, Margaret, and Edgar, afterwards called "The Etheling." Edgar never married and Christina became a nun, so the heirship of the line of Alfred was carried on by Margaret, who became Queen of Scotland by her marriage with Malcolm, King of that country. She bore him nine children, seven of whom survived her when she died in 1093. She has ever since been honoured as "S. Margaret of Scotland," and is the "Sainted Mother" to whom the Princess refers (line 65). Malcolm had been slain at Alnwick shortly before the Queen's death, and so the orphan Princesses, Edith and Mary, were placed by their uncle, Edgar Etheling, with his sister Christina, who was probably now Abbess of Romsey. In order to protect them from unwelcome suitors she caused them to assume the Black Veil, and to appear in public as if they were professed nuns.

"Prince Henry."—There seems no doubt but that Matilda and Henry had met before this, probably at York, and had been mutually attracted to one another. See note in Freeman's "Norman Conquest," Vol. v., p. 169, where he quotes Eadmer as authority for the statement.

"Coifed and Veiled."—The story of Edith's wearing the conventual dress is found fully narrated in Eadmer, Hist. Nov., Chap. 56. Eadmer was a contemporary and is probably to be trusted, and the story of Rufus's visit to her at the Convent is given by Herman, Abbot of St. Martin, who says he had it from Archbishop Anselm himself. Before her marriage with Henry I. could take place, it was necessary that it should be shown that she had never been a professed nun. An account of the trial, which took place at Lambeth, is preserved, and Edith's statement that she only wore the veil to preserve herself from the importunity of Norman suitors, and that her aunt Christina, on one occasion finding her without it, was so angry and alarmed that she beat her, is given in full.

The Death of William Rufus, "by treachery or mischance."—Whether Rufus was slain by treachery or accident will never be made clear, but the stories of portents and supernatural warnings recorded by all the chroniclers show that there was a general

expectation that he might be assassinated at any time. Perhaps the most striking of these is the account given of a sermon preached by Bishop Fulchred at Worcester on *the day before the King was killed* (August 1st, 1100):—"*Quasi propheticus spiritus plenus*," he cries, "Lo, the bow of wrath from on high is bent against the wicked, and the arrow swift to wound is drawn from the quiver." On the same day Anselm, far away in exile, is awakened by his doorkeeper crying, "News! the strife between the King and Anselm is over!" And a priest, saying his office with his eyes shut, feels a paper thrust into his hand by an unseen person. On the paper is written, "King William is dead." Strangest of all was the King's dream on the night before he died:—"He saw a chapel in a forest, richly lit and decorated. While he admired its splendour it all passed away, and he found himself in a ruined sanctuary. But on the altar lay extended the Body of a Man. The King felt himself drawn by a cannibal desire to eat of the Body. As he approached the altar he was restrained by an invisible hand, and he woke with a voice resounding in his ears, 'Thou shalt eat of Me no more!'" It is said that when pierced by the arrow he groaned thrice and asked for the Blessed Sacrament, but there was none to give it him, and he died. The fullest accounts (those of Matthew Paris, William of Malmesbury, and Ordericus Vitalis) point to the morning being spent at Brockenhurst with Cuthbert of Laigle, Gilbert and Roger of Clare, Prince Henry, and Walter Tirel. Some rough badinage leads to an open quarrel. It is well on in the afternoon before the party starts. In a thickly wooded glade near a marsh a herd of deer are driven past the King. The party all dismount to shoot; Tirel a little apart from the rest under an alder tree. The great stag as usual comes last. The King shoots and misses, the stag stands for a moment: "Shoot, you devil, shoot," cries the King to Tirel, shading his eyes. Tirel shoots, the arrow passes over the stag's back, and the King falls.

"Some say the shaft Sir Walter aimed
Glanced off to King William's heart,
Some say the fiend the King had named
Directed himself the dart.
Of a fearful form in the greenwood bough,
And of fearful sounds they tell;
But never was known from then till now,
How William Rufus fell."

The Charcoal Burner's Cart.—William of Malmesbury, Orderic and Knighton all agree in saying that a few peasants lifted the body into a cart (*rheda caballaria*) and, covering it with coarse cloths (another account gives braken), brought it to Winchester, "the blood dripping from the cart upon the road." Orderic, however, makes out that a crowd of all ranks followed the cart. The road along which the King's body passed can be traced here and there as a country lane, and is known in some parts as the King's Lane or the King's Way. One of these portions is the short lane in Broadlands Park by which the Pageant ground is approached from the central drive. The bridge by which as late as the 18th century it crossed the river stood about 300 yards higher up the river, and was removed by the second Lord Palmerston in 1770. Thus it actually ran through the Pageant ground. Another very interesting fact is that the character of the Charcoal Burner in the Pageant will be taken by one of the lineal descendants of the Purkiss family, who, tradition avers, furnished the cart and driver on the original occasion, and who have continued until the present time to occupy a farm in the Forest within a short distance of the stone which marks the place of the King's death.

CHORUS V.

1st Chorus. Six years the first Plantagenet hath reigned
And Becket stands as champion of the Church.

2nd Chorus. Now come we to the Abbess Mary's life
And all the sorrow of her broken vows.

Narrator. To such abyss of sin doth avarice tend
As shuts the door of mercy on man's soul.
So judge we Matthew of Alsace condemned,
Who breaks with impious force the Church's seal,
And treats God's honour lightly as his own.

(*For Music see p.* 105).

EPISODE V.

The Abduction of the Abbess Mary, daughter of King Stephen, A.D. 1161.

By W. H. Cooke-Yarborough.

Dramatis Personae.

King Henry II.	1st Nun.
Matthew of Alsace.	2nd Nun.
King's Justiciar.	King's Page.
Archbishop Becket.	1st Villager.
Mary, Abbess of Romsey.	2nd Villager.

Nuns, Villagers, King's Soldiers, Archbishop's Attendants.

Scene—Exterior of the Convent, wall and arched gateway at back on left side.

As the scene opens King Henry II. and Matthew of Alsace walk on from the right followed at a little distance by the Justiciar, and soldiers leading two horses gaily apparelled; they stop a short distance away, the Justiciar and King's Page in front, while the King and Matthew come to the centre. Villagers follow, and look on wonderingly.

Matt. My gracious liege, I hold thee to the pledge
That yields me this fair Abbess and her lands.

King. Nay, Alsace! by my faith I like it not.
Here is no puling maid, but Abbess sworn,
Of kingly race and high prerogative,
And fenced round with all the Church's power.

Matt. My back is broad enough to bear the ban,
The lands as broad the trespass to condone,
While for my King who favours thus his friend
My hand and heart shall pour forth gratitude.

King. Thus far we go—my chief Justiciar
Shall give thee face for threats, not violence.
Beyond this lies the burden on thyself.

In the meantime the Archbishop and attendants have entered, and one of the latter having signified the presence of the Archbishop to the page, he advances and kneels to the King.

Page. Your Majesty, the Lord Archbishop waits.

The King impatiently motions with his hand, the page retires.

King. God's mercy! here's a quarrel ready made,
Go not, my lord, thou hast a part in this.

Matt. So please your grace, methinks my share will keep.
Retires a little.

Arch. God save your Majesty!

King (drily). Amen to that!

Arch. Strange news hath reached me that my conscience shames
To disbelief. I pray thee ease my mind.

King. No tidings reach us that can cause thee grief.

Arch. Then still the tongues that cry that England's King
With force would break the Abbess Mary's vows,
No right is thine or hers, for this divorce.
I tell thee, Sire, if thou shalt bid unbound
What God hath joined, thou forgest for thy soul
A bond no power of earthly Kings shall loose.

King. My lord Archbishop, thou art over bold!

Archbishop attempts to speak.

Nay, I'll no more, thy audience endeth here.

Archbishop retires. Matthew rejoins the King.

My lord, we're out of favour with the Church,
Perchance thou wilt fare better than thy King.
Here comes the Abbess, looking wondrous cold,
And chastely armed against thine eloquence.

The King retires. Through the gateway enter the Abbess Mary, and the Nuns, who look frightened, and point to the soldiers as they approach. Matthew gives way, and the Justiciar comes forward.

Abbess (*turning to her train*) Nay, children be not troubled nor afraid
Of him that hath no power to kill the soul.

1st Nun. Who can resist the King?

Abbess. The smallest child
Whose weakness perfects God's omnipotence.

To Justiciar.

Your message, Sir?

Justiciar. Nay, by your gracious leave
My lord of Alsace here would speak with thee.

Matthew (*bowing low*) Most gracious lady, deem me not too bold
That, hearing much of thy sweet charity,
I come to crave some portion for myself.

Abbess. Such as I have for all I give to thee.

Matthew (*scornfully*) The favour to be shared with all thy serfs!
Is this the answer of my vows to thee?

Abbess. It is the answer of my vow to God.

Matthew seizes her hand, the Nuns are greatly dismayed, but the villagers murmur loudly and threateningly.

Matt. (*turning round savagely, and still holding the Abbess*).
Be silent, curs!

Abbess. Forbear, my lord, in God's dear name, forbear!
Take property and lands, touch not my soul—
Forbear, I say! (*Releases herself.*)

Matt. Take heed, thou saint and fool,
(*Points to soldiers*) Lest these meek lambs of mine turn ravening wolves
And tear thy flock to pieces in their rage.

2nd Nun. O God of heaven; why holdest thou thy hand!

1st Vill. They seize the Abbess!

2nd Vill. Nay, it shall not be!

The villagers press forward threateningly; the soldiers raise their weapons, a scuffle ensues and one of the villagers falls wounded.

Abbess (*steps forward*) Withhold thy hand, lest crime lead on to crime,
Withhold I say! I am thy prisoner.

Justiciar motions to soldiers, who fall back. Matthew also retires a little and at a signal the horses are led forward.

Just. I like it not, my Lord.

Matt. Nought else may serve,
Nor am I moved, as thou, by woman's prayers.

Abbess (*standing alone looks wildly round*).
Is there no rift through which my soul can soar,
No grave wherein my mortal flesh may hide?
O, Mother blessed, deem it not my sin
That I thus give my body to this scourge,
Lest, in the fury of these godless men,
Worse wrong be done to others than to me.
Thou knowest, oh, thou knowest, all my soul!
Take it and keep it in thy dear embrace.
(*To Nuns*) Kneel, children, kneel and pray for sinful souls
As God doth pass His judgment on them both.

The Nuns kneel weeping as her veil is removed and she is lifted on a horse. Matthew also mounts, and leads her horse. The villagers shout and rush forward to attack, but the Abbess checks her steed and turns with a face deathly pale towards the throng, who sink on their knees as she gives them her last benediction.

During the arrangement of Episode VI.

Narrator. Peaceful and calm within the cloistered walls,
Ten years of shame and sacrifice fulfilled,
The weary Abbess heals her broken life.
From depth to depth the reckless Alsace falls,
Bankrupt of human love and grace divine.

(*For Music see p.* 107.)

Historical Notes.

Matthew of Alsace.—Matthew of Alsace is a typical picture of the turbulent nobles of mediæval times. Handsome and brave, but unscrupulous and grasping, he recklessly defies alike Pope and King and Emperor. When Boulogne is laid under an interdict, and he is excommunicated, he turns out the Clergy and imports others. He is found sometimes fighting against the King of England; he landed an army here in 1167, but was defeated by the King's Justiciary. He is bought off by Henry II., and then plots against the King of France. At last, however, disowned by his relations, denounced by the Emperor of Germany, and in despair at having no son to succeed him, after nine years he gives Mary her freedom, and marries Eleanore of Vermandois. Her children all die in infancy, and Matthew dies in 1173 from a wound received in battle while trying to recover from Henry III. the Earldom of Mortagne.

S. Thomas Becket, "Champion of the People's Liberties."—A great revulsion of feeling with regard to Thomas of London, called in later centuries Thomas Becket, has lately taken place in the minds of historical students. It is now generally recognised that the popular admiration which followed him during life because he withstood to their faces, again and again, King and Pope, and Barons and Bishops, clung to him after death because of the abiding national sense that he had been an heroic champion in a great national struggle. It was the thoroughly English determination of his life, the steadfast appeal for justice against despotism that made Becket famous. (Hutton, English Saints, p. 257. See also Dict. of National Biography, Art. on Becket.)

At the exact date of his effort to arrest the abduction of Abbess Mary, Becket was Chancellor; he became Archbishop two years after. It was thought advisable for dramatic purposes to represent him in Archiepiscopal vestments. He is represented as coming direct from celebrating Mass in the Convent.

Abbess Mary—After Her Marriage.—There are few stories of a woman's courage and adherence to duty which are more splendid than the after history of Mary of Boulogne. Undismayed by the interdict laid upon her lands, and the excommunication of her husband (no Church censures were ever launched against herself), she ruled the County of Boulogne with a firm hand; she won the enthusiastic loyalty of her people, brought up her two daughters in every virtue, and at last extracted from Matthew permission to retire again to the peace of the cloister which she had longed for all her life. A very striking letter of hers to her friend Louis VII., warning him against a plot which "that fraudulent king" (as she terms Henry II.) were devising against him, is still extant.

CHORUS VI.

Chorus immediately resumes

1st Chorus. In silence pass we now three hundred years
Whilst time advancing on its silent tide
Brings wealth and honour to the ancient house.

2nd Chorus. But now a warning voice foretells decay,
And perils graver than man's tyranny.

Full. The watchman on the walls looks forth in vain
Unheedful of the foes that lurk within.

(*For Music see p.* 109).

EPISODE VI.

The Resignation of Abbess Elizabeth Broke, and her re-election on Sept. 15, 1478.

By W. H. Cooke-Yarborough.

Dramatis Personae.

Richard - - - - - - - -	Bishop of Salisbury.
Master David Husbond - -	Chancellor to the Bishop of [Winchester.
Elizabeth Broke - - - -	Abbess of Romsey.
Joan Skylling - - - - -	Prioress.
Katharine Statham - - -	Nuns of the Monastery.
Isabel Morgan - - - - -	
Joan Paten - - - - - -	
Anne Rowse - - - - -	

Scene. *The Chapter House. Seats for 25 sisters are placed round the Bishop's Throne. The Nuns assemble headed by the Prioress Joan Skylling, and await the Bishop who follows, accompanied by Master David Husbond, the Chancellor and Notary, and other attendants. The Bishop ascends his throne and the Nuns take their seats. At the back stands the Abbess Elizabeth Broke. An Attendant then approaches the Bishop.*

Att. My lord, the reverend Mother Abbess waits.

The Bishop inclines his head, and the Abbess comes forward alone to the foot of the throne, where she stands with her arms crossed and her head bowed.

Bishop. Abbess Elizabeth, have we thy word
Thou art not moved to this by force or guile?

Abbess. My lord, by mine own act I stand accused
And humbly do submit myself to thee.

Bishop. Six years agone, in great solemnity
Thou wert with oath and Sacrament installed
In this thy seat and state abbacial.
To-day, in deep contrition and remorse
Thou standest in this presence to confess
The great offence that, in thine earlier days,
Marked thy sad fall from paths of innocence.
Thine office here thou hast in no way shamed
Save that, in grievous sin so long concealed,
Thou hast, by silence, sinned most of all.
The stream that rises where pollution lies,
Though crystal to the eye, hath deadly taint.
The soul that sins and weeps, yet is not shrived,
Hath open sore to soil its penitence.

(*With emotion*)

Alas, my daughter—would the words were said—
Absolved thou art, but so, thou art dethroned,

Bishop. And as the humblest sisters here, shalt serve
The wants of those that ministered to thee.
Such penance, meekly borne, shall heal thy soul
And purge the stain that rests upon this house.

The Abbess makes obeisance and retires to her seat without a word.

Bishop (*to Nuns*) Now in God's Name I charge you one and all
In secret vote before the Chancellor
To choose an Abbess from amongst yourselves.

The Chancellor steps forward and the "Veni Creator" is sung (*for Music see p.* 140) *as the Nuns, one by one, slowly pass before him and, unheard by the others, give their vote, which he enters on his tablets. Katharine Statham comes first.*

Kath. I name Edburga Moore for Abbess here.

After her the Nuns one after the other saying,

Elizabeth Broke I name for Abbess here.

Last of all comes the ex-Abbess,

I name Matilda Casewyk Abbess here.

The Nuns by this time have given their vote to the Chancellor.

Chancellor. Makes this full record, Lady Prioress?

Prioress. Of all allowed by use or discipline.

Chancellor. My lord, I hold true record of the vote.

The Chancellor with obeisance hands his tablet to the Bishop.

Bishop (*surprised.*) 'Tis passing strange! yet who shall dare deny
(*To Nuns.*) In this unsought event the Hand of God?
With no uncertain sound this doth proclaim
The Abbess, late deposed, as Abbess still.

Abbess (*Rising greatly disturbed.*) No! No! my lord, this surely must not be
In pity, not in wisdom, lies this choice.

Bishop. No power have I to guide or nullify,
The issue is between thyself and God.

Chancellor. My lord, the clergy and the townsmen press
To hear thy proclamation.

Bishop. Bid them pause.
Haste never yet was friend to wise resolve.

As Elizabeth Broke stands distressed and irresolute, three of the Nuns, Isabel Morgan, Joan Paten, and Anne Rowse leave the other Nuns who are standing together and approach her.

Isabel. By deputation, Mother, are we come
To pray thee heed herein the Voice divine.

Abbess. It is that Voice I seek in vain to hear.

Joan. Comes not from God the love that speaks in us?

Abbess (*sorrowfully.*) Yet love for Him and you doth make me pause.
Dost thou not see how low I am become.

Anne. Low in thy meekness, so above us all.

Abbess. Alas, there is no virtue in my shame.

Anne. It may be that thou wert not what thou art.
And only what thou art we seek in thee.

Abbess. May God requite your love. Have ye your will.

They kneel and kiss her hand.

Isabel. Haste to the others with this gracious news.
(*to the Chancellor*)
Good sir, the mother doth accept this charge.

The Chancellor then approaches the Bishop, followed by the Abbess.

Chancellor. My lord and Bishop I do here present
Elizabeth, a sister of this House,
As chosen to the seat of Abbatesse.

Bishop. By license from his Majesty the King
And due authority conferred on me,
I do proclaim thee, in the Name of God,
Abbess of Romsey and its sisterhood.
With due announcement in the vulgar tongue
I will administer the sacred vows
Before the Altar of the Abbey Church.
May God, to whom all hearts are open bless
Thine office with the Grace of Holiness.

Bishop leaves his throne and departs, the sisters following with the newly-elected Abbess, attended by her chaplains.

Historical Notes.

The Office of Abbess.—In a great Nunnery such as Romsey, the office of Abbess was one which afforded scope for the exercise of abilities of the highest order. The Abbess of Romsey had the charge of some twelve or fourteen large estates scattered over the South of England; she had the mills and markets of the town; its local government was almost entirely in her hands. She had her Court of Justice, where even the trying and hanging of criminals were within her rights. Besides all this, she had the absolute rule over her Convent and all its dependents, nineteen or twenty of whom held office under her in various capacities; from thirty to a hundred Sisters; children of the neighbouring landowners sent to her charge for instruction; her chaplains, clerks, choristers, bailiffs, officials. To bear rule over all these, and to maintain good discipline and high devotion, was no easy task, and when we read of failures like that of Abbess Broke, our condemnation will perhaps be a good deal softened by the sense of the difficult task an Abbess must always have had to fulfil her duty. It is worth remembering that extraordinarily few complaints of evil living were brought against nuns. At the Dissolution, writers of the Middle Ages generally, though lavish in their criticisms on monks, tell us hardly anything against the nuns, and Dr. Gasquet records that out of 13 counties only 27 nuns in all were charged with vice, and even of these all but ten received pensions.

CHORUS VII.

1st Chorus. A few unhappy years, and then the end. (*pause*)

2nd Chorus. Not by the hand of time the Convent falls.
Neglect within and envious foes without
Have worked more evil than six hundred years.
Thus in its darkest hour betrayed, bereft,
The house a King hath built a King destroys.

Narrator. The Convent bell no more its vigil keeps
To mark the passing day.
The vacant halls where now the owlet sleeps
Fall slowly to decay.
The voice of prayer is stilled, the tear is shed,
The Abbey stands alone amidst its dead.

Chorus. No spoiler's axe the carved work shall break,
No impious tread those sacred courts defile,
Freed from their bondage by the townsmen's gift
They stand, a proud possession, to this day.

(*For Music see p.* 111.)

EPISODE VII.

The Dissolution of the Nunnery, A.D. 1539.

By W. H. Cooke-Yarborough.

Dramatis Personae.

Dr. Richard Layton - -	The King's Official Visitor.
John Foster - - - -	Steward of the Convent.
Rev. John Newman, LL.D.,	Vicar of Romsey.
Sir William Weston - - Vicar of Baddesley	Lately Grand Prior of the Knights of St. John.
Robert Cooke - - -	Churchwardens.
John Salt - - - -	
John Ham - - - -	
John Knight - - - -	
Abbess Elizabeth Ryprose.	
Jane Wadham - - -	One of the Nuns, and niece of Queen Jane Seymour.
Captain of Royal Guard.	
Sir Richard Lyster - -	Chief Justice.
A Nun.	4th Townsman.
1st Townsman.	5th Townsman.
2nd Townsman.	6th Townsman.
3rd Townsman.	

Nuns, Officials, Soldiers, and Townspeople.

Scene—Outside the gate of Romsey Monastery. Townspeople gather, excitedly pointing to the gateway where stand two officials.

1st Town. How now, my masters, be this true that our good Abbess hath troublous visitors?

2nd Town. True enow, i' faith, for yonder be King's men.

3rd Town. What may be the fault she hath committed?

2nd Town. My masters, by your leave, 'tis not what she doth but what she hath.

1st Town. Aye, thou'rt good at riddles.

4th Town. Numskull! here is no riddle. King Hal hath an eye for beauty, be it land or person.

1st Town. Thou foolest! The good Abbess would make a bad Queen.

3rd Town. God's faith, madman! speak lower with thy jest. Dost not see it is the land that is beautiful, not the person? Hath Romsey no woods of timber, no droves of cattle, no stores of corn? Hath the Abbey no treasures and incomings?

1st Town. But these are the property of Holy Church.

2nd Town. Holy Church hath a new head, and wants the body for its sustenance.

5th Town. I doubt not, neighbours, we are all honest men, or by my faith, ye are likely to need what the Church doth get.

6th Town. Well! may God keep the Abbess, and may the Abbess keep the land.

1st Town. And may the land keep us. Amen.

They withdraw to the back as the Abbess and Nuns enter with Layton, the King's official visitor, John Foster, the convent steward, bearing in his hands a deed, the Vicar of Romsey and his four Churchwardens.

Abbess. Full summary thou hast of all our goods.

Layton. No debt encumbereth the property?

Abbess. That can our steward safely testify.

Foster. 'Tis so, good Sir.

Layton. I doubt his Majesty
May deem thy dues too ample for thy needs.

Foster. The Mother Abbess hath this deed prepared
By mine advice and good Lord Seymour's wish,
That doth resign the Wiltshire properties.

Layton. Thou doth bestow them of thine own free will?

Abbess. Of mine own will, I may not call it free.

Layton. Then pray you, reverend mother, to attest.

Abbess signs the document.

Abbess. Lacks aught besides?

Layton. Thy patience must I crave!
Complaint hath reached the King from private source
The sisters love not this secluded life.

Abbess. Nay, by your leave, 'tis their desire and mine.

Jane Wadham takes a step forward.

Layton. Methinks thou art too eager in response,
And stiflest protest by thy vehemence;
'Twould seem this sister hath a mind to speak.

Jane. Of mine own will I ne'er became a Nun.

Abbess. May God forgive thee that thou turnest back.

A Nun. Good sir, none else hath wish to break her vows.

Layton. Natheless, 'tis as I said, nor this alone.
Report goes forth—I doubt not 'tis report—
That thou hast countenanced, in certain grants,
A wrongful use of this thy property.

Abbess. Nay, Master Layton, save for some poor folk
Who, for long service, in their latter days
Have scanty pensions from our revenues.

Layton. Herein is grave misreading of thy trust
That doth indict thy lands to forfeiture.

Abbess. Then may we tend the sick, yet heal them not?
Preach sacrifice, and practise selfishness?
Hear children cry for bread, and give them stones?

Layton. In this thou art disloyal to thy King.

Abbess. And most obedient to the King of Kings.

Layton. Enough! thy words condemn thee, thou shalt see
I use not thus the King's authority.
Twice guilty art thou found, and twice condemned
Of wrong detention and misuse of trust.
Therefrom I do declare this House dissolved
And its possessions forfeit to the Crown.

Sir William Weston, Grand Prior of the Knights of St. John, steps forward.

Weston (vehemently).
I do protest against this shameful deed!

Layton. Thou dost protest—good sirs, what jackdaw's here
That caws so loudly in this rookery?

Captain. 'Tis Weston, late Preceptor of St. John's,
Released but now from State imprisonment
For speech unseemly to the King's divorce.

Weston. And in my Patron's name I yet again
Proclaim God's judgment on this sacrilege.

Layton. Thy madness is not gentle. Get thee hence.

(*Weston is hustled away.*)

The crowd murmur and the Abbess and the Nuns stand aghast.

1st Town. Nay, by our Lady! justice goes amiss, no breaker of the laws our Mother Abbess, but ever full of charity and love.

2nd Town. Ay, by my faith, 'tis so! and what of us, who, son from father, for five hundred years have built and digged and buried here?

Layton. His Majesty will see you are not wronged.
The mills and convent buildings shall remain
The King's presentment to your royal town.

Abbess. A regal gift to hide a kingly wrong.

Layton. Come, get thee hence. I would not do thee ill.

Abbess. Hence! Whither? To the desert of the world!
From these dear walls that through the peaceful years
Have whispered back God's messages of love?
Where earthly ties of kindred, home, and friend,
Are but faint echoes of a world renounced.
We do but pray for solitude and peace,
And this royal Anti-christ gives us—the world.

Abbess turns away weeping. The Official makes a movement as if to have her arrested, but the Vicar steps forward.

Vicar. Nay, sir, the Mother is distraught with grief
At this bereavement. Nor for her alone
Comes this sad sentence. Are we too to mourn?
Must this grand House of God be desolate?

Layton. Stay, reverend sir, thy tongue doth travel fast.
I doubt not, if thy flock be so inclined,
The Abbey may be purchased from the King,
And pledge my humble offices thereto.

Warden. Good sir, we thank thee, thou dost ease our mind,
The townsmen have good will to raise the price.

Vicar (to townspeople.) So all is not for evil in the world—
With loving care our fathers planned and toiled,
Not boastful of their art and wondrous skill
But for God's glory and your heritage.
And surely would they joy to see this day
That justifies their faith in you, their sons.
As ye have done so may your children do,
With pious pride protect, renew, restore,
Bequeathing this great work from age to age,
Till every beam records an act of love,
And every stone a monument of praise.

The Sisters move towards the Convent gateway, but are motioned back by the officials, who board up the entrance, nailing upon the door the Royal Proclamation. The Sisters turn away sorrowfully singing Psalm 79, "Deus Venerunt" (for Music see p. 140), and the Vicar and people retire by the opposite way.

The Chorus re-enter and sing a Chorale (the words and music of which will be found on page 123).

Historical Notes.

The Suppression of Romsey Abbey.—The course of events which ended in the final suppression and spoliation of practically all the religious houses of England was as follows:—The first Act of Parliament by which all Monasteries of less than £200 annual value were surrendered to the King was passed in 1536. This was followed by a course of bribery and threatenings against the greater Monasteries, which was so far effectual that very few remained by the close of the year 1538. When it was found that the heads of a religious community steadfastly refused the inducements to surrender which were held out in the way of pensions or shares of the spoil, charges—most of which were unfounded—were brought against them, and they were in every case despoiled of their property under circumstances of great hardship, if not of cruelty; some—like the Abbots of Glastonbury and St. Mary's, Reading—being put to death on unproved and fictitious charges.

What took place at Romsey may be gathered from the following:—

1. A letter from Sir Richard Lyster of Stanbridge, the King's Chief Justice, to Richard Cromwell (September 15, 1538) to the effect that the Monastery of Romsey, hearing they are in danger of suppression, are granting pensions out of their property, and desiring to know whether he should stay them in this.

2. A letter (in the Record Office) from John Foster, the Steward of the Convent, to Sir Thomas Seymour, brother of the Queen (dated December 28, 1538) giving an account of the possessions of the Abbey, and suggesting that pressure might be brought on the nuns to surrender quietly, with a view to Seymour's getting possession of their property.

3. A Licence issued in January, 1539, to the Abbess and Convent to alienate their Wiltshire properties to Sir Thomas Seymour.

"This looks as if the Abbess hoped," says Mr. Liveing, in his admirable "Records of Romsey Abbey" (page 254), "that by casting one great member of the estate to the wolves she might save all." But it availed nothing. Very likely the granting of pensions without licence to various dependents of the Abbey was brought forward as a charge against her. On some pretext the Abbey was dissolved, and the Abbess and Nuns of Romsey were cast out without even the meagre pensions usually granted to dispossessed nuns or monks.

'Of mine own will I ne'er became a nun."—Jane Wadham, one of the nuns, was the niece of the Queen, Jane Seymour. After she left the Nunnery she married the Convent Steward, John Foster, who was also a chantry priest in Romsey. Her appeal to a Royal Commission to be released from her vows and to have her marriage made legal, on the ground that she was compelled by her relations to become a nun, is still preserved. They were not happy in their children, as an old rhyme formerly current in the neighbourhood testifies:—

"Mr. Foster of Baddesley was a good man,
Before the marriage of Priests began;
For he was the first that married a nun,
For which he begat a very rude son."

The Deed of Sale of Romsey Abbey.—This Deed, which is preserved in the Vestry of the Abbey, sets out that Henry VIII., of his own good will and pleasure, grants to the Four Churchwardens of Romsey the Church and all its furniture—(it had been practically stripped of everything valuable)—to hold in trust for the parishioners of Romsey in consideration of the sum of £100 (about £1,200 at present value). It is dated February 20, 1544.

CHORUS VIII.

1st Chorus. Fast turn the pages of our history,
And James of Scotland sits on England's throne.

2nd Chorus. The town, well grown in wealth and fair repute,
Receives a visit from the homely King.

Narrator. In Broadlands James doth plant a goodly tree,
In Romsey sows a seed that bears good fruit.

Chorus. From Kingly grace springs life municipal,
And first upon its roll of civic fame
Stands Richard Sirgood, Mayor of Romsey town.

(*For Music see p.* 116.)

EPISODE VIII.

King James I. grants a Charter to Romsey, A.D. 1607.

By the Rev. Canon Skrine.

Dramatis Personae.

King James the First.
Queen Anne of Denmark.
Prince Henry - - - }
Princess Elizabeth - - } Their children.
Prince Charles - - }
Launcelot Andrewes - - Bishop of Chichester (afterwards of Winchester).
Henry St. Barbe - - - Owner of Broadlands.
Mistress St. Barbe - - - His Wife.
Richard Sirgood - - - A Citizen of Romsey.
Courtiers, Citizens, Ladies, Gentlemen, Gardeners, and Soldiers.

Scene—The Garden of Mr. St. Barbe at Broadlands. Enter King James 1st with St. Barbe and Gentlemen, among whom is Launcelot Andrewes, Bishop of Chichester.

MistressSt.B. Will your Majesty, who has favoured our poor house of Broadlands by this night's stay, do it one favour more?

James. If Mistress St. Barbe asks a favour as agreeable to her King as the favour of his sojourn has been, she will have sma' need of opportunity; but name your boon, madam, for, look you, if it be ill to buy a pig in a poke, its no sae' well to promise one either, till ye ken whilk of your stock is being craved. The neglect of which precaution was sair repented of by one of our royal cousins (it will be sixteen hundred years syne); I mean, if ye tak' me, King Herod, that was owre gallant wi' his promises, and had to pay for a girl's dance wi' the head of a saint.

Henry St. Barbe. Oh, your Majesty will find no Herod's daughter in loyal Romsey. We are asking your Majesty to place a monument of your first favour to us, by planting a tree in our gardens with your royal hands.

James. Ho! Are you there? With a right good will, Mistress and Sir! for indeed it is more conformable to our royal prerogative as a Christian King to give a life than to take one, to plant a root than to lop a head. Come awa'. Where is this scion of the forest to whom we shall be godsib?

St. Barbe motions to gardeners, who bring forward a small mulberry tree.

St. Barbe. Good my liege, we venture to hope that our choice of a tree to carry your worshipful name will obtain your approval. It is a mulberry. Your Majesty's love for that tree is well known, and your providence for your subjects has led you to commend its wider culture for the prosperity of our silk trade.

James. Indeed sir, you remind me most appositely in the company of our learned lord of Chichester. My Lord Bishop (*to the Bishop*), you shall take note in your diocese of a royal pleasure of

James. ours, that the ministers in the parishes do cultivate this tree in the gardens of their rectory houses.

Bishop. Your Majesty's forethought for your people's prosperity is fatherly in the smaller things as in the greater.

James ambles round the tree as they place it in a hole, and spades in the mould and smoothes it with his hands.

James. And now that we have duly inaugurated this prosperous stock, this "felix malum" as I may phrase it, with obligations to Virgil the poet, we send it forth on its career "laxis per purum habenis," with a royal blessing, wherein we include for our most gracious host and hostess, in the language of the brother poet, Horatius Flaccus,

Crescat occulto velut arbor aevo
Fama Sambarbi.

Heigh! what have we here?

A Deputation from Romsey enters.

James. Yon will be some bit burgher bodies frae your town wanting something frae their gracious sovereign. I trust, Mistress, your folk will be as blate as yoursel'.

Richard Sirgood kneels and presents a scroll.

Sirgood. Your Majesty, on behalf of the citizens of this good and loyal town of Romsey, we crave leave to present this petition.

James. Eh, mon! but see ye, I canna' haud your parchment with my royal fingers for the soil that is on them from Master St. Barbe's mould. Tell me yoursel' what is in't, and I hope what you ask is in reason.

Sirgood. Your Majesty will judge it so, we are bold to believe. We ask you for a Charter to be granted to the town of Romsey, being an ancient and populous town and ever faithful to your Majesty's predecessors, and one that time out of mind hath possessed divers franchise and immunities. Now our petition craves that your Majesty do constitute the inhabitants of Romsey a body corporate, by appointment of a Town Council to preserve the peace and good order of the place, and to make such laws as be good for its regulation.

James. By my soul, ye would all of you be Provost and Baillies; I crave pardon, Mayor and Aldermen, is it not? Why! it is an honourable plea and full a reasonable. See ye, ye'll levy the whole costs of the Council by a rate on yourselves, and not divert any of the King's taxes. Heigh! Sirs! Did ye never hear the proverb, "'Tis money makes the mayor to go." Tell me, Master St. Barbe, the name of this gentleman, who speaks for the Deputation.

St. Barbe. By your Majesty's favour, he is Master Richard Sirgood, whose wealth, no less than his wisdom, hath always been at the service of his fellow townsmen.

King (meditatively) Master Richard Sirgood . . . Master Richard Sirgood . . . Why, Sir (*to Sirgood*), you are very felicitously named, and may Heaven make you as rich as you are good, and keep you as good as you are rich. The gallant officer here of

King. our yeomanry will put his sword at his sovereign's disposal in a peaceable use of it. (*Officer draws his sword*). Canny! man, be canny. (*Takes the hilt with trepidation.*) Kneel ye down, Master Sirgood. According to the ancient saying of the Greeks, "Gold for brass," your King shall gie you steel for siller. . . . Rise up, Sir Richard Sirgood, or, as I pray, good Sir Richard Sirgood. (*Murmurs of applause.*) And noo, awa' wi' ye to the hoose, and there, when we have washen the mould off our royal fingers, we'll plant this fair tree of your Romsey's Corporation, a fair tree, masters, planted, look ye, by the water side, by affixing our sign manual to your new Charter.

Exeunt.

Historical Notes.

James I. is here shown on one of those Royal progresses in which he delighted, when he stayed with his liege subjects in their country houses, accompanied by his beautiful Queen, Anne of Denmark, and by his three Royal children: Henry Prince of Wales (now fourteen), the friend of Raleigh, destined to the fate of those whom "the gods love"; Elizabeth, at that time twelve, known later as the "Queen of Hearts," and the wife of Frederick Prince Palatine of the Rhine, for a few months King of Bohemia; and "Babie Charles," a delicate child of about seven years, with a beautiful countenance, afterwards to become the unfortunate Charles I. "of sacred memory."

King James at Broadlands.—In the "Progresses of King James I.," by John Nichols, two or three visits of James I. are recorded. "On the 5th August, the anniversary of the Gowry Plot, we find the King at Romsey, where Bishop Andrewes preached before His Majesty a sermon suited to the day on 2 Sam. xviii. 32." This was in 1607. He was probably then lodging at Broadlands, near the town; and two subsequent visits in 1615 and 1623 are also recorded. His Majesty's host was Henry St. Barbe, Esq., son of Edward St. Barbe, who had married Frances, the daughter and heiress of William Fleming, Esq., of Broadlands. This family held the Broadlands property until 1736, when it was bought by Henry Temple, first Viscount Palmerston, and by whom the house was altered from an ordinary Elizabethan mansion to its present stately appearance. He was the grandfather of the famous Prime Minister, who was born here on October 20, 1784. An interesting link with the past is that the part of Henry St. Barbe in the Pageant will be taken by his direct descendant, the present representative of the family.

The King's Personal Appearance.—"He had a good-natured, slobbering kind of mouth, with a tongue somewhat too large, and a face that revealed like a mirror the inner working of his mind. His hands were soft as silk, which is said to have arisen from his never washing them, contenting himself with performing his ablutions by wiping them with the end of a soft towel. His clothes gave him the appearance of being corpulent through being quilted so thickly as to be dagger proof. Nor can he be said to have had a pretty taste in dress; one of his household says, 'I saw him in the same progresse after his inauguration in a dress which was as *greene* as the grasse he trod on, with a fether in his cap and a horne instead of a sword by his side.'"—From "Traditional Memoyres on the Reign of King James, 1658," quoted in F. A. Inderwick's "Sidelights on the Stewarts."

Lancelot Andrewes, D.D., one of the most illustrious prelates of England, was at this time Bishop of Chichester, being translated to Ely and afterwards to Winchester in 1608. "In deed and word a model Bishop." His learning placed him in the first rank of contemporary scholars, his preaching was unique for its richness and erudition. His personal piety was that of an ancient saint. No shadow rests on his beautiful and holy life.

The Planting of a Mulberry Tree.—Two or three mulberry trees of great age and size still remain in the Broadlands gardens, and possibly were planted by James I. at one of his visits.

The Corporation of Romsey.—The first mention of municipal government in Romsey appears to be in 1558, when the Mayor and Constable are entrusted with the management of a charity. After that there is frequent mention of mayors. But the visit of James I. recorded in the Episode was the occasion for the formal incorporation of the town by the King. The Corporation consists of a Mayor, Recorder, four Aldermen, twelve Burgesses, and inferior officers. The office of Mayor has been held for the last two years by Mr. William Pinnick, who takes the part of Mayor at the head of the Corporation in this Episode.

CHORUS IX.

1st Chorus. Once more the beacon gleams upon the hills,
Once more the warcry echoes through the vale.

2nd Chorus. No savage Viking rises from the sea
But Kingdom against Kingdom draws the sword.

Narrator. From Romsey bridge by sudden onslaught driven,
The outposts of King Charles's army fly.

Chorus. "For God and King!"—"For God and Parliament!"
So brother stains his hand in brother's blood.
And bids his Maker smile upon the deed.

(*For Music see p.* 118.)

EPISODE IX.

The Surprise of Romsey Bridge, December 12th, 1643.

BY THE REV. CANON SKRINE.

Dramatis Personae.

Captain D'Arcy	2nd Trooper.
Sergeant	3rd Trooper.
1st Trooper.	

Scene—The Bridge head at Romsey. Enter a band of Royalist troopers and their Captain.

Cap. Sergeant, you are the advanced post; keep a bright watch till daybreak, when you may look to be relieved. There is a force stirring from Southampton, may be meant for Romsey. If the enemy pays you a call before morning, see that you keep the door shut, and yourselves wide awake behind it.

Serg. Aye, Sir, if the crop-ears pay us a call, that'll pleasure us well. 'Tis a dance my lads will be happy to stay up for.

Cap. Very well. The pass-word to-night is "What's in your holster?" and the counterword "Forty winks."

He goes, and the men begin to dispose themselves on the ground.

1st Troop. Good-night to old Pipeclay! What's in your holster? quotha, "Forty winks." Marry! forty drinks is more the tune of it.

Serg. Here's cards for ye. And Harry here never left home and forgot the dice. (*They play.*)

2nd Troop. Pest take thee, Hal! Can'st never throw less than sixes?

3rd Troop. Snappy to-night! What's amiss with thee, Dick? Down-o-luck? Screw them up a peg, Sergeant, with the leather jack!

(*They drink.*)

1st Troop. There's Sergeant Bill sitting there mumchance. Now your whistle's wet give us a stave.

Will sings, the others join in the chorus.

Merrily ho! Merrily ho!
Pledge we King Charles his men;
Merrily ho! till the flagon's low
Drink we King Charles—and then
Drearily ho! Drearily ho!
Noll his confusion! Amen.

Warily ho! Warily ho!
Riding the lanes o' night,
Soft we creep on the Roundhead asleep
Snoring his Psalm aright.
Merrily ho! with a roar and a blow
Scamper the rogues afright.

The singers become drowsy and confused.

Drearily ho! Merrily ho!
Drink we to Noll his men,
Drearily ho! till the flagon's low
Drink we King Noll—and then
Merrily ho! Merrily ho!
Charles his confusion! Amen.

The Roundheads rush in with loud cries. The Royalists strike a drunken blow or two, tumble or run off. One very drunk waves his glass at the Roundhead Captain, singing—

"King his confusion! Amen,"

till he is bound and gagged.

Historical Notes.

The Fight at Romsey, Dec. 12th, 1643.—The Parish Register of Romsey for 1643 records the names of a number of soldiers, including "one D'Arcy, Captain," who were "slain at the routing of the King's Forces on Dec. 12." The action thus recorded was the result of a surprise attack by Colonel "Dick" Norton, one of the Parliament's most dashing cavalry soldiers, who rode over from Southampton with only about ninety men, and attacking the Royalists at the bridge over the Test, known as Middle Bridge, "beat in their guard," and drove them fighting into the Market Place, and finally from the town. The town was, however, shortly afterwards retaken by the Royalists.

It is said that the Royalist soldiers were drinking and carousing when the Ironside cavalry burst in upon them, and the point chosen for illustration in the Episode is just that at which the guard at the bridge was taken by surprise and driven in confusion through the town.

CHORUS X.

Chorus. Pause we a moment as our Pageant tells
The saddest scene in Romsey's history.

Narrator. His guard of honour, foemen fierce and grim,
His subjects' homage, tears they may not shed,
His tribute but an infant's offering,
So rides the King from prison-house to death.

(*For Music see p.* 121.)

EPISODE X.

The Passing of King Charles, Dec. 11th, 1648.

By Miss M. Anderson Morshead.

Dramatis Personae.

King Charles I.
Col. Herbert, Levet } The King's faithful attendants.
Lt.-Colonel Cobbett, Officer in charge of the King.
Sir William Petty.
Sir Thomas Knollys, of Grove Place.
Grammar School Master.
Mayor.
Mr. Symmons, the King's Chaplain.
Puritan Officer.
Puritan Trooper.
1st Townsman.
2nd Townsman.
3rd Townsman.
1st Hunter.
2nd Hunter.
Dorothy Waldron.
Madam Waldron.
Madam Philadelphia Mill, of Eling, widow of Sir John Mill.
Madam Jane Sandys, of Mottisfont, widow of Col. Sandys.
John Mill, 6 year old son of Madam Mill.
Attendants, Cavaliers, Roundheads, Aldermen, and Townsmen.

Scene—Road on the outskirts of Romsey. Waiting crowd.

1st. Town. Good morrow, masters, what news to-day?

2nd Town. They do tell that Cobbett and his troop be toward.

1st. Town. Let him be. What of yon contract for pigsmeat for the troops? Hast heard more of that?

Enter two Huntsmen from the New Forest.

Chorus. What news? What news? Is the quarry struck?

1st Hunt. Nay, no venison have we, yet a hart royal comes hitherward.

2nd Town. A royal hart?

2nd Hunt. Ay! Fettered and led by the huntsmen. To be brief, my masters, the King is near in charge of Colonel Cobbett.

1st Town. Heaven pity him!

2nd Town. Heaven hath no pity for tyrants!

1st Town. For tyrants? Then hath it no pity for Cobbett! Ay! and none for General Cromwell, the greatest tyrant of them all.

2nd Town. What? Sayest thou so? Nay then, fight for thy words! Malapart malignant!

1st Town. Have at you then! Crop-eared cur!

They begin to fight.

Enter Madam Mill and boy, Madam Sandys, Madam Waldron and girl, escorted by Sir Thomas Knollys and Sir William Petty.

Sir William. What! Fighting?

A voice. Ay, over the name of General Cromwell.

Sir William. Nay! Nay! good people. That is an ill subject for a quarrel. We are likely to have his son as a neighbour if he marries fair Mistress Doll Major, of Hursley. Come, cease this quarrelling. An ye must bandy words. Give them music to soften their hardness. Will no one give us a Roundelay?

Chorus of Townspeople.

Ay! trill us a song, a godly song.

3rd Town. Ay! that will I, my masters! (*Sings*)

(*For music see p.* 139.)

Know this, my brethren, Heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous man shall flourish now,
Good days are coming on.
Then come, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me,
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down
And hey! then up go we!

We'll pull down universities
Where learning is profest,
Because they practise and maintain
The language of the beast.
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
And all that learned be.
We'll cry all arts and learning down
And hey! then up go we!

If once the anti-Christian crew
Be crushed and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to stoop
And keep the gentry down.
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride we see,
We'll therefore put good manners down,
And hey! then up go we!

Partial applause.

Sir Thomas Knollys.

I cry your mercy, good Sir! The tune is ours—for the words, you are welcome to them.

Madam Sandys.

Poetry and wit have fled the land. No Puritan can compose.

Sir William. How about Master Milton, fair ladies?

Madam Mills.

Never a line of poetry hath he written since he turned rebel. Once he sang of May morning and L'Allegro, but England is merry England no more.

Enter the Mayor and Aldermen of Romsey.

Mayor. Good people all, know all that he approacheth who was lately our King—now a prisoner. Our unhappy divisions need surely not hinder a respectful welcome to fallen Majesty.

A voice. His Worship hath lost his gold chain of office!

Mayor. I am not ashamed to own that the King's need hath stripped from my brother Winchester and myself our jewels of office. We grudge them not.

Enter a Puritan Officer.

Mayor. Sir, is the King near?

Officer. King me no King! take heed, good Mr. Mayor and people all. The army acting for the good of the country hath forbidden any carnal respect to the man Charles, lately calling himself King of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland. We live not in a Kingdom but in a Commonwealth, where all are equal, as saith Holy Writ.

Grammar School Master—

Sir, I read not so. There you may read of a kingdom indeed, but not of a Commonwealth, unless Parliament hath struck out King and kingdom there also.

Officer. Bandy not words with me. Mr. Mayor, see to it that you offend not in this.

Mayor. I meant not ill. I apologise to our many masters, the Army and the Parliament, and will show reverence to none.

Officer. You speak fairly sir.

Enter Colonel Cobbett and troopers. In the midst the King, with Mr. Symmons beside him and attended by Herbert and Levet.

Symmons. Doth your Majesty still regret the failure of the Treaty of Newport?

King. Nay! but what God hath not granted to our wars and treaties He may vouchsafe to our prayers.

Herbert. Here are many of your Majesty's lieges; will it please your Majesty to speak to them?

King. Nay, good Herbert, they are forbidden to hear, or hearing, wilfully misunderstand.

Levet. Yet gladly would some of them suffer for your Majesty.

King. May they see at length that I would rather suffer for them than with them. I go to London to become a martyr to my people.

Madam Mills (*holding up her child*).

See! my little son, the King for whom thy father died. Some day thou shalt be a soldier and fight for him too.

The King. Alas, Madam, we have not met since I lost one of my best commanders in the fight near Oxford.

The Grammar School Master approaches and bows low.

Master. God save the King!

Cobbett. We have no King! Take him and teach him manners.

A trooper strikes him.

King. Methinks the punishment exceeds the offence.

Madam Waldron.

Dorothy, my child, what wouldest thou?

Dorothy Waldron runs across, and on bended knee offers the King a basket of Christmas roses.

King. Fair maid, we may not ride with thy sweet gift of flowers. (*Taking off his chain and binding it round the handle.*) But take and wear for Charles's sake what hath been bound by Charles's hand. None may now bring us on Christmas Day a branch of the miraculous Thorn of Glastonbury, but thy pure rose will serve as well.

A slight murmur of applause among the crowd. Cobbett passes on. The King and his attendants pass on, but a trooper seizes Dorothy.

Troop. Take order, Mr. Mayor, fetters for this malignant.

Sir William (*much affected*).

Nay, what can one do with such a babe? Alas, poor child, thou hast much to learn. There, go to thy mother.

Madam. Dorothy, thank thy deliverer.

Dorothy. I thank you, kind sir, but may I keep the King's gift?

Sir William. Aye, keep it.

Dorothy. And he hath my rose!

Schoolmaster. Ay, keep it, child, all thy life. Remember him who goes to his death for England's Church and for his people!

Crowd disperse to a slow and sad accompaniment.

Historical Notes.

King Charles at Romsey.—The actual mention of the King's passing through Romsey is found in the Memoirs of the last two years of his reign, compiled by Sir Thomas Herbert and others after his death. The following is extracted from Herbert's Diary:—"Having bade solitary Hurst adieu, and reached Milford, he was met by a detachment of horse from Lyndhurst, and under their escort passed by Ringwood, then through the New Forest to Romsey, where is a fair Church, being the remains of a dissolved nunnery, founded by great King Edgar in 970, and went from thence to the City of Winchester."

Madam Philadelphia Mill, or as we would call her, Lady Mill, was the daughter of Sir Henry Knowles, of Grove Place, near Broadlands, who was now dead. His successor, Sir Thomas, would doubtless accompany his sister to greet the King. She was the widow of young Sir John Mill, who fell near Oxford in 1643, and their little son was but six years old. The other young widow was Jane, the widow of Sir Henry Sandys, of Mottisfont Abbey, who fell on the King's side at Bramdean, near Alresford, in 1644.

The Song "Up Go We" is an original, and hitherto unpublished, contemporary Puritan song (set to a cavalier tune). It was kindly given to the author of the Episode by the Rev. E. L. Hopkins, Rector of Monxton, formerly Minor Canon of Winchester Cathedral.

"Doll Major."—Richard Cromwell was at this time engaged to, and subsequently married Dorothy Major, one of the co-heiresses of Hursley. He lies buried in the chancel of Hursley Church.

The King's Attendants.—Sir Thomas Herbert was Groom of the Chambers to the King, and it is to him that we owe most of the private history of Charles' later years. The part of Sir Thomas Herbert had been undertaken by Mr. Arthur Herbert, a direct descendant of the former. We deeply regret to say that Mr. Herbert was drowned in the terrible shipwreck of the *Berlin*, on February 21, while performing his duties as a King's Messenger. Levett was Charles' close attendant during his imprisonments at Carisbrooke and Hurst.

The words put into King Charles mouth on this occasion are taken almost verbatim from the Eikon Basilikè, Chaps. 18 and 23 (closing words).

"A Martyr for his People."—Isaac Disraeli, in his commentaries on the reign of Charles I. states that on the very morning of his execution, Cromwell offered to the King life, freedom, and a limited sphere of rule, on condition that he would impose a heavy land tax, and place the country under military rule for a term of years. The King unhesitatingly refused, adding, "I will be a sacrifice for the people."

The King's words, "Methinks the punishment, &c." as also the incident of the basket of flowers, were actual occurrences, though not on this occasion. The story of Frances Trattle offering the King a rose in November is commemorated in a well-known picture in Newport Town Hall, I.W.

The Miraculous Thorn, &c.—It was the custom to present the King with a branch of the Flowering Thorn of Glastonbury on each Christmas Day.

Sir William Petty.—The father of Sir William Petty, founder of the Lansdowne family, was a clothier, who carried on business in Romsey. Sir William was born in 1623, and early gave proof of unusual intelligence. He became a clever linguist and mathematician, and especially distinguished himself in the study of medicine, obtaining very high diplomas in the various branches of that science. He was knighted by Charles II. In the Abbey is a full length recumbent figure of Sir William Petty, by Westmacott, which was erected by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

"Remember."

ERE yet from pictured scenes of player's art
Amid days' lengthening shadows ye depart,
And leave the glades historic feet have pressed,
And these Broad lands and fair on silver Test,
Take this one word—from royal lips the last—
"Remember!" Of these thousand ages past
We are the Heirs! Yon noble House of God,
Reared by our Fathers on the woodland sod,
Rebuilt, renewed, restored—to-day it stands
A vast memorial of those pious hands
Who raised its walls. Aye, these remember here,
Elfled, Merwenna, Ethelfleda dear;
And Saxon Edith, loved as good Queen Maude;
King Stephen's daughter rent by force and fraud
From Romsey's sheltering walls; Remember now
Those handmaids of the Lord, whose holy vow,
Like lamp well trimmed, lighted this sacred place,
Whose prayers before the Rood brought down God's grace
Upon our land; whose chants by day and night
Ascended here like incense to Heaven's height;
Who passed fair Learning's torch from hand to hand,
And taught the young in Wisdom's paths to stand.
Remember those of England's royal line,
The nursing Fathers of this House divine;
And with them him who would have given his life
For those who took it in sad Civil strife.
We are the Heirs! To-day the task is ours
To trim the lamp, and guard great Zion's towers;
So grant us, Lord, Thy noblest work to do,
Our children may perchance Thy Glory view.
Slow move the hours, slowly the years pass by,
The setting sun lights up another sky,
But yet with Thee, the thousand years we play
Have been but as the passing of a day.

MARY ANDERSON MORSHEAD.

The Incidental and Chorus Music.
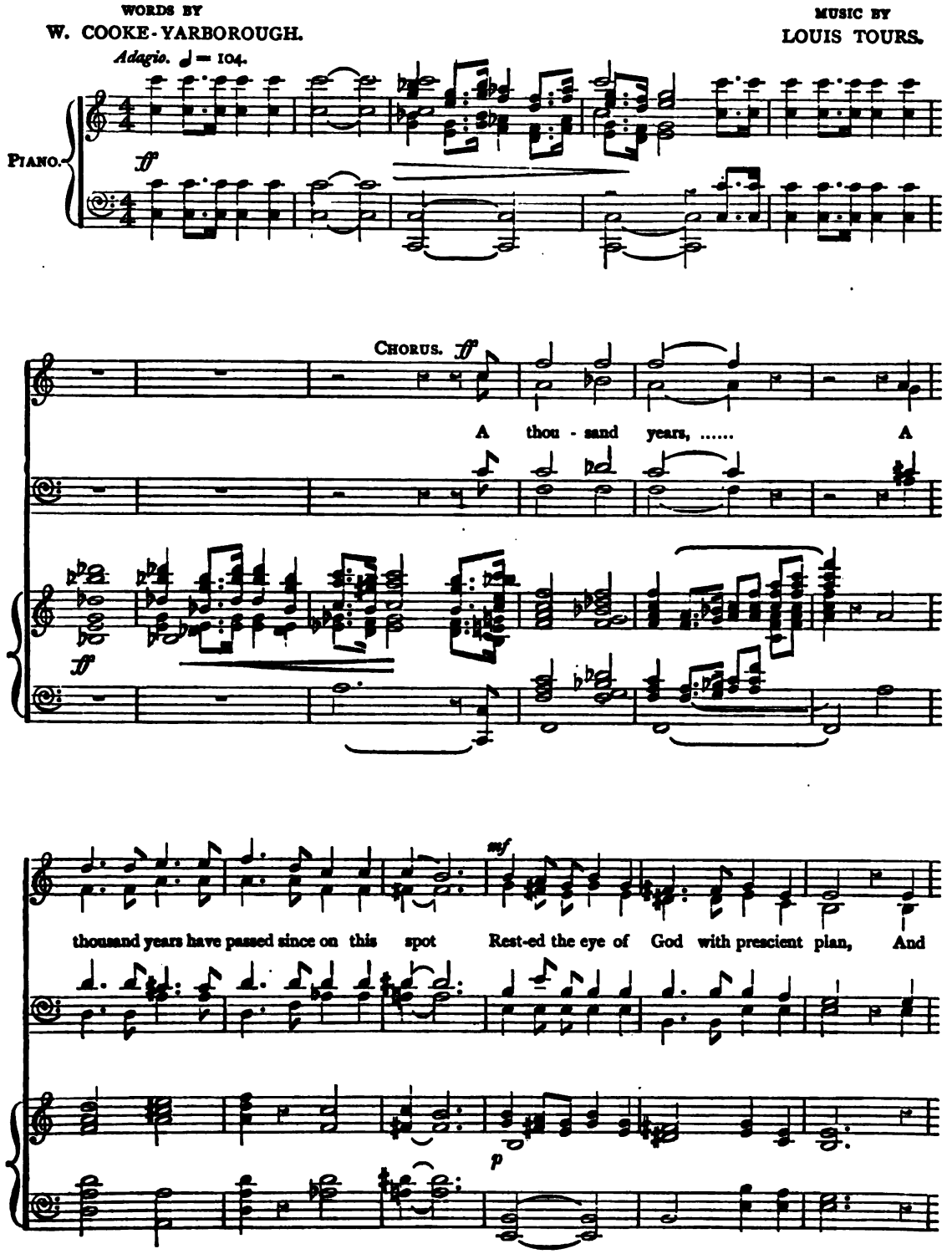
As far as possible the music occurring in the course of the Episodes (the Nuns' Litany, Psalms, etc.) has been selected from Ancient Church Music so as to be contemporary with the period represented in each Episode.
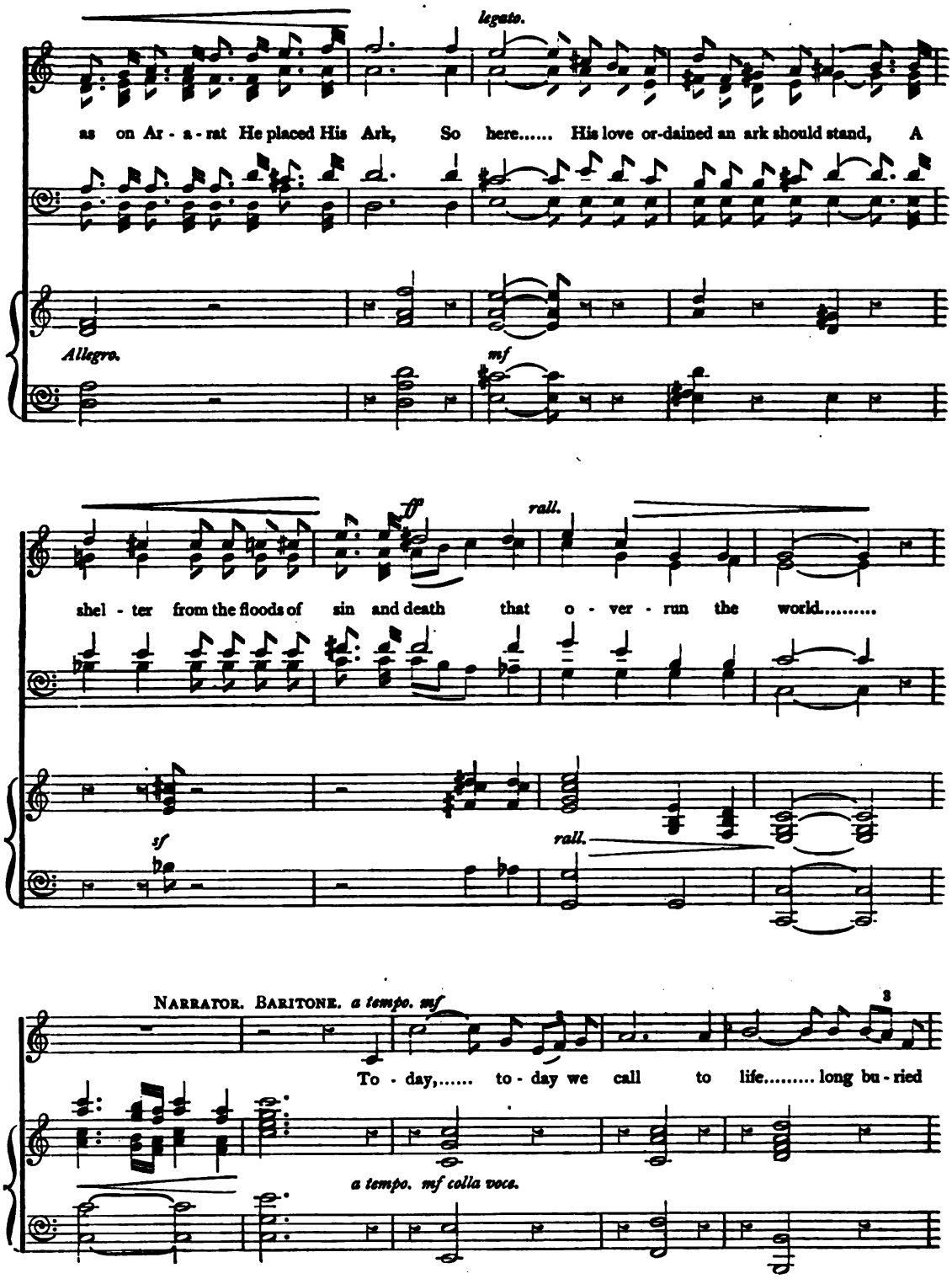
The Music of the Narratory Chorus is modern in character and rather aims at expressing the ideas and emotions suggested by the course of dramatic action.
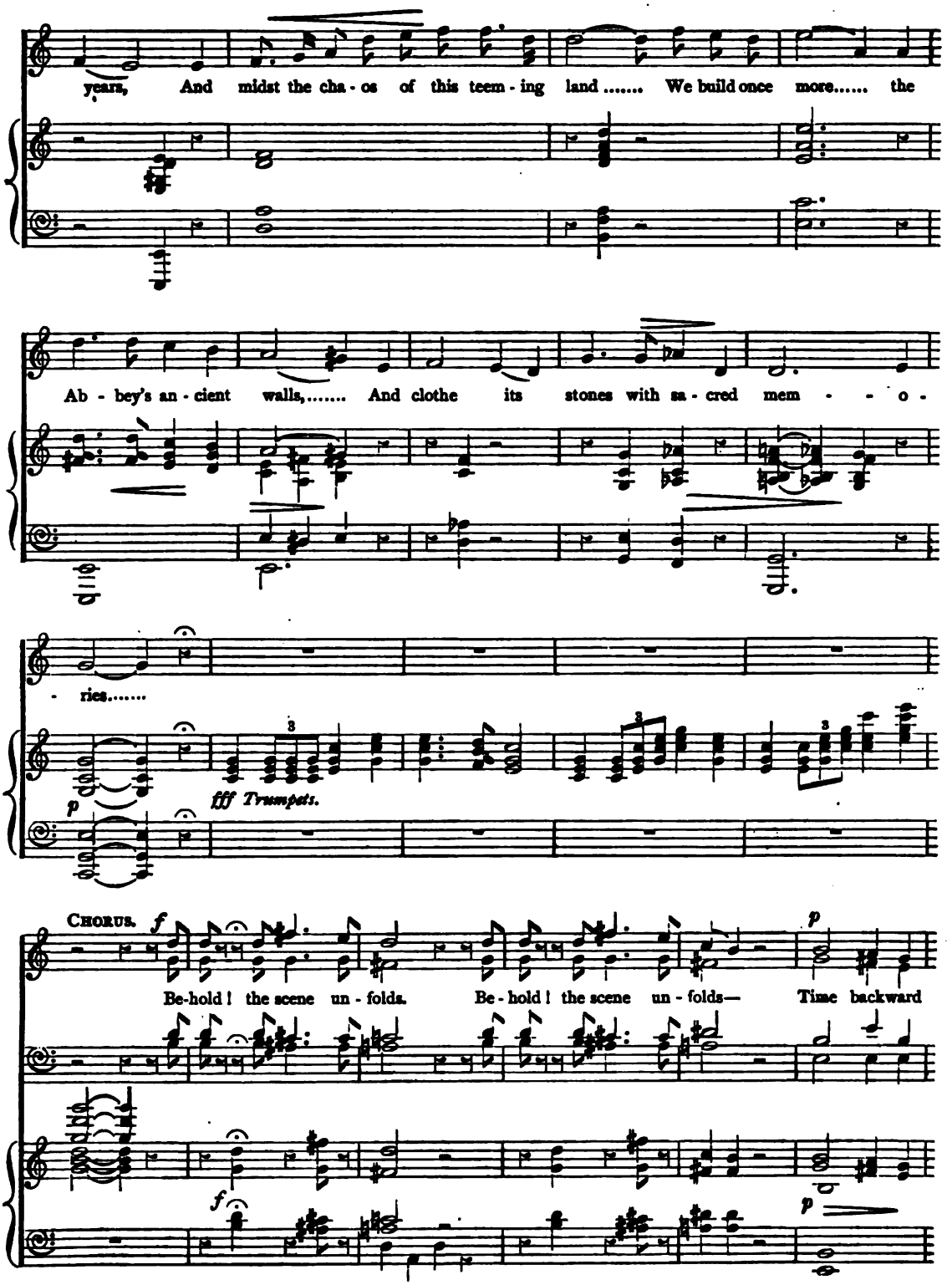
Chorus One.
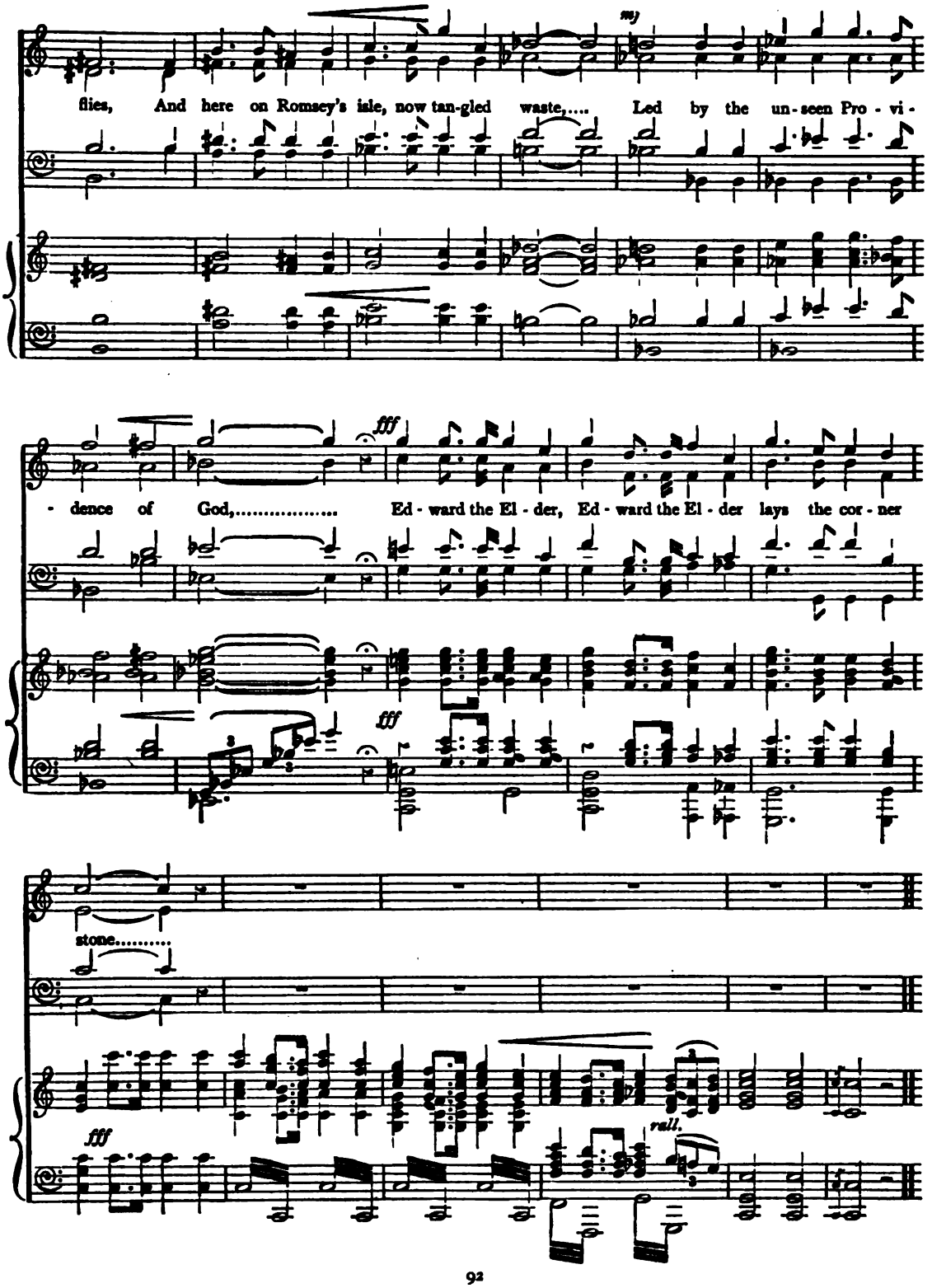
WORDS BY
W. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.

MUSIC BY
LOUIS TOURS.




legato.
as on Ar - a - rat He placed His Ark, So here..... His love or-dained an ark should stand, A
Allegro.
mf
ff
rall.
shel - ter from the floods of sin and death that o - ver - run the world.....
sf
rall.
NARRATOR. BARITONE. a tempo. mf
To - day,..... to - day we call to life..... long bu - ried
a tempo. mf colla voce.
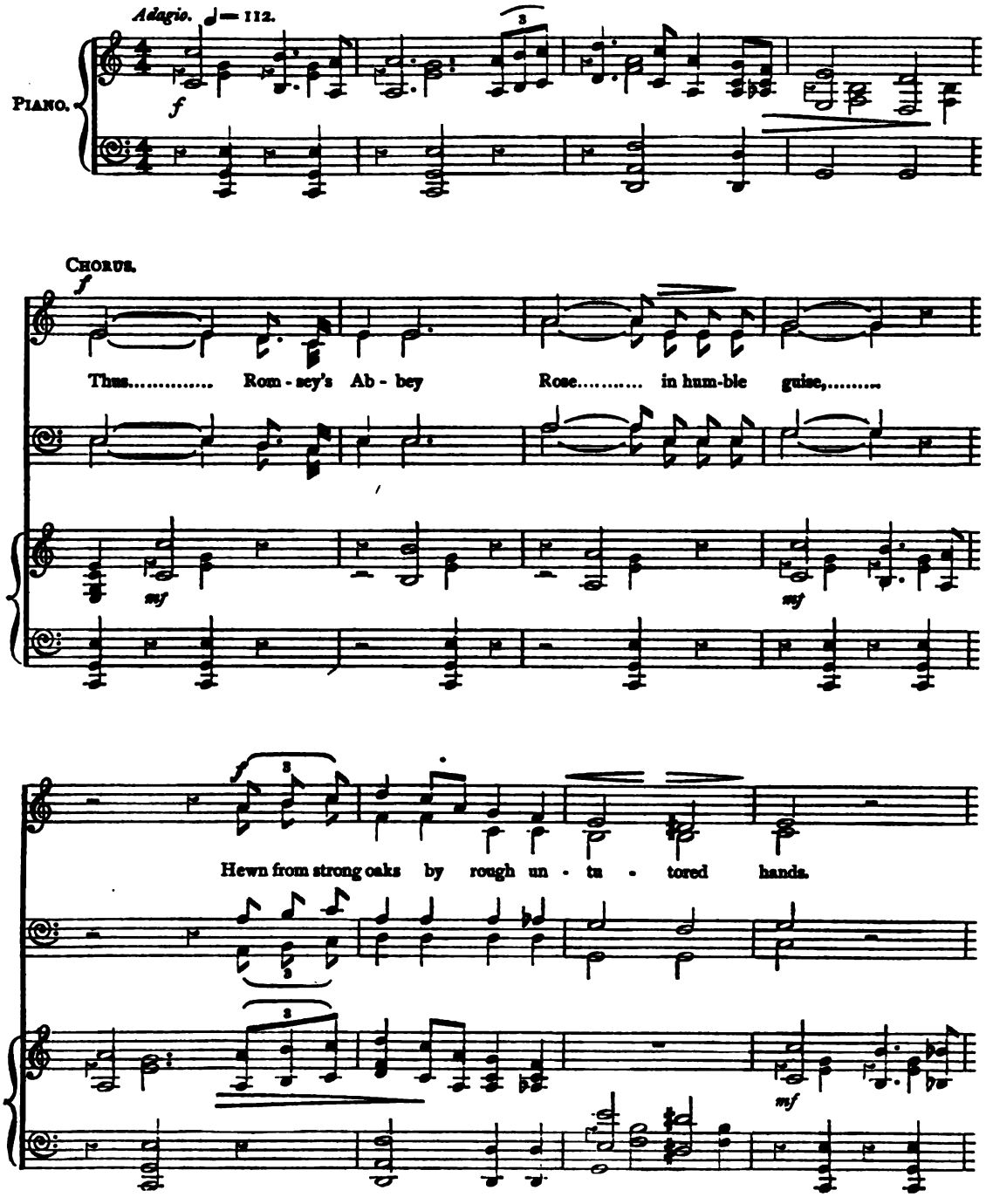

years, And midst the cha - os of this teem - ing land We build once more..... the
Ab - bey's an - cient walls,..... And clothe its stones with sa - cred mem - - - o -
- ries.....
p
fff Trumpets.
Chorus.
f
Be-hold! the scene un - folds. Be - hold! the scene un - folds— Time backward
f
p
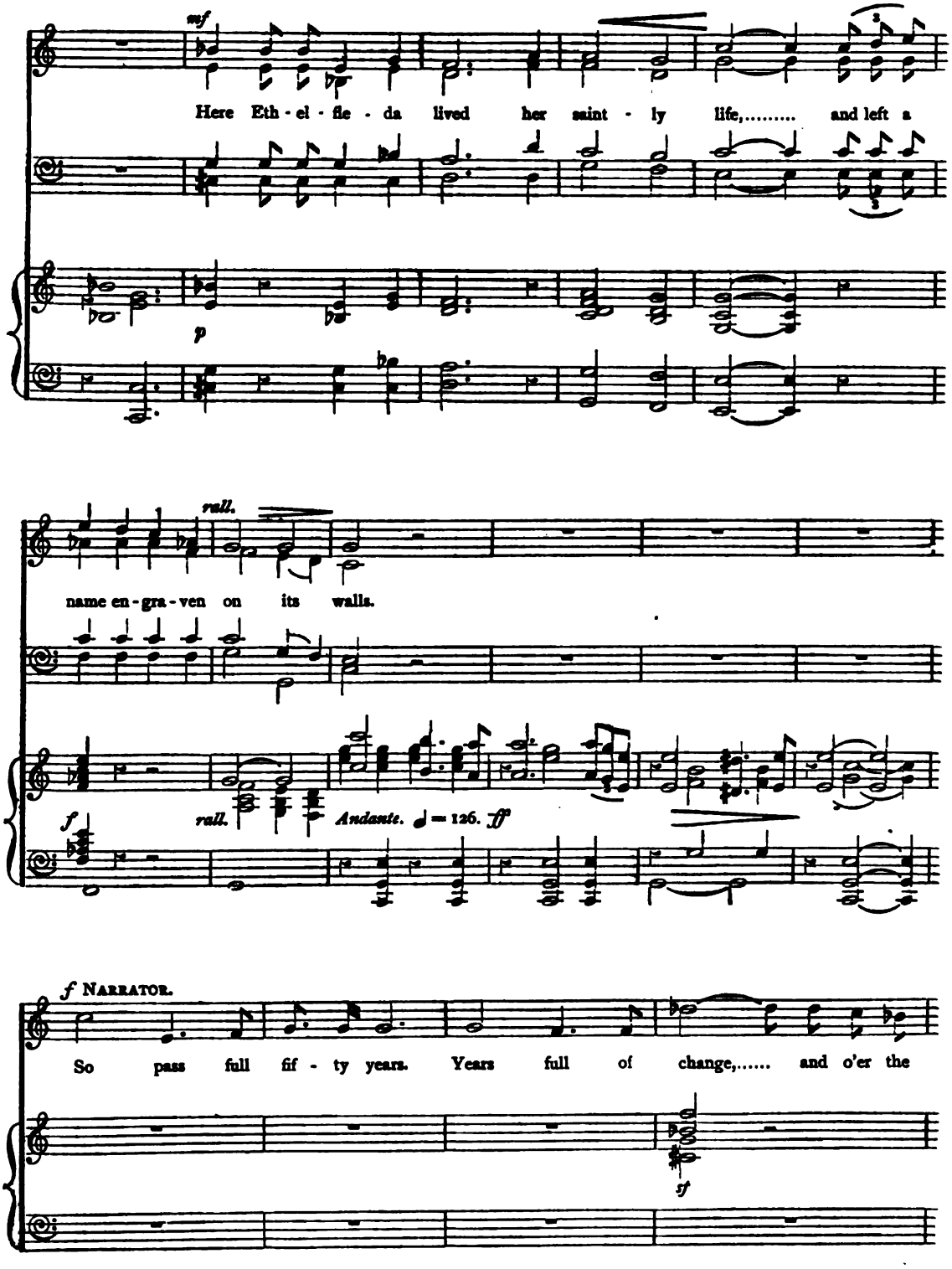

flies, And here on Romsey's isle, now tan-gled waste,.... Led by the un-seen Pro - vi -
mf
- dence of God,..... Ed - ward the El - der, Ed - ward the El - der lays the cor - ner
fff
fff
stone.....
fff
rall.
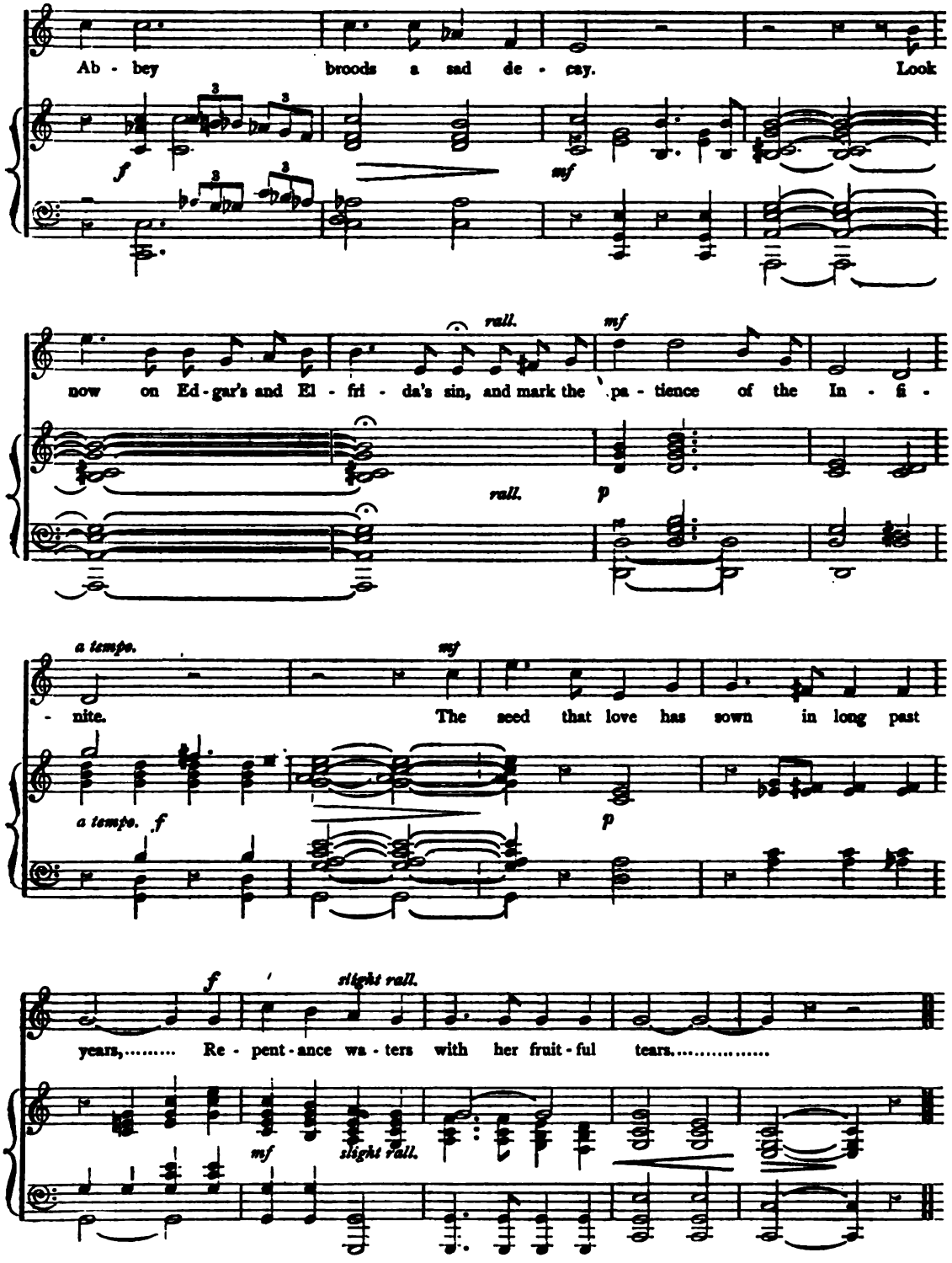
Chorus Two.

WORDS BY
W. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.

MUSIC BY
LOUIS TOURS.
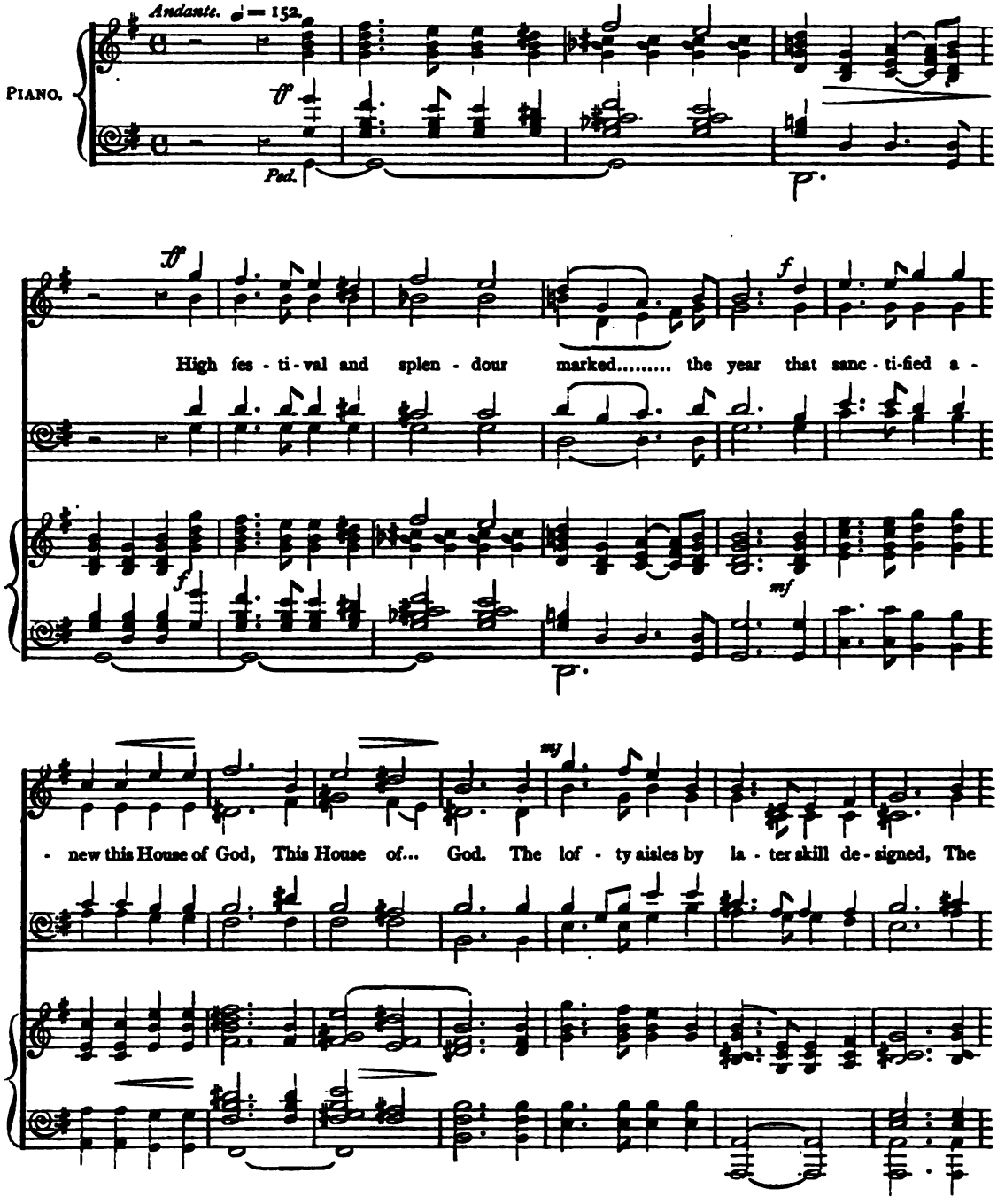



mf
Here Eth - el - fle - da lived her saint - ly life,..... and left a
p
rall.
name en - gra - ven on its walls.
f
rall.
Andante. ♩ = 126. ff
f NARRATOR.
So pass full fif - ty years. Years full of change,..... and o'er the
sf
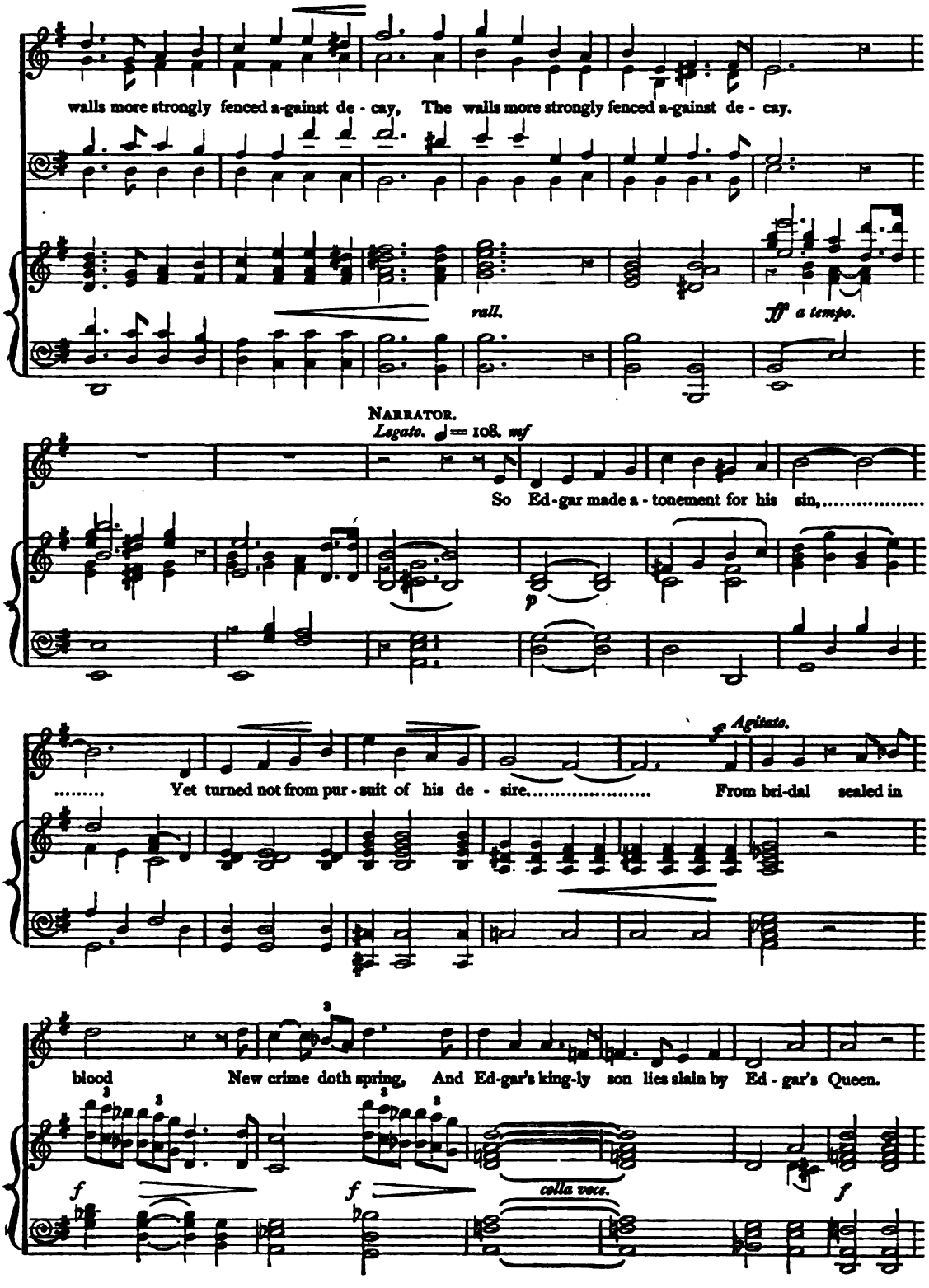

Ab - bey broods a sad de - cay. Look
f
mf
now on Ed - gar's and El - fri - da's sin, and mark the pa - tience of the In - fi -
rall.
mf
rall.
p
a tempo.
mf
- nite. The seed that love has sown in long past
a tempo.
f
p
years,..... Re - pent - ance wa - ters with her fruit - ful tears.....
f
slight rall.
mf
slight rall.
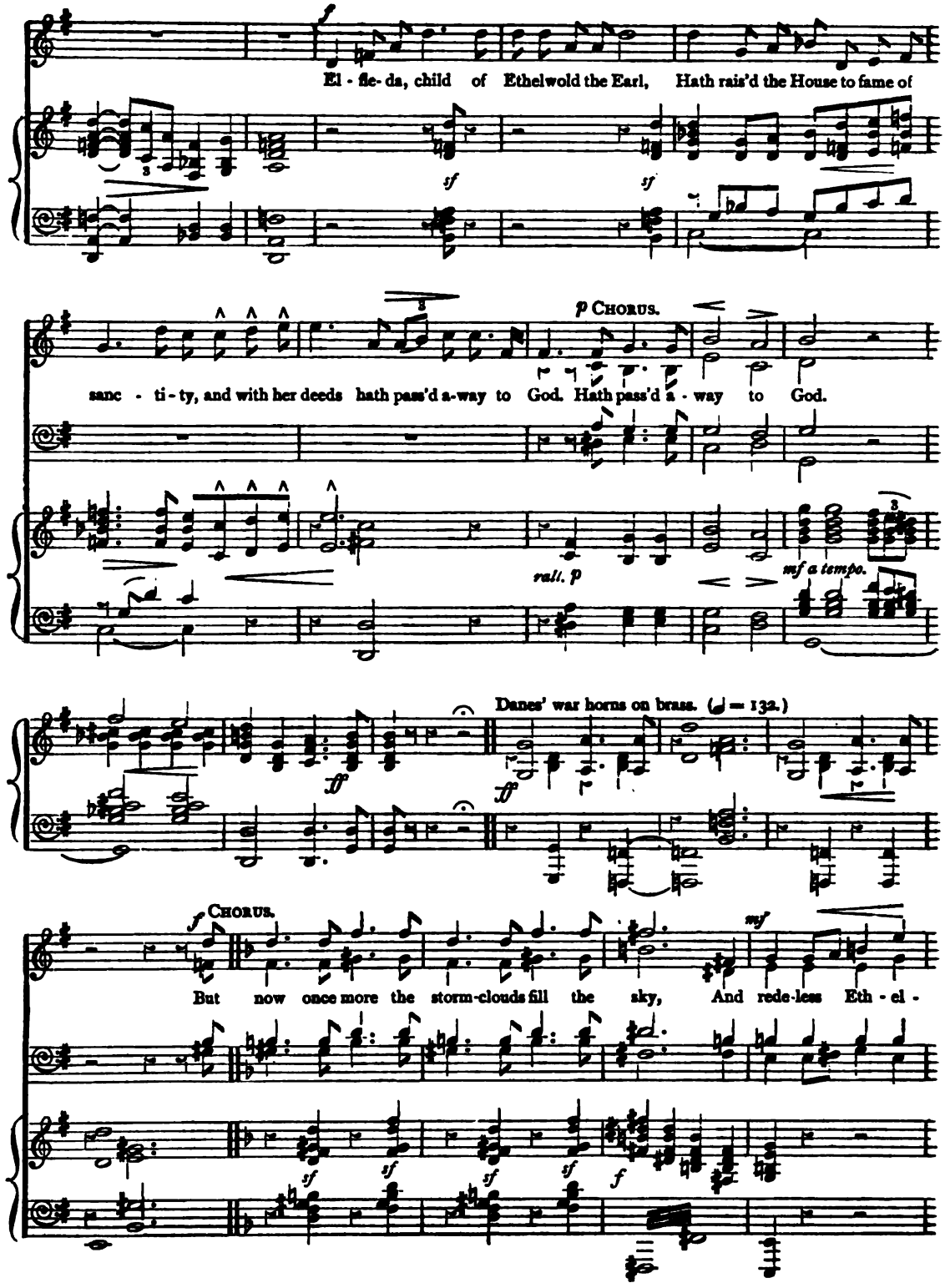
Chorus Three.
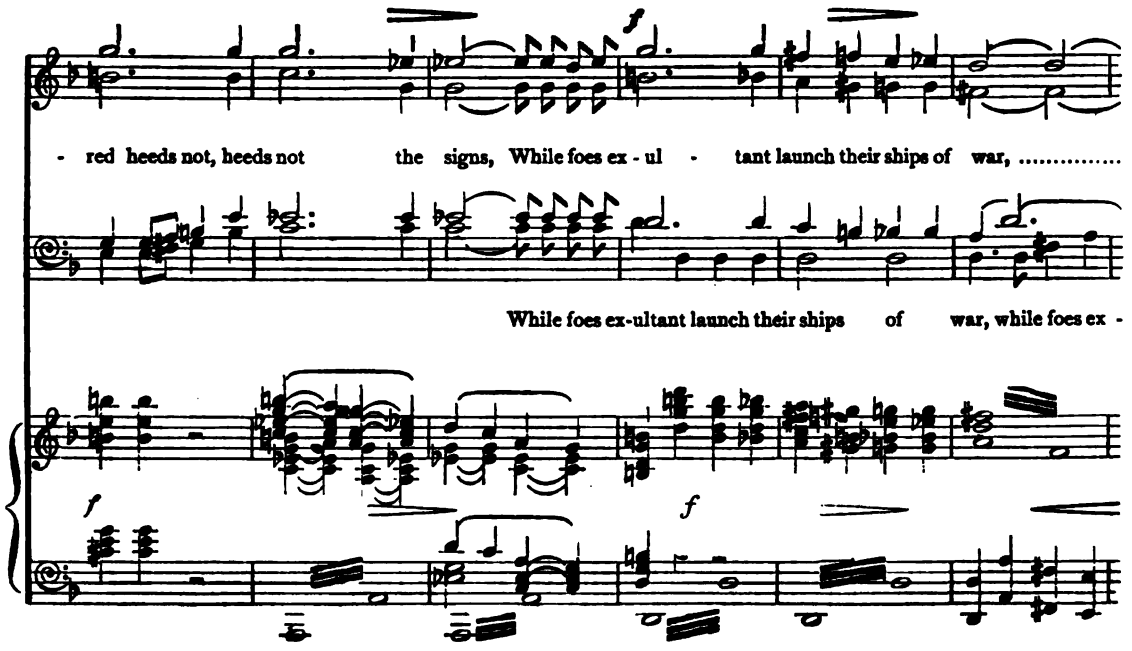
WORDS BY
W. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.

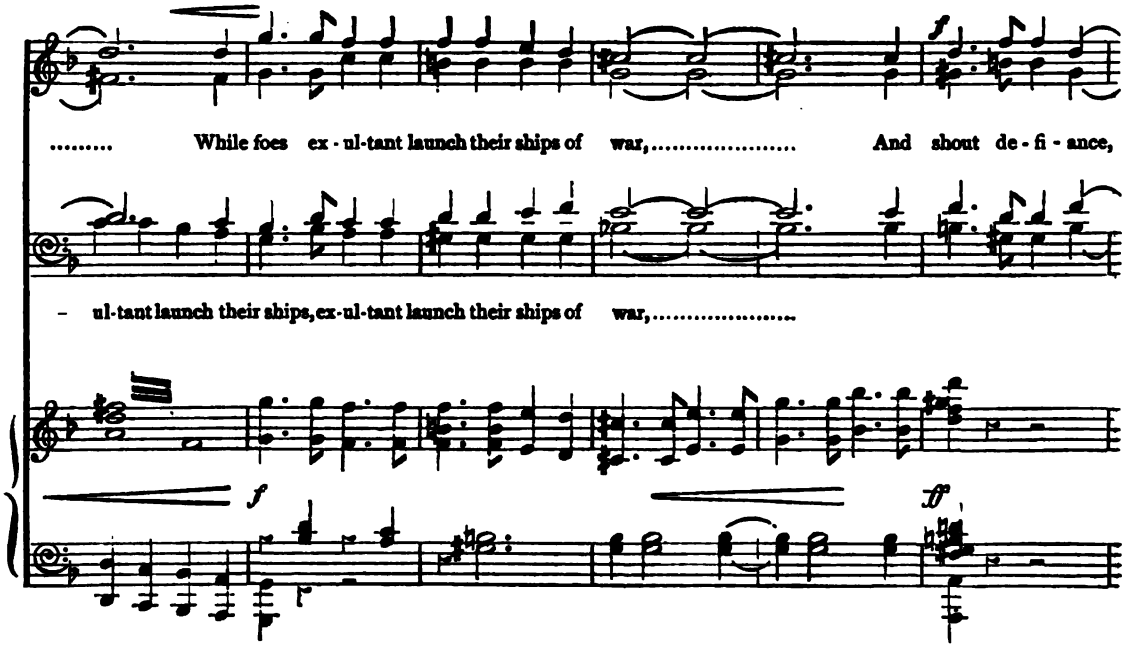
MUSIC BY
LOUIS TOURS.
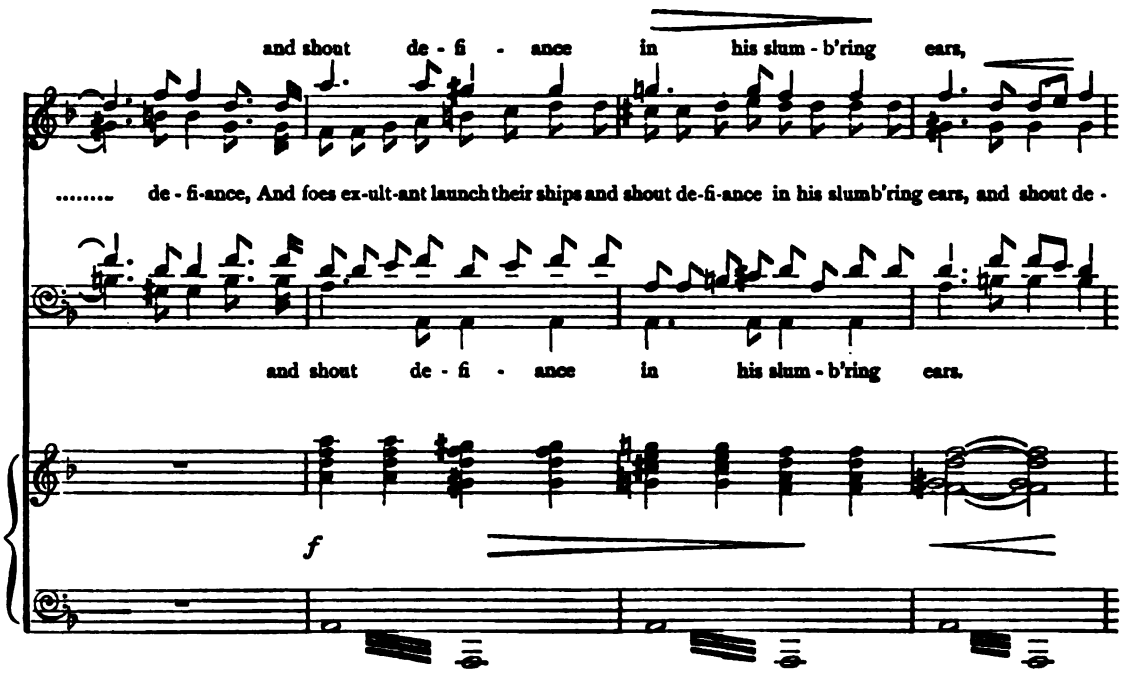



walls more strongly fenced a-gainst de - cay, The walls more strongly fenced a-gainst de - cay.
rall.
ff a tempo.
NARRATOR.
Legato. ♩= 108. mf
So Ed-gar made a - tonement for his sin,.....
p
Agitato.
..... Yet turned not from pur - suit of his de - sire..... From bri-dal sealed in
blood New crime doth spring, And Ed-gar's king-ly son lies slain by Ed - gar's Queen.
f
f
colla voce.
f
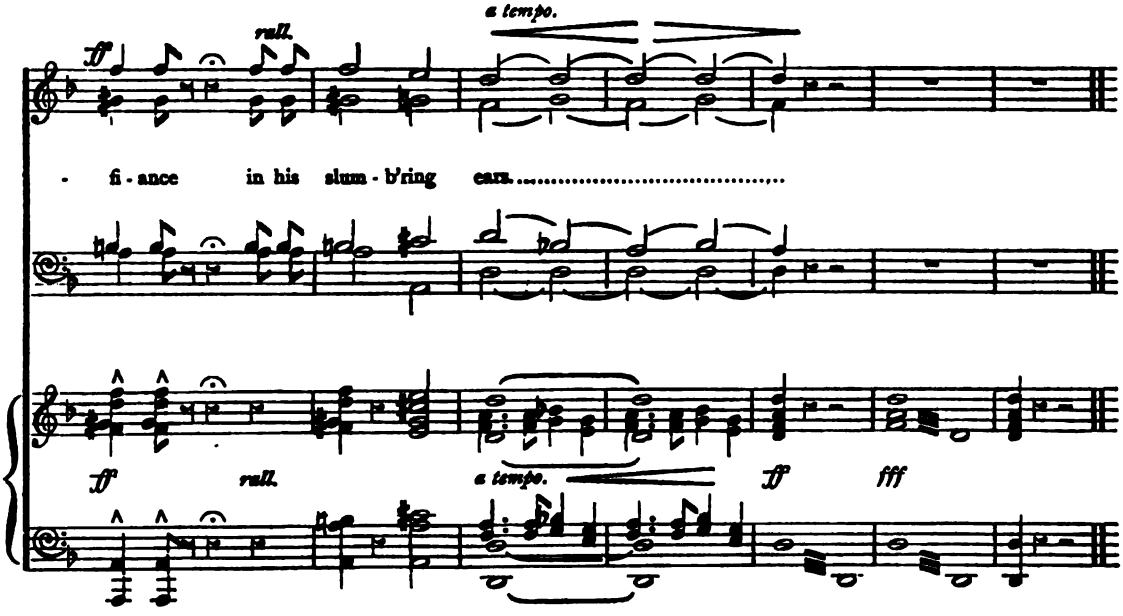

El - fle- da, child of Ethelwold the Earl, Hath rais'd the House to fame of
sanc - ti - ty, and with her deeds hath pass'd a-way to God. Hath pass'd a - way to God.
p Chorus.
rall. p
mf a tempo.
Danes' war horns on brass. (♩ = 132.)
ff
ff
Chorus.
But now once more the storm-clouds fill the sky, And rede-less Eth - el -
mf
sf
sf
sf
sf
f


- red heeds not, heeds not the signs, While foes ex - ul - tant launch their ships of war, ...
While foes ex-ultant launch their ships of war, while foes ex -


..... While foes ex - ul-tant launch their ships of war,..... And shout de - fi - ance,
- ul-tant launch their ships, ex-ul-tant launch their ships of war,.....

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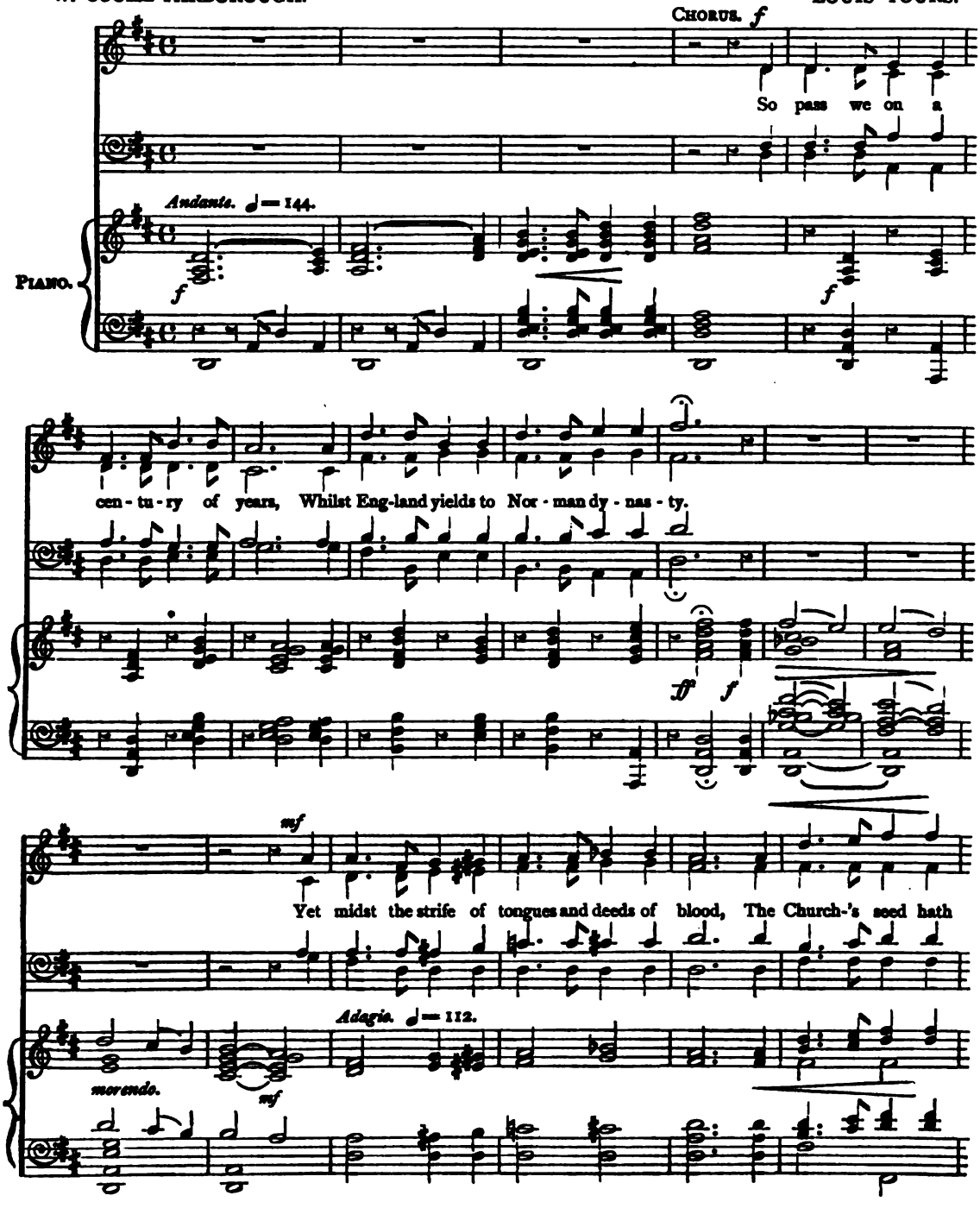

and shout de - fi - ance in his slum - b'ring ears,
..... de - fi-ance, And foes ex-ult-ant launch their ships and shout de-fi-ance in his slumb'ring ears, and shout de -
and shout de - fi - ance in his slum - b'ring ears.
f
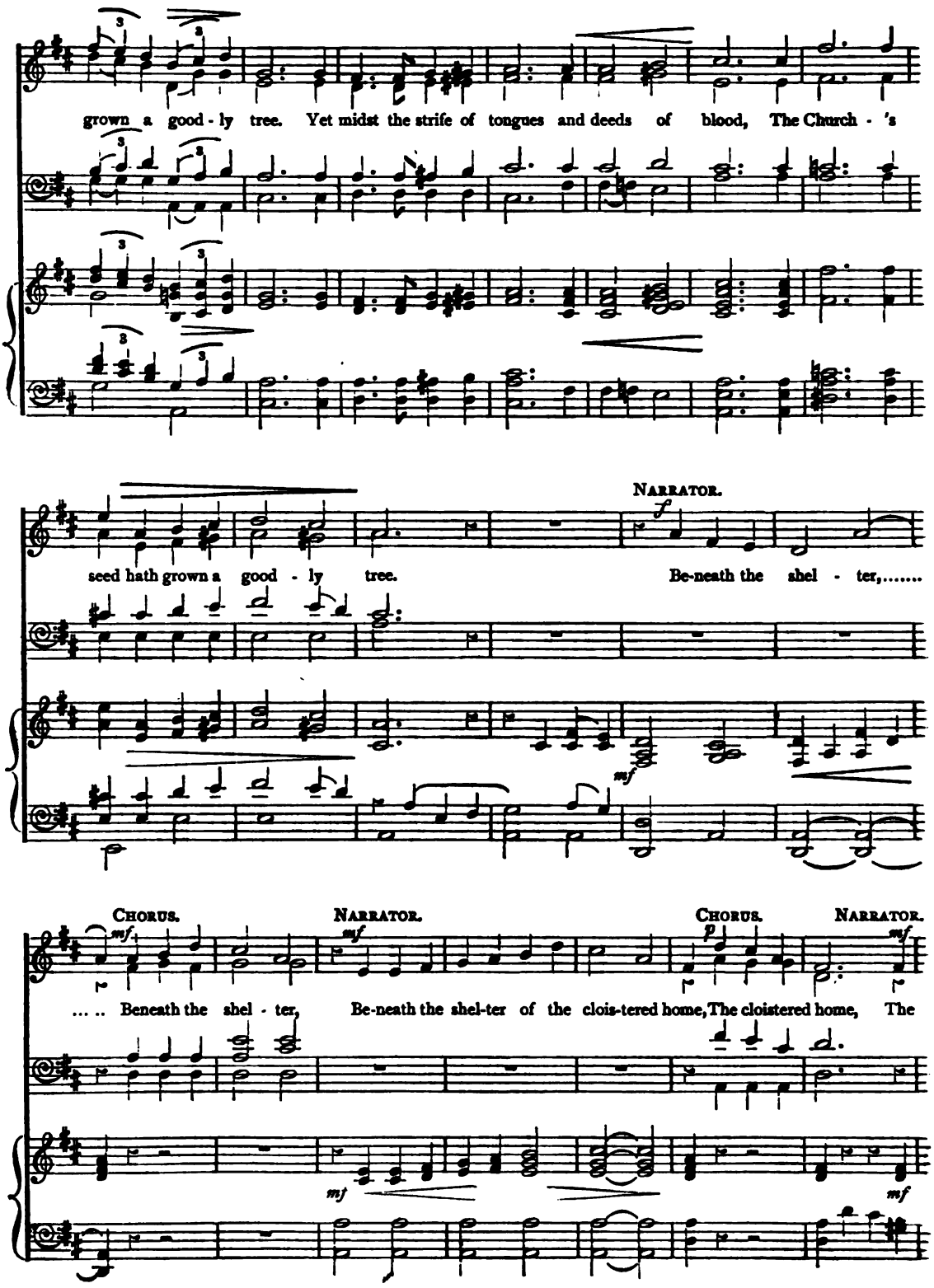

rall.
a tempo.
ff
- fi - ance in his slum - b'ring ears.....
ff
rall.
a tempo.
ff
fff
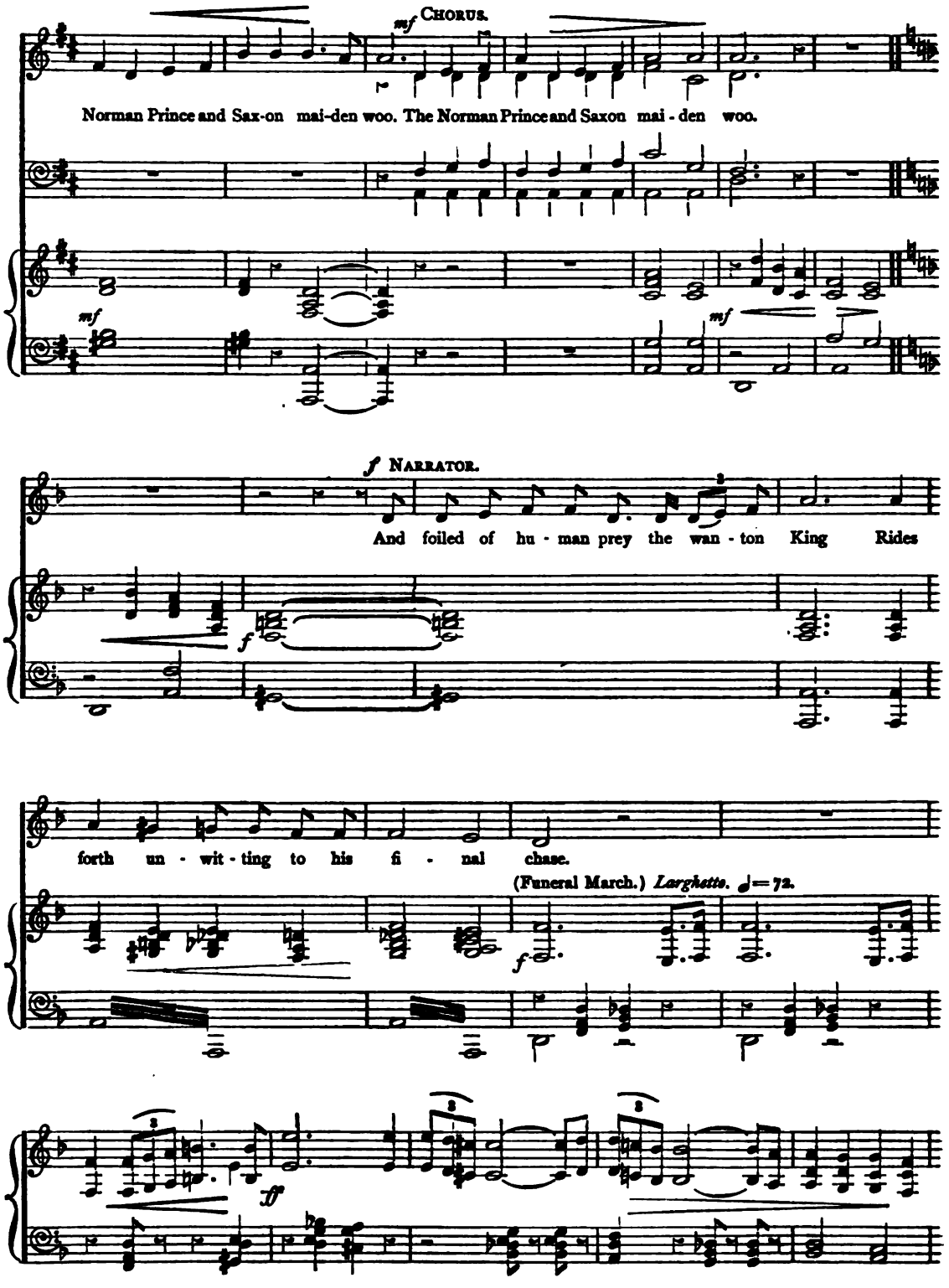
Chorus Four.
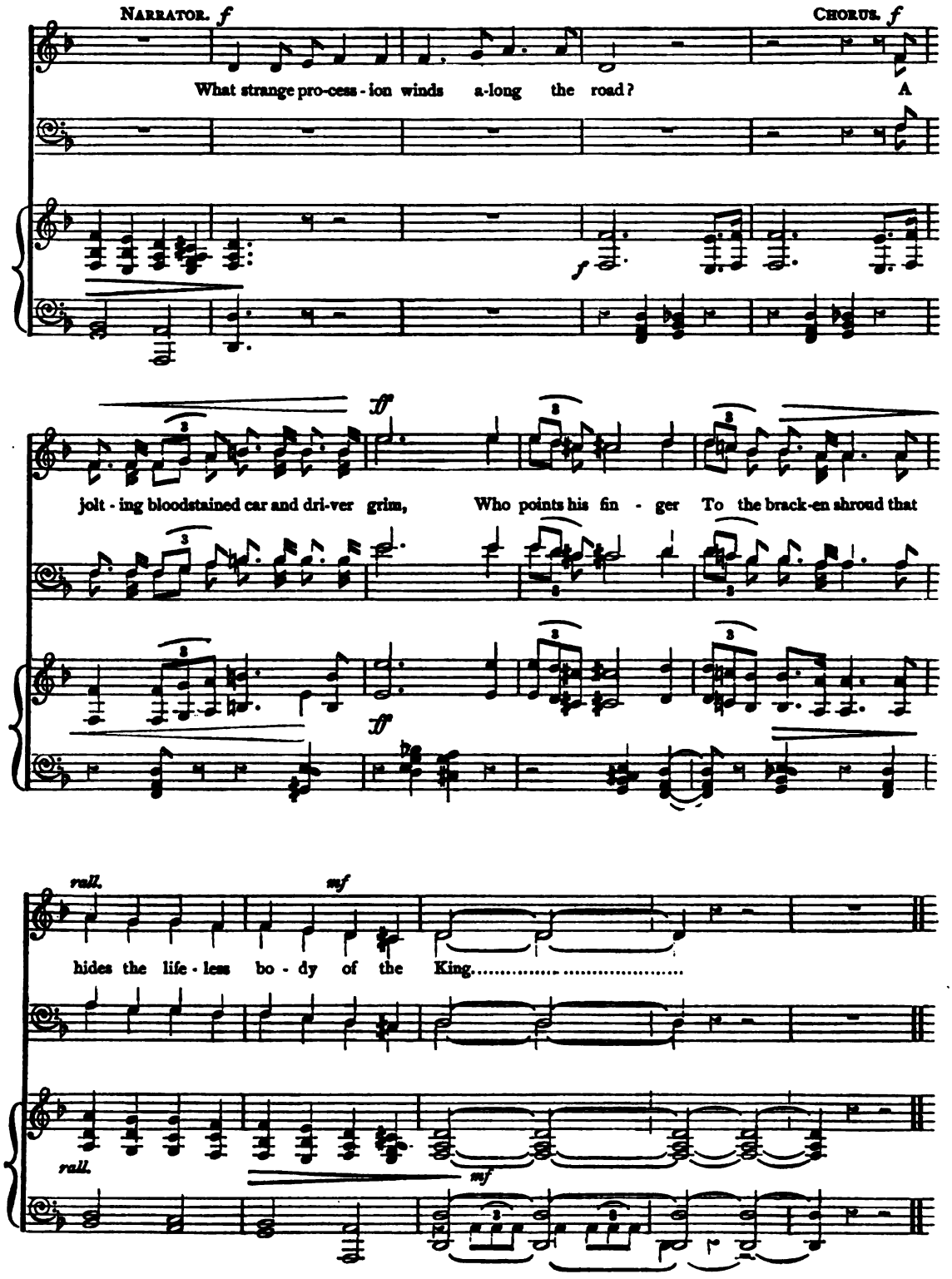
WORDS BY
W. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.

MUSIC BY
LOUIS TOURS.




grown a good - ly tree. Yet midst the strife of tongues and deeds of blood, The Church - 's
seed hath grown a good - ly tree.
NARRATOR.
Be-neath the shel - ter,.....
CHORUS.
NARRATOR.
CHORUS.
NARRATOR.
..... Beneath the shel - ter, Be-neath the shel-ter of the clois-tered home, The cloistered home, The
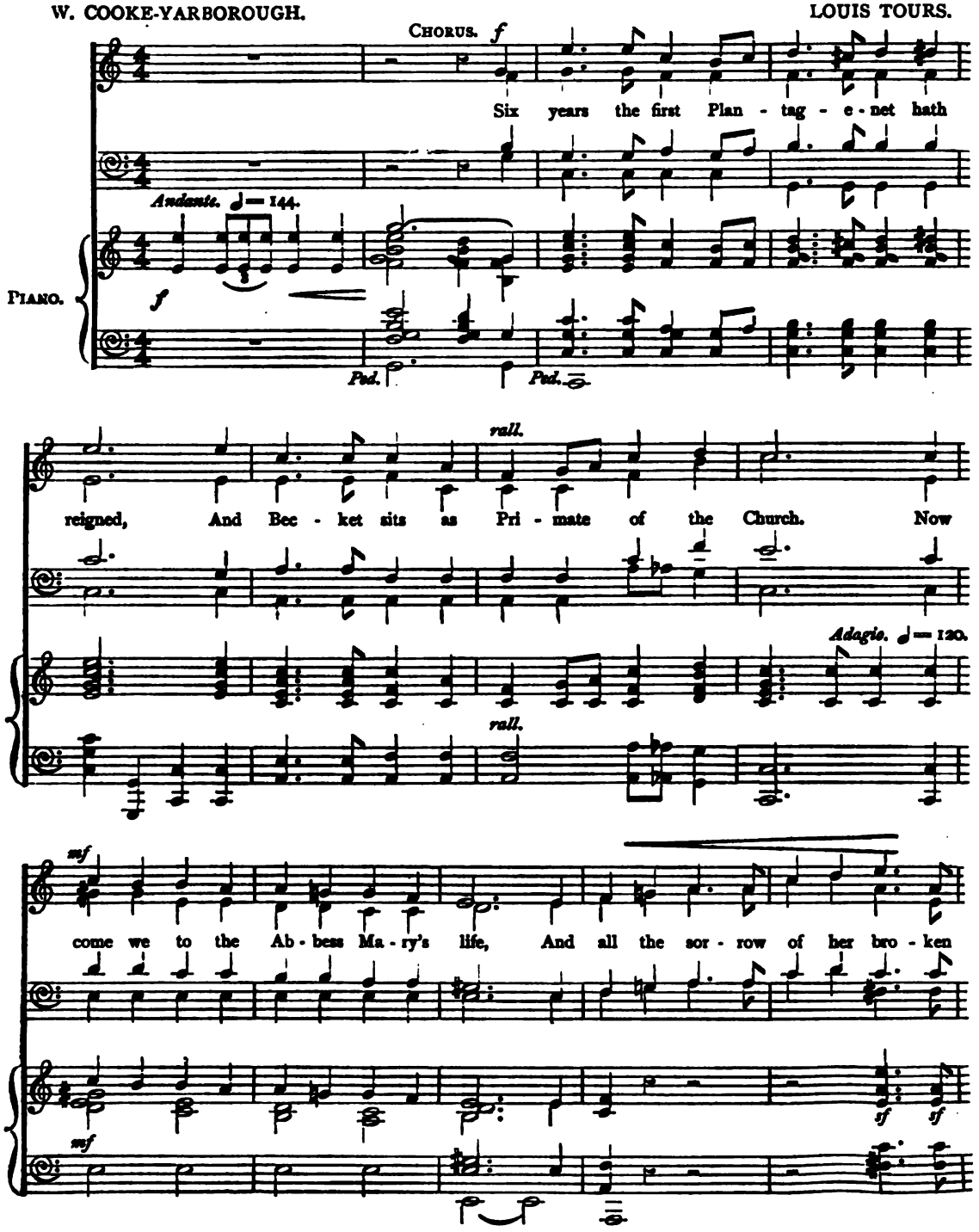

mf CHORUS.
Norman Prince and Sax-on mai-den woo. The Norman Prince and Saxon mai - den woo.
mf
mf
f NARRATOR.
And foiled of hu - man prey the wan - ton King Rides
f
forth un - wit - ting to his fi - nal chase.
(Funeral March.) Larghetto. ♩=72.
f
ff
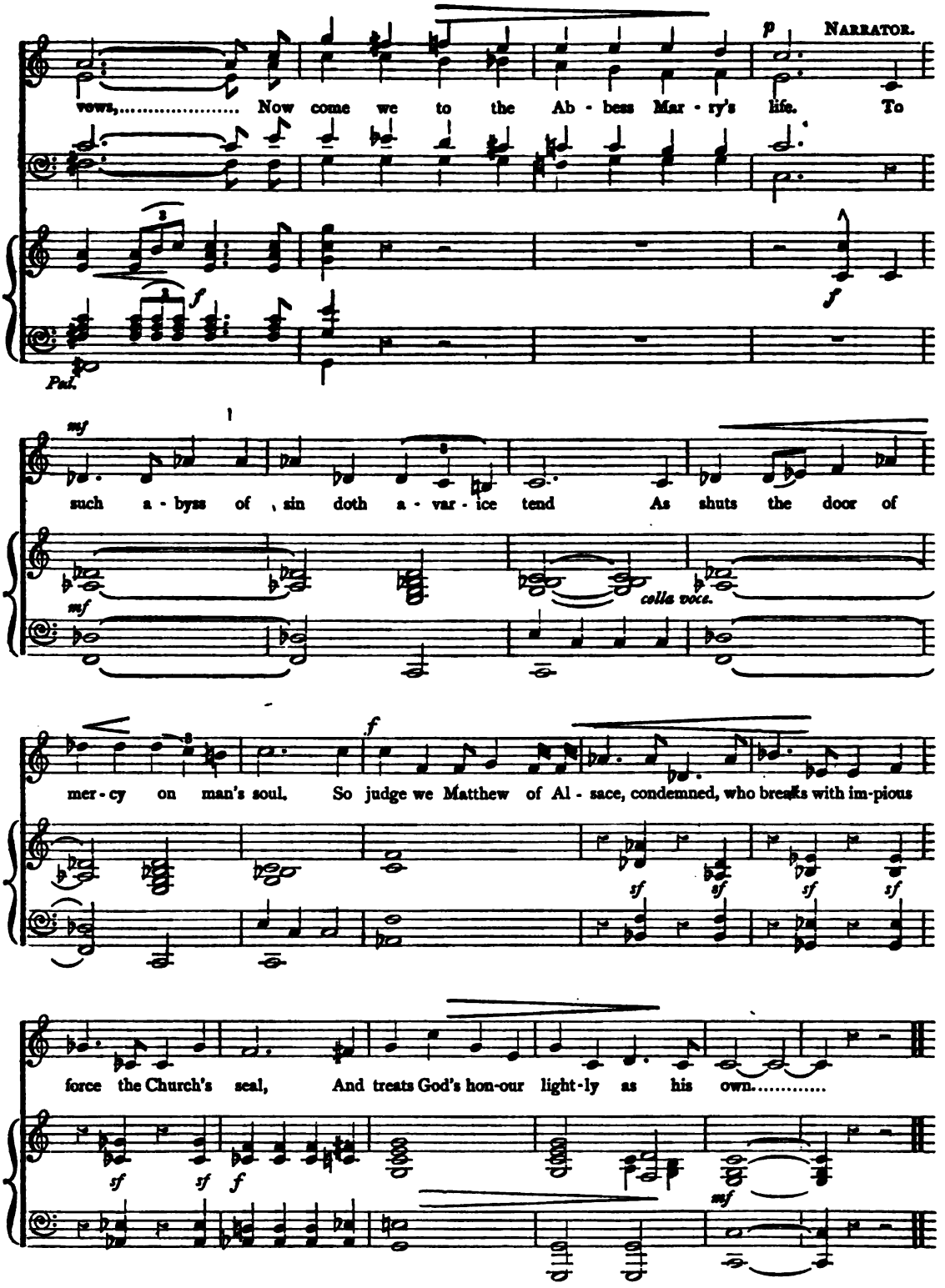

NARRATOR. f
CHORUS. f
What strange pro-cess - ion winds a-long the road? A
ff
jolt - ing bloodstained car and dri-ver grim, Who points his fin - ger To the brack-en shroud that
rall.
mf
hides the life - less bo - dy of the King.....

Chorus Five.

WORDS BY
W. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.

MUSIC BY
LOUIS TOURS.
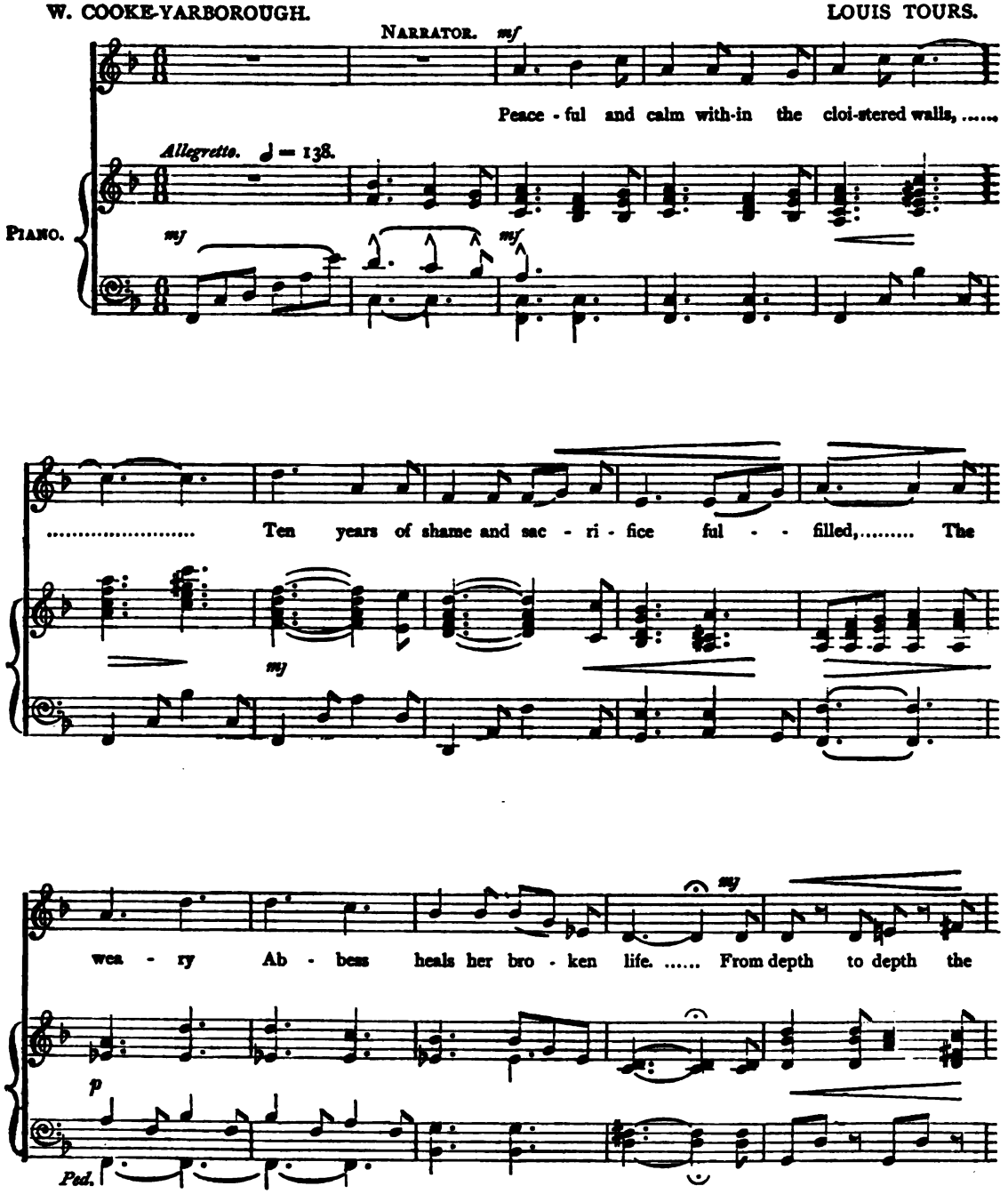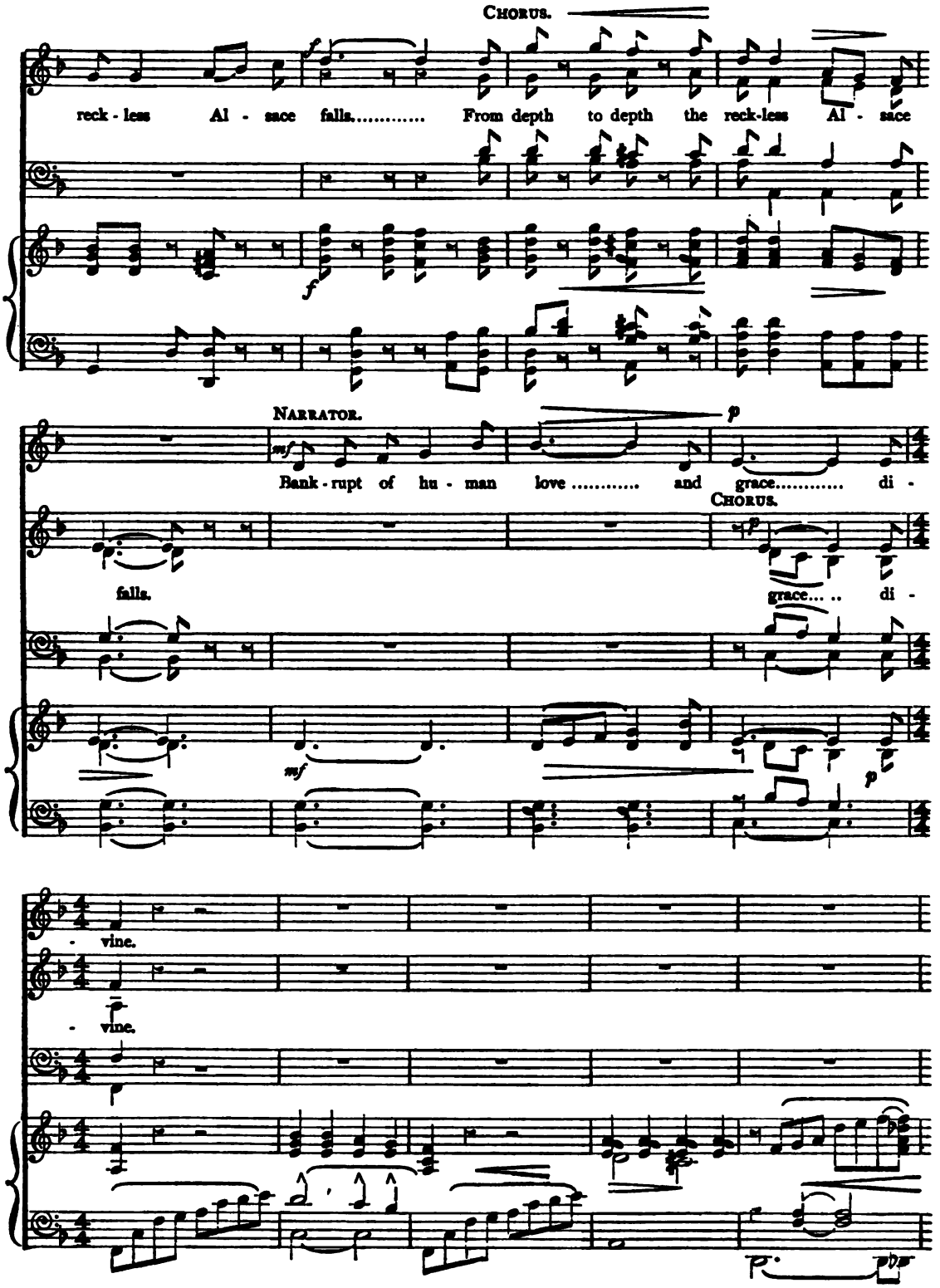



p
NARRATOR.
vows,..... Now come we to the Ab - bess Mar - ry's life. To
f
Ped.
mf
such a - byss of sin doth a - var - ice tend As shuts the door of
colla voce.
mf
f
mer - cy on man's soul. So judge we Matthew of Al - sace, condemned, who breaks with im-pious
sf
sf
sf
sf
force the Church's seal, And treats God's hon-our light-ly as his own.....
sf
sf
f
mf
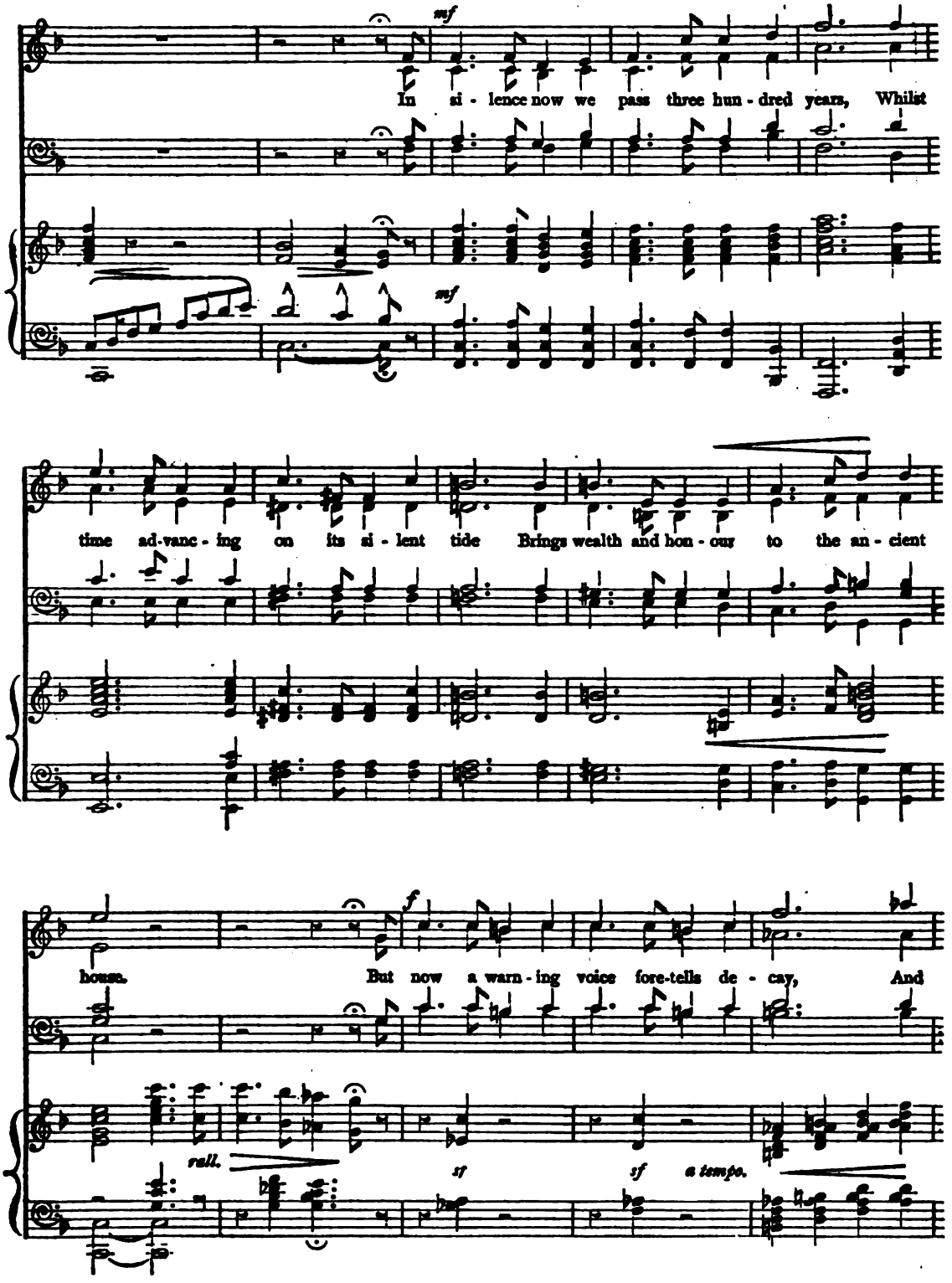
Chorus Six.
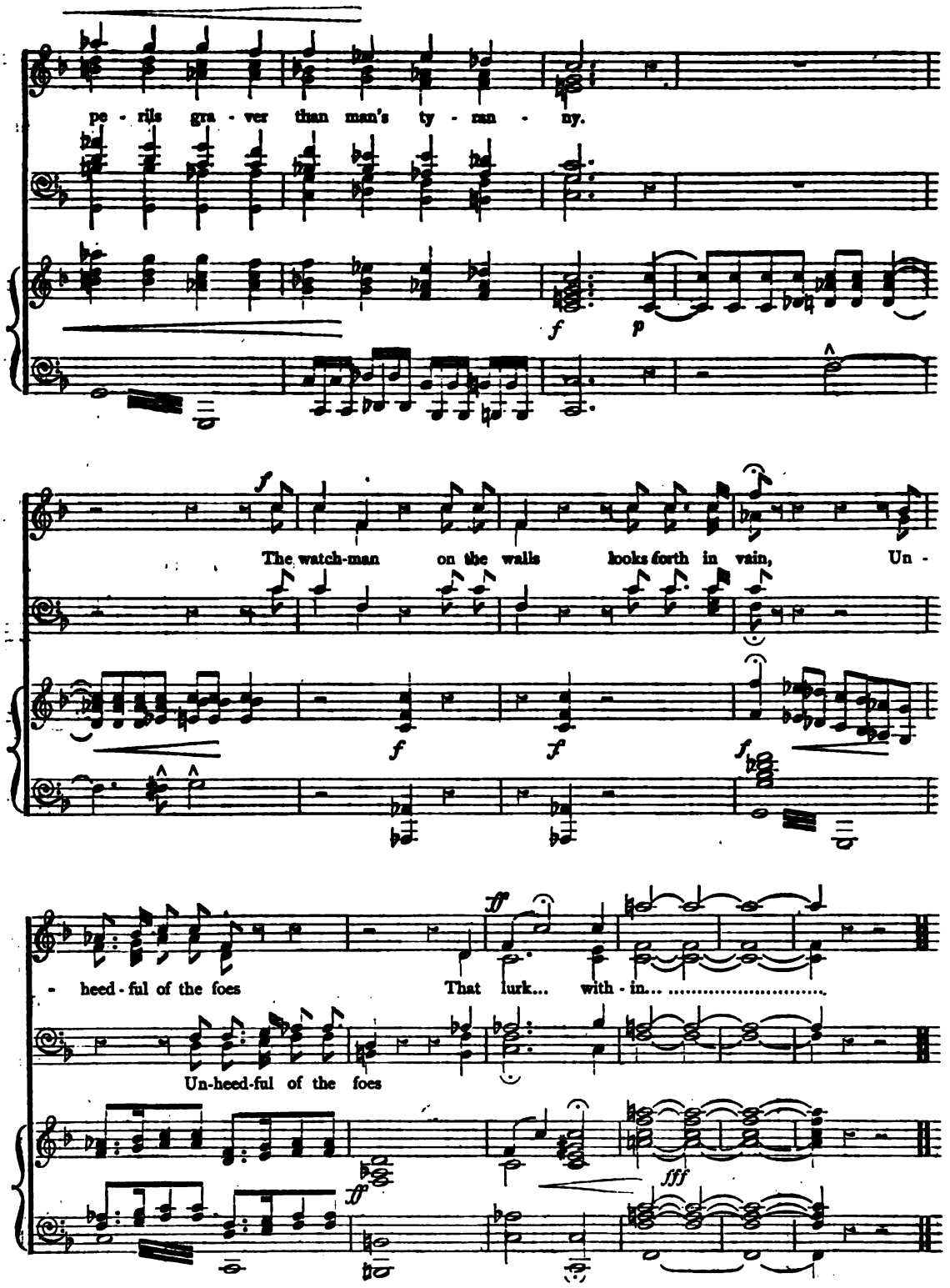
WORDS BY
W. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.

MUSIC BY
LOUIS TOURS.




CHORUS.
reck - less Al - sace falls..... From depth to depth the reck-less Al - sace
NARRATOR.
Bank - rupt of hu - man love and grace..... di -
CHORUS.
falls.
grace.... .. di -
vine.
vine.
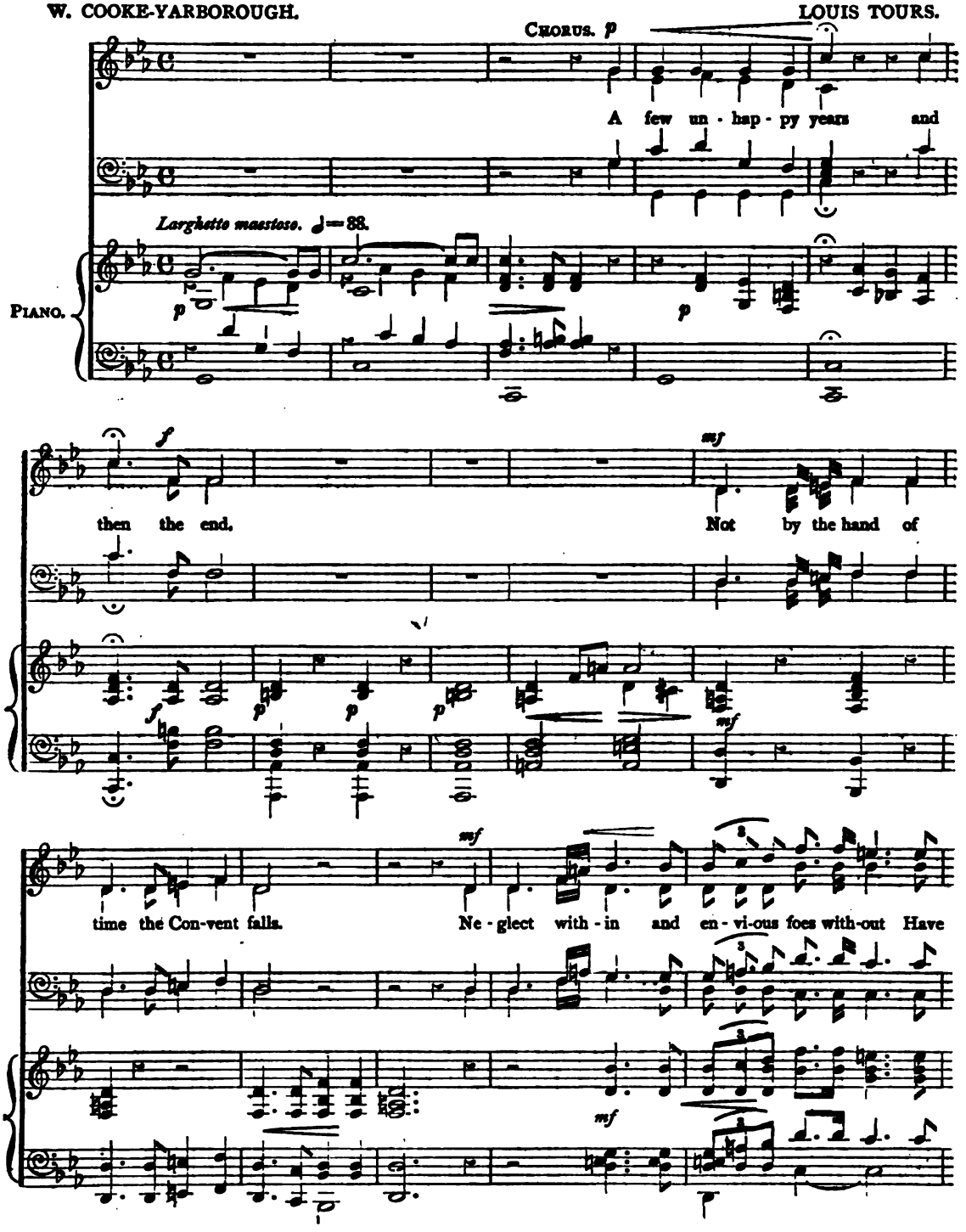

mf
In si - lence now we pass three hun - dred years, Whilst
mf
time ad-vanc - ing on its si - lent tide Brings wealth and hon - our to the an - cient
f
house. But now a warn - ing voice fore-tells de - cay, And
rall.
sf
sf
a tempo.
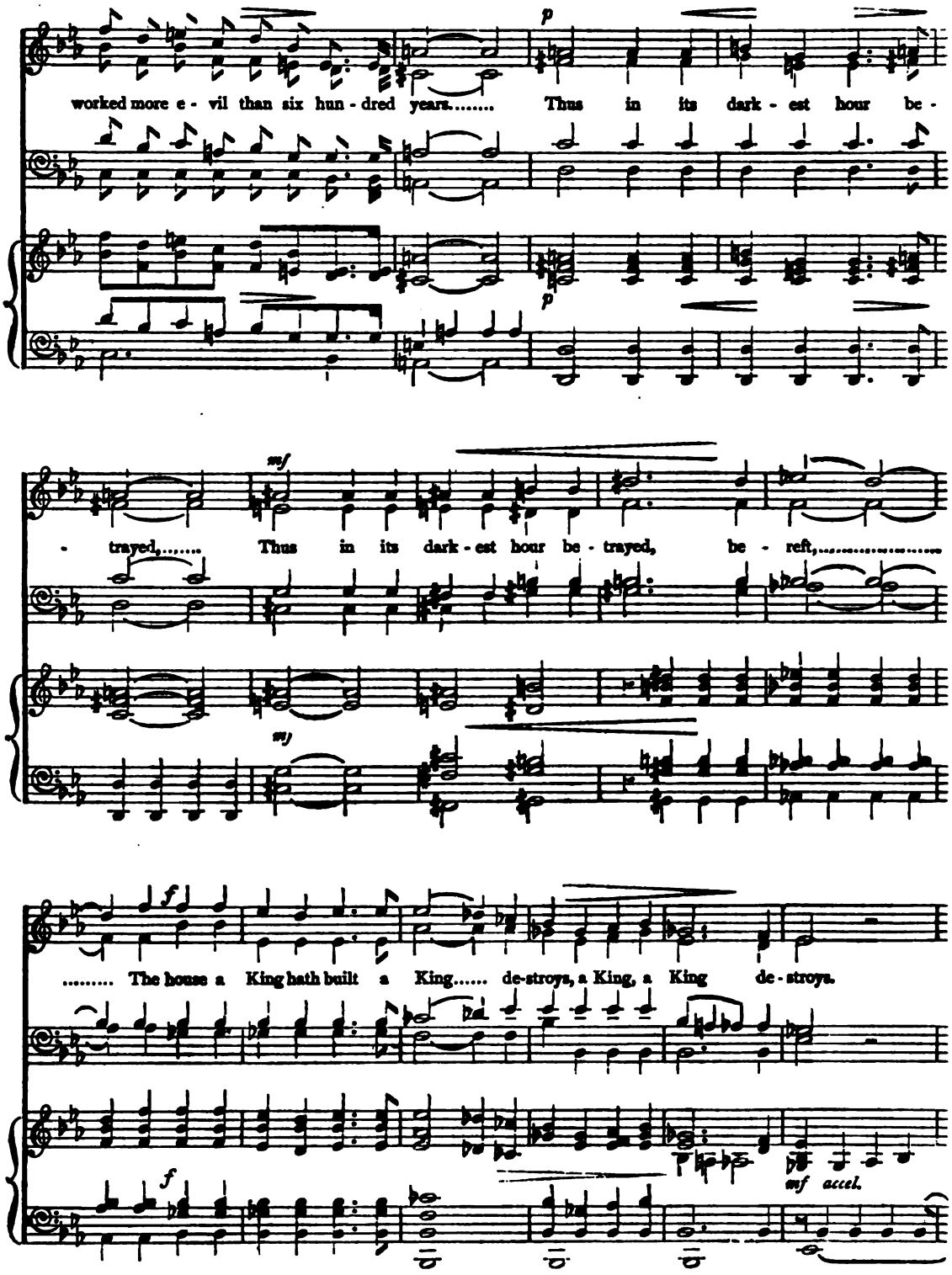

pe - rils gra - ver than man's ty - ran - ny.
The watch-man on the walls looks forth in vain, Un -
- heed - ful of the foes That lurk... with - in...
Un-heed-ful of the foes
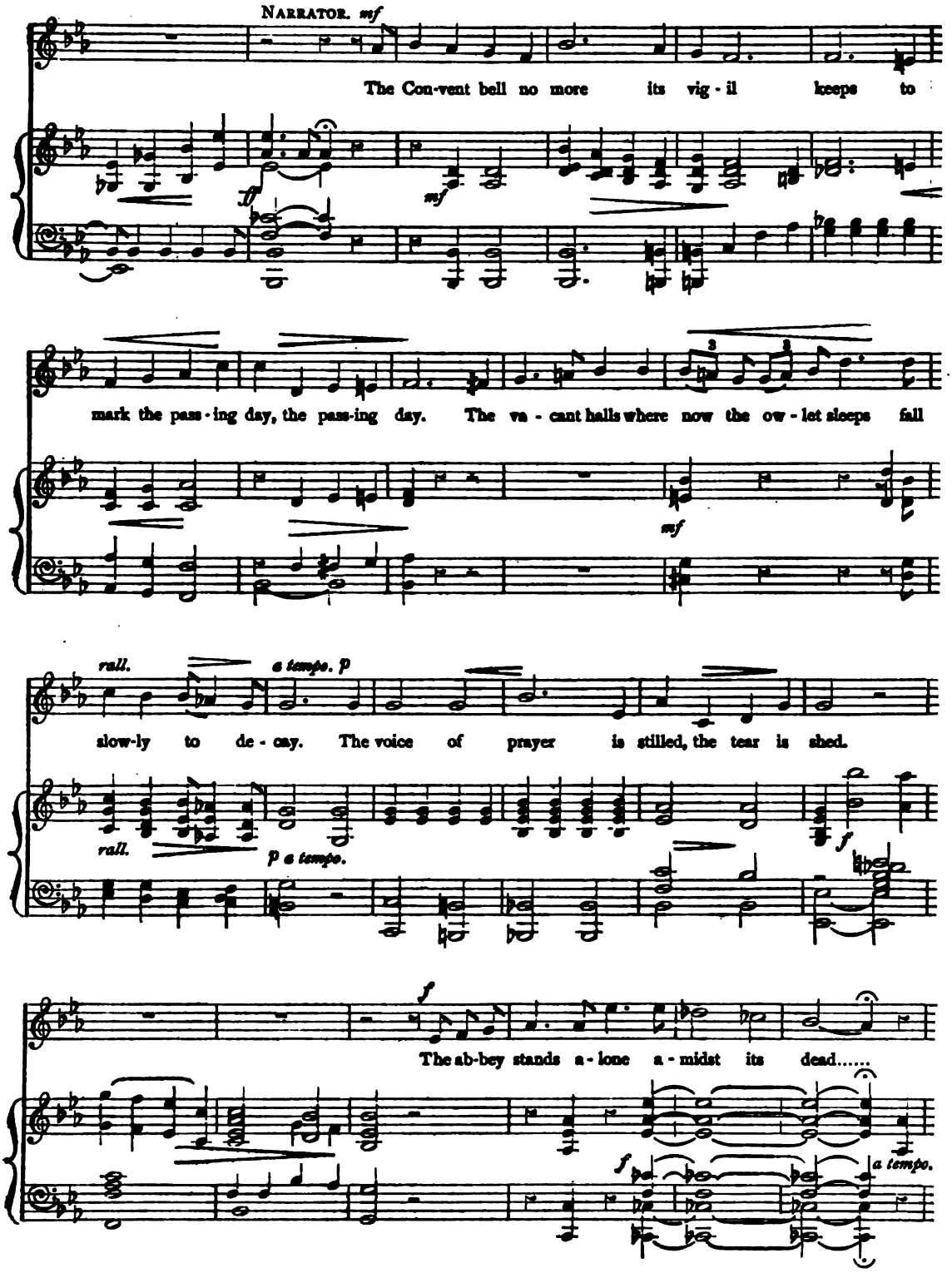
Chorus Seven.
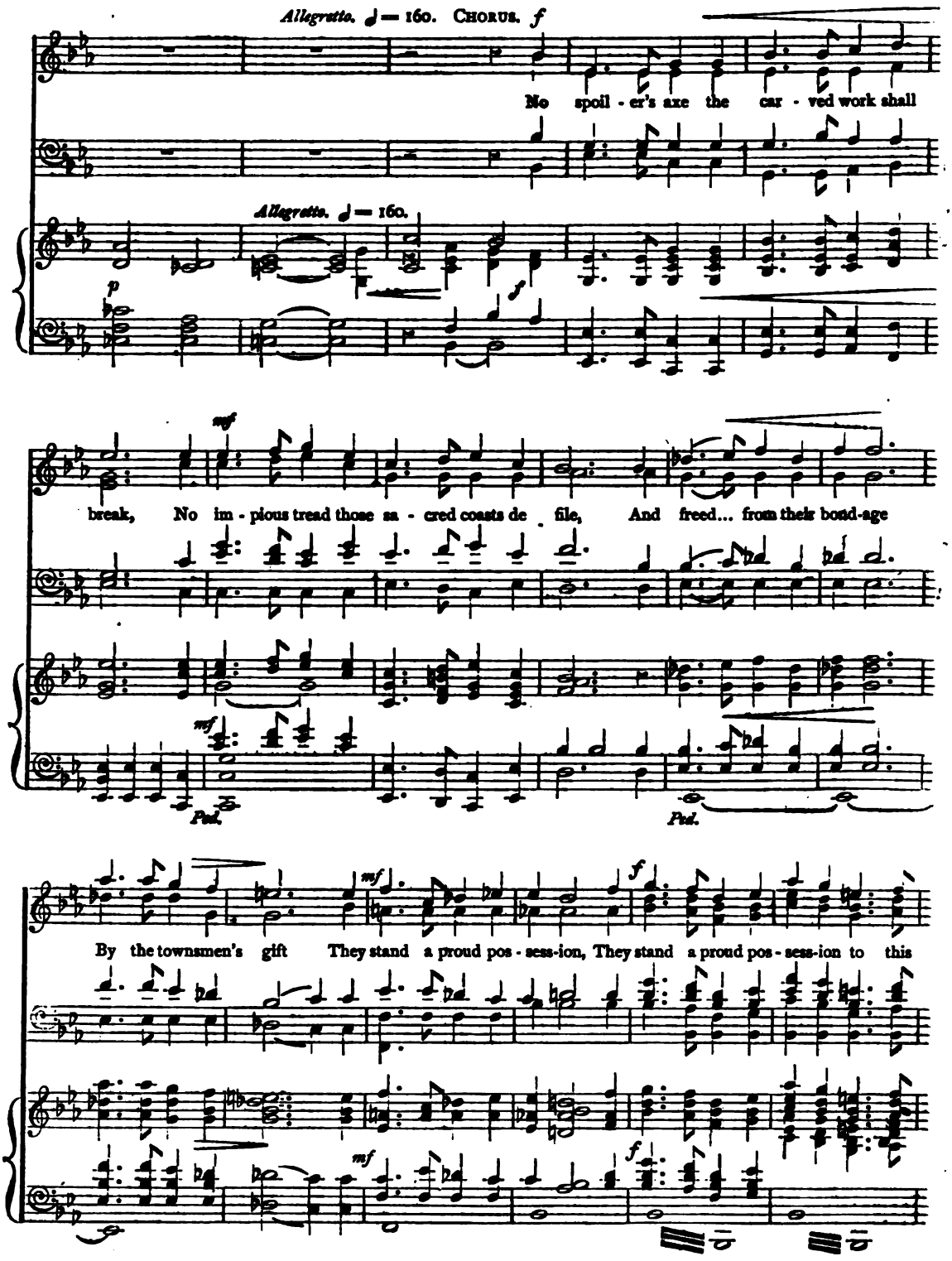
WORDS BY
W. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.
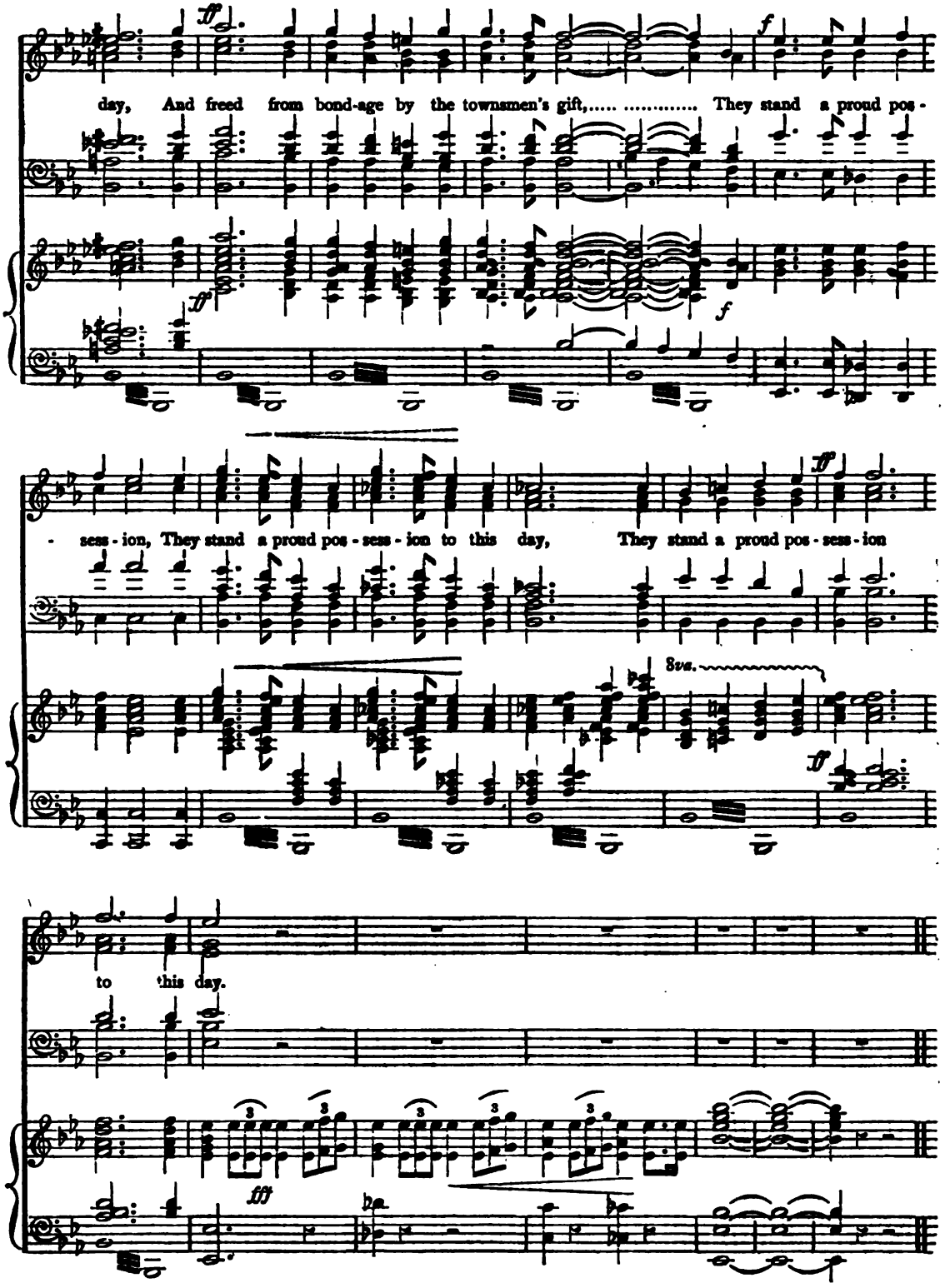
MUSIC BY
LOUIS TOURS.




worked more e - vil than six hun - dred years..... Thus in its dark - est hour be -
p
p
- trayed,..... Thus in its dark - est hour be - trayed, be - reft,.....
mf
mf
..... The house a King hath built a King..... de-stroys, a King, a King de - stroys.
f
f
mf accel.


NARRATOR. mf
The Con-vent bell no more its vig - il keeps to
ff
mf
mark the pass - ing day, the pass-ing day. The va - cant halls where now the ow - let sleeps fall
mf
rall.
a tempo. p
slow-ly to de - cay. The voice of prayer is stilled, the tear is shed.
rall.
p a tempo.
f
f
The ab-bey stands a - lone a - midst its dead.....
f
a tempo.
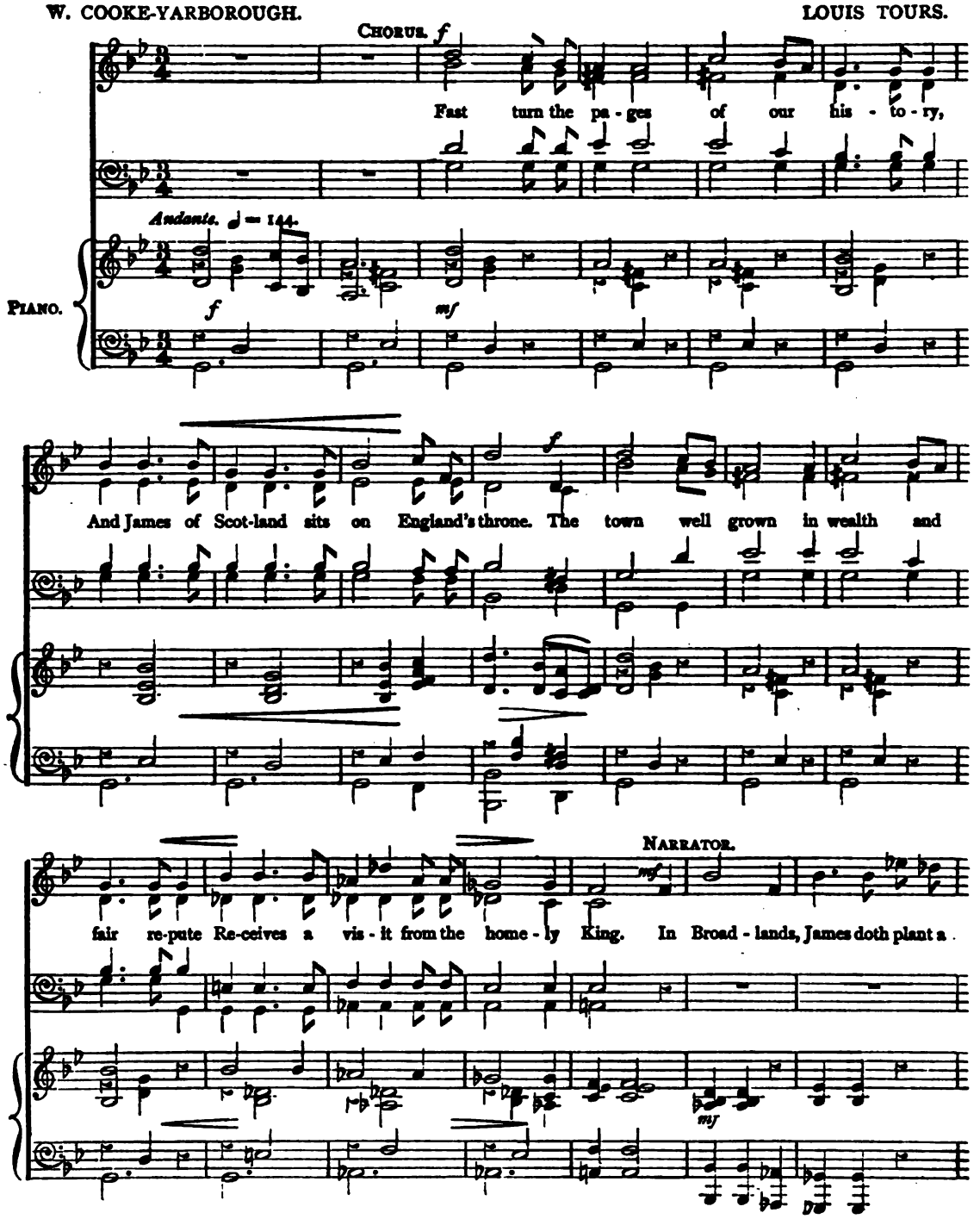

Allegretto. ♩ = 160. CHORUS. f
No spoil - er's axe the car - ved work shall
Allegretto. ♩ = 160.
p
f
break, No im - pious tread those sa - cred coasts de - file, And freed... from their bond-age
mf
Ped.
mf
Ped.
By the townsmen's gift They stand a proud pos - sess-ion, They stand a proud pos - sess-ion to this
mf
f
mf
f
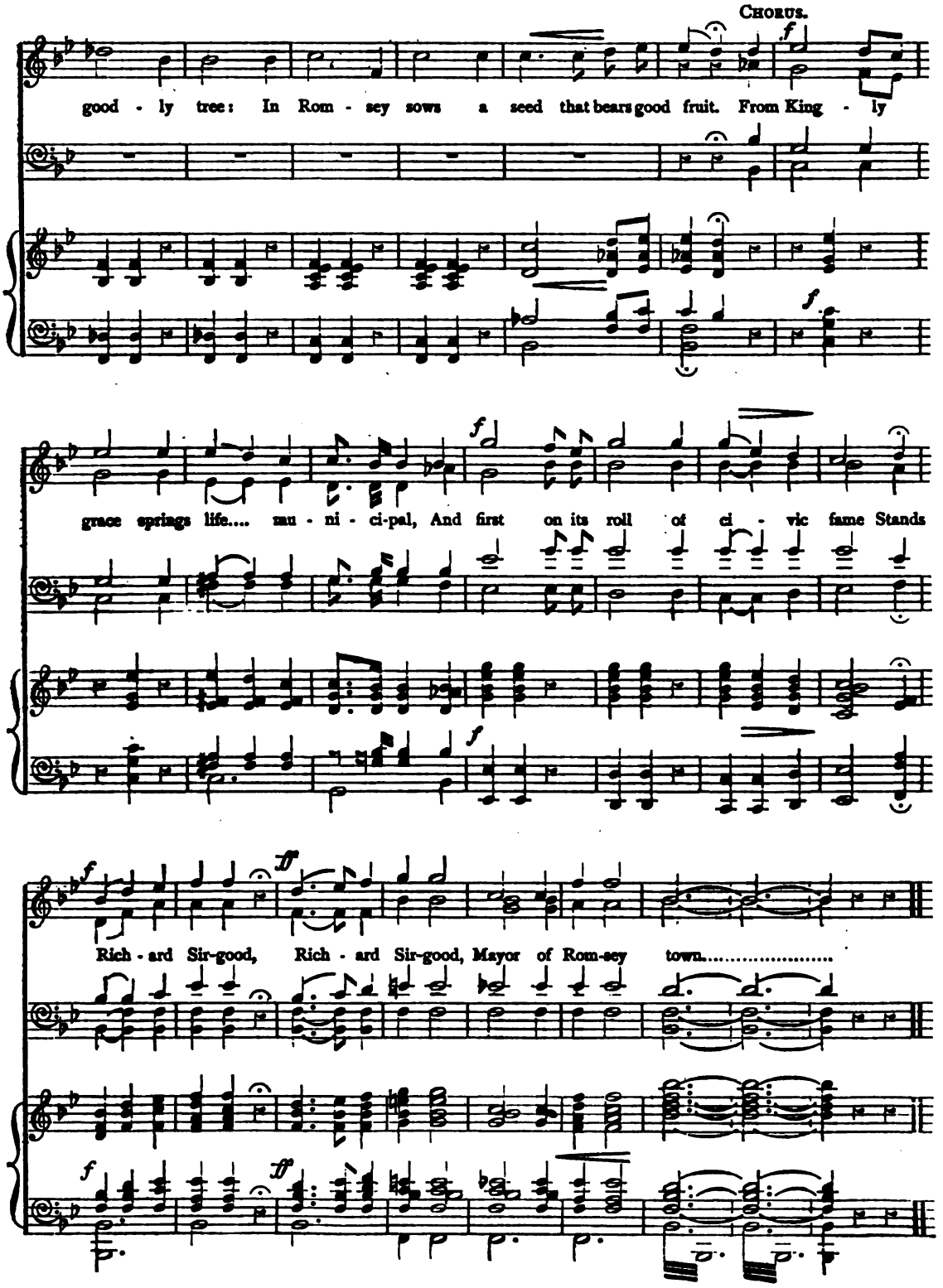

ff
day, And freed from bond-age by the townsmen's gift,..... They stand a proud pos-
f
ff
f
- sess - ion, They stand a proud pos - sess - ion to this day, They stand a proud pos - sess - ion
ff
8va.
ff
to this day.
3
fff

Chorus Eight.

WORDS BY
W. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.

MUSIC BY
LOUIS TOURS.




Chorus.
good - ly tree: In Rom - sey sows a seed that bears good fruit. From King - ly
grace springs life.... mu - ni - ci-pal, And first on its roll of ci - vic fame Stands
Rich - ard Sir-good, Rich - ard Sir-good, Mayor of Rom-sey town.....

Chorus Nine.

WORDS BY
W. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.

MUSIC BY
LOUIS TOURS.

Allegro con spirito. ♩ = 168.

CHORUS. *f*

Once

PIANO. *ff*
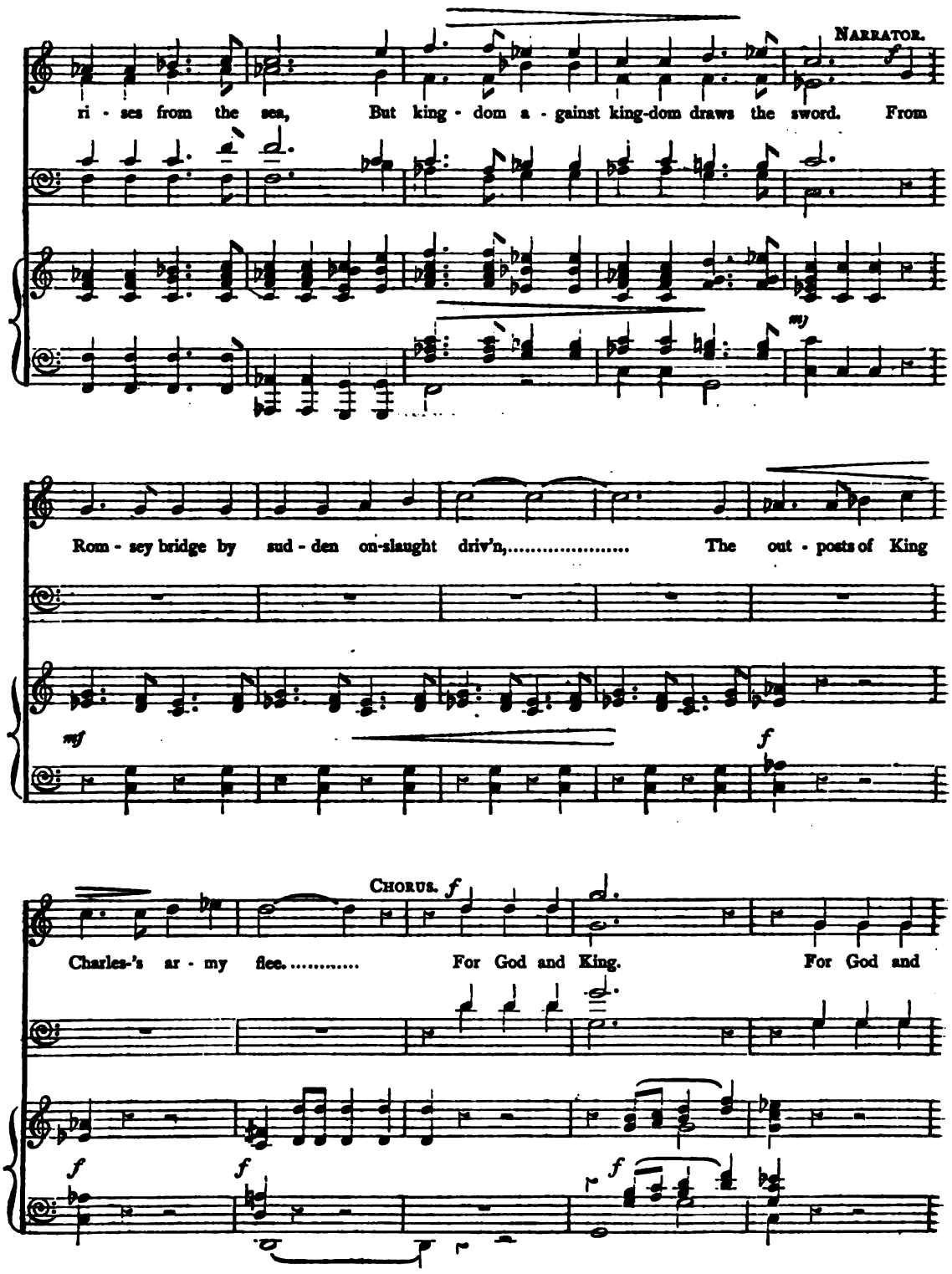
8
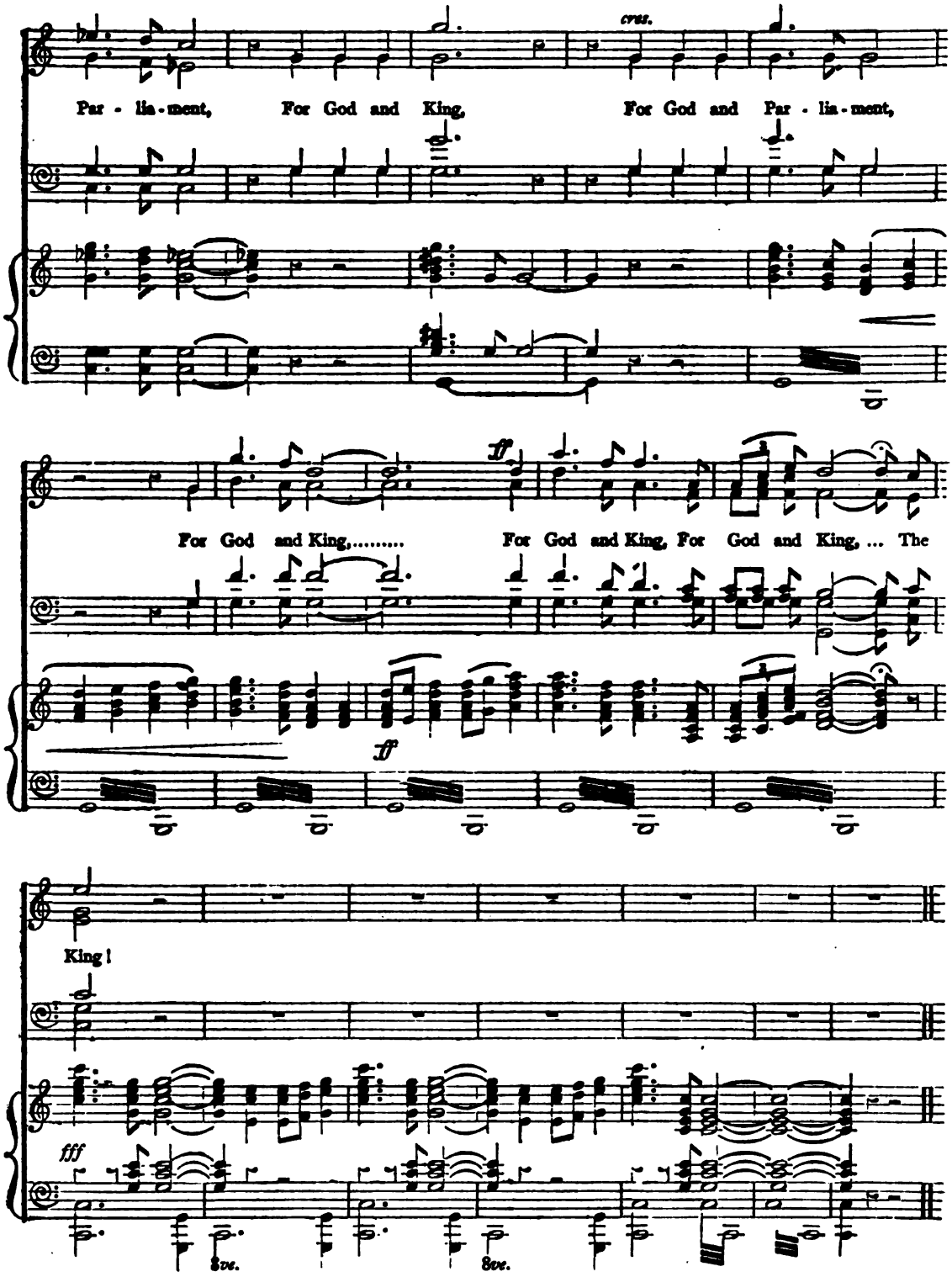
mf

more, once more the bea - con gleams up - on the hills, Once

f

more, once more the war - cry ech - oes thro' the vale. No sav - age Vi - king
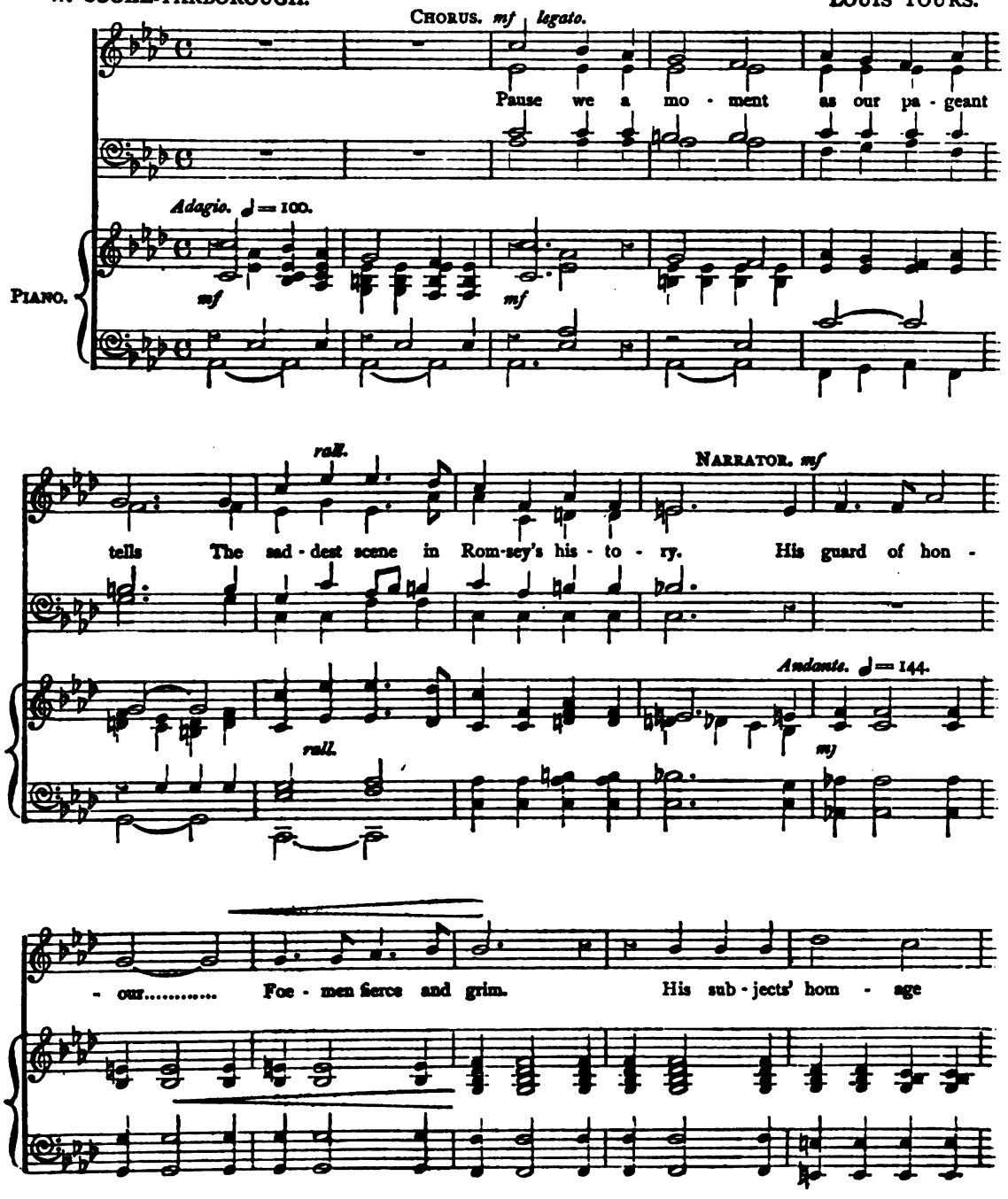

NARRATOR.
ri - ses from the sea, But king - dom a - gainst king-dom draws the sword. From
Rom - sey bridge by sud - den on-slaught driv'n,..... The out - posts of King
CHORUS.
Charles-'s ar - my flee..... For God and King. For God and
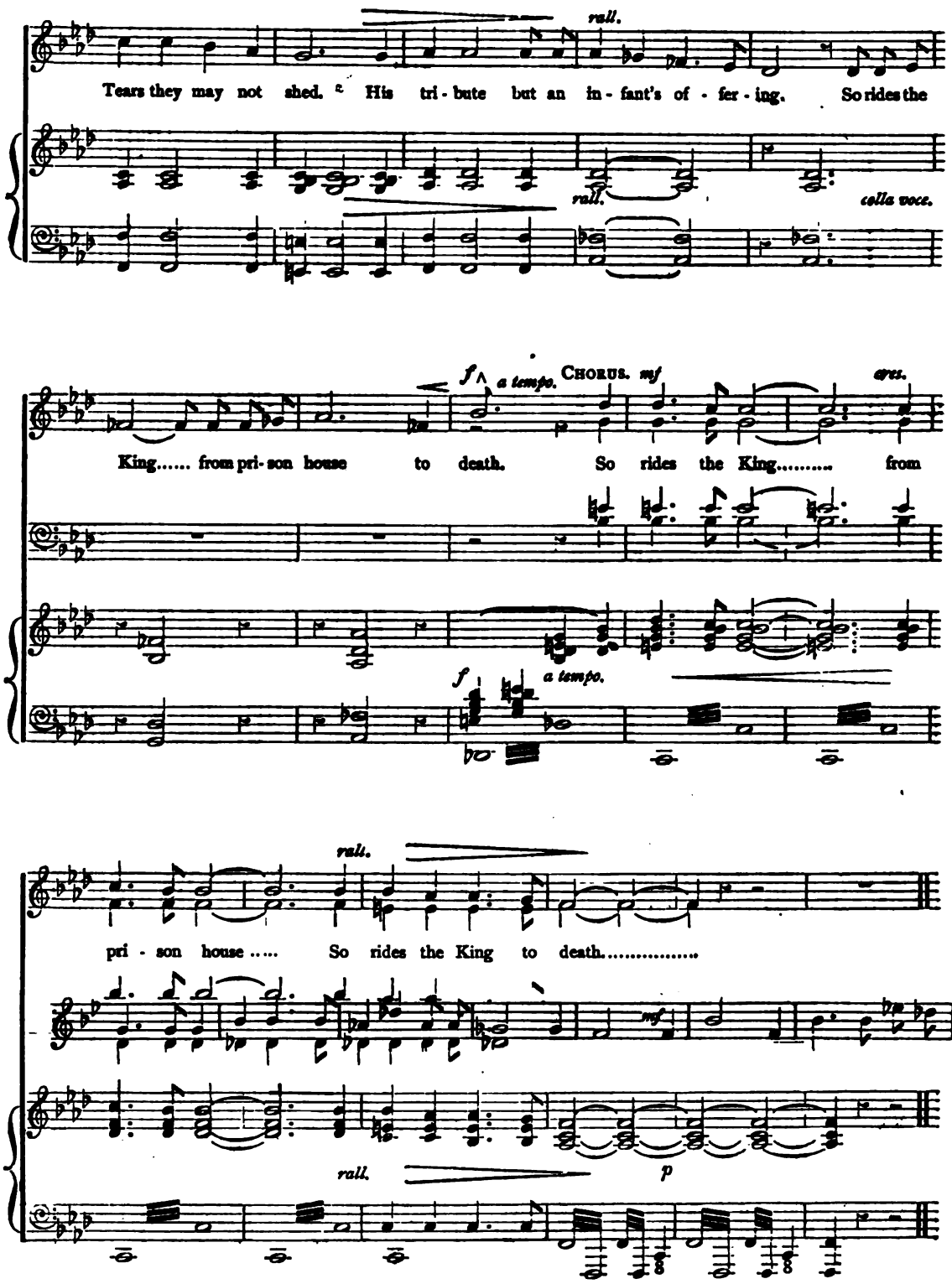

cres.
Par - lia - ment, For God and King, For God and Par - lia - ment,
ff
For God and King..... For God and King, For God and King, ... The
ff
King!
fff
8va.
8va.

Chorus Ten.

WORDS BY
W. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.

MUSIC BY
LOUIS TOURS.
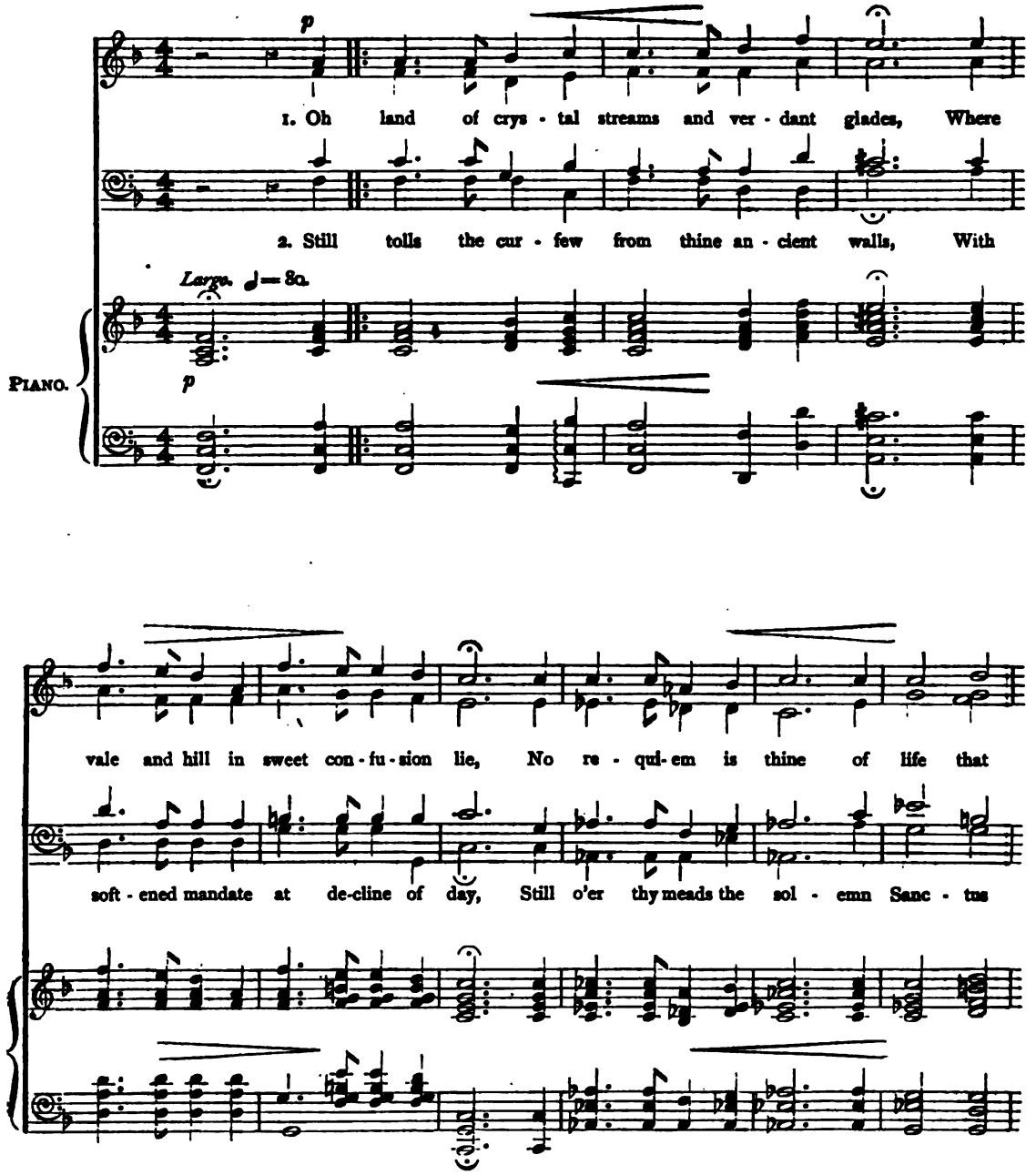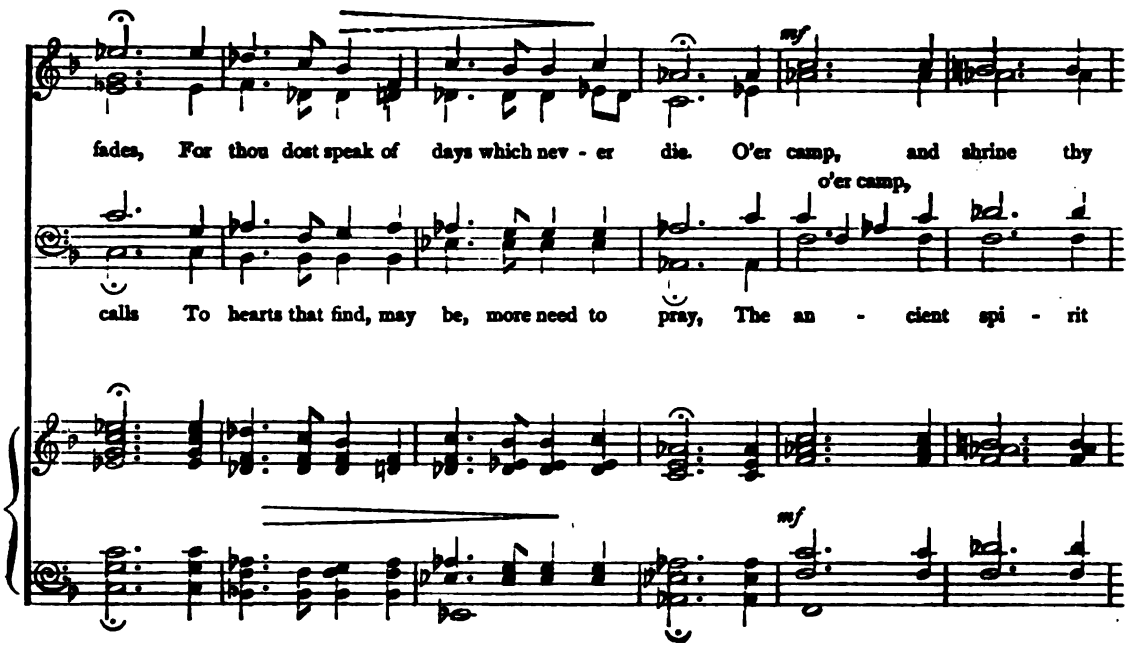



rall.
Tears they may not shed. His tri - bute but an in - fant's of - fer - ing. So rides the
rall.
cella voce.
f a tempo. CHORUS. mf
cres.
King..... from pri - son house to death. So rides the King..... from
f a tempo.
rall.
pri - son house So rides the King to death.....
mf
rall.
p
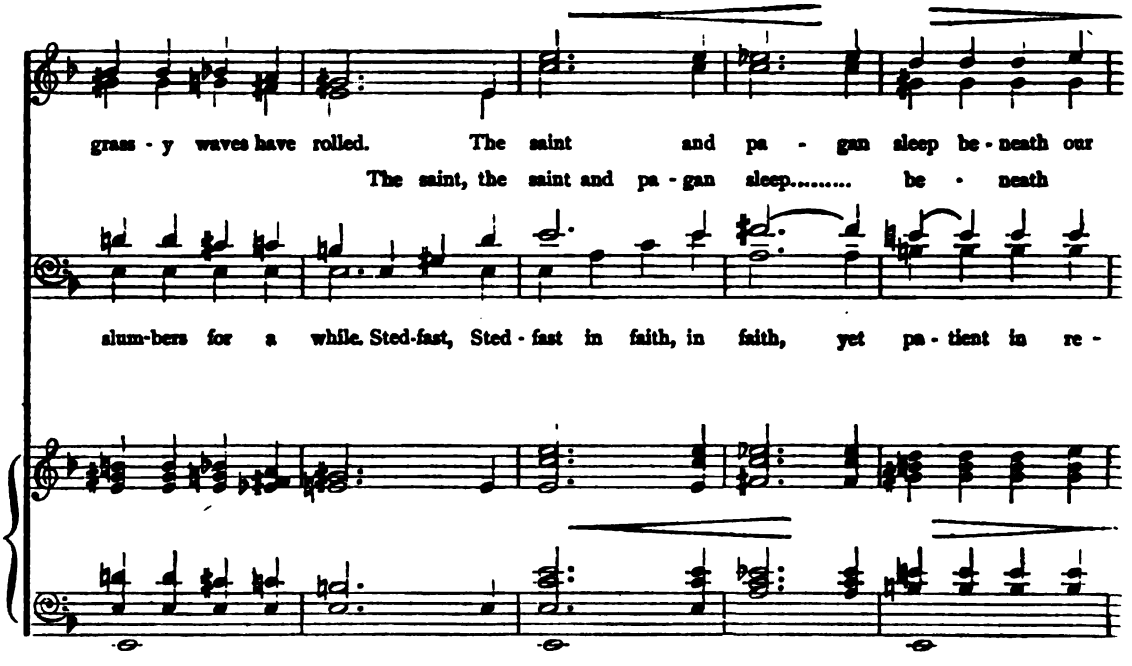
Hymnus.
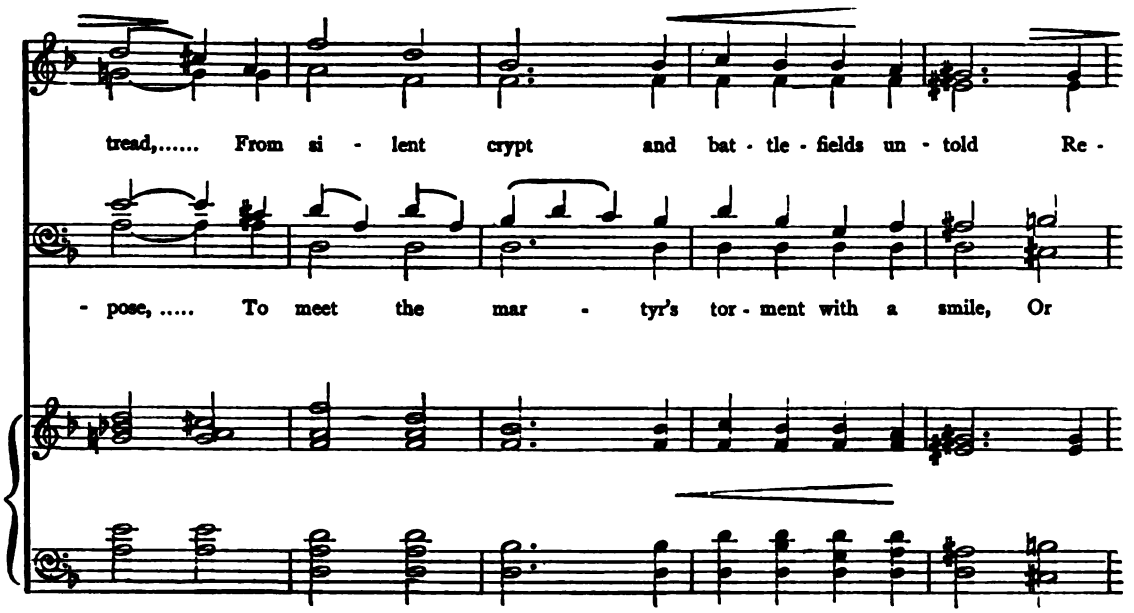
WORDS BY
W. COOKE-YARBOROUGH.
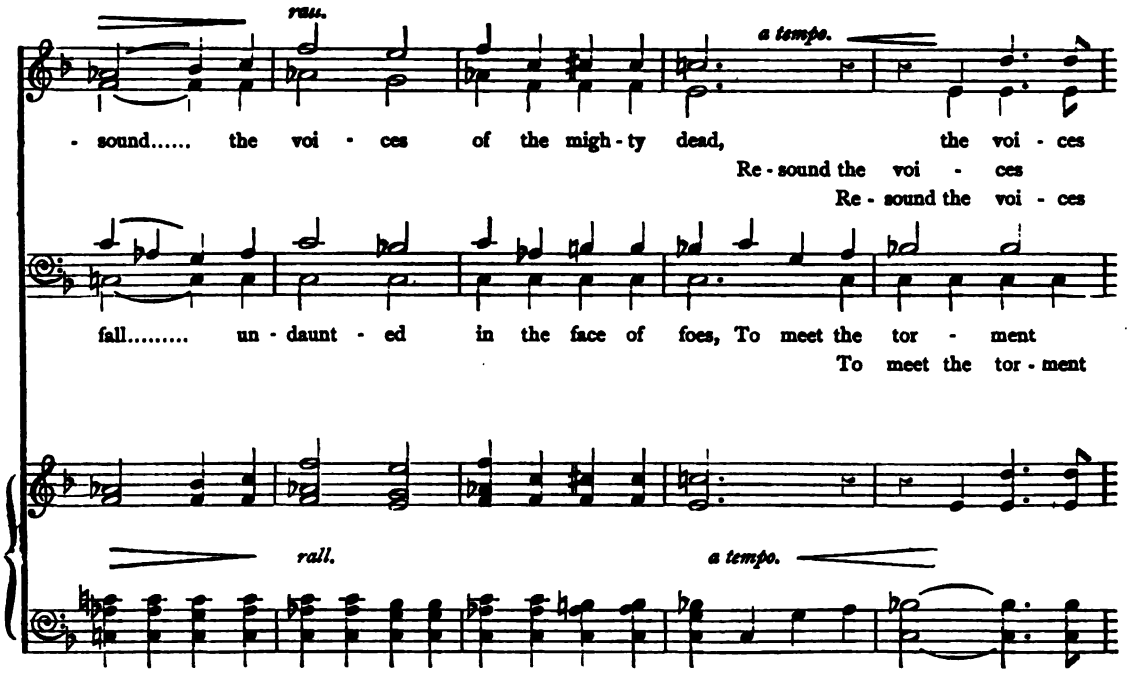
MUSIC BY
LOUIS TOURS.
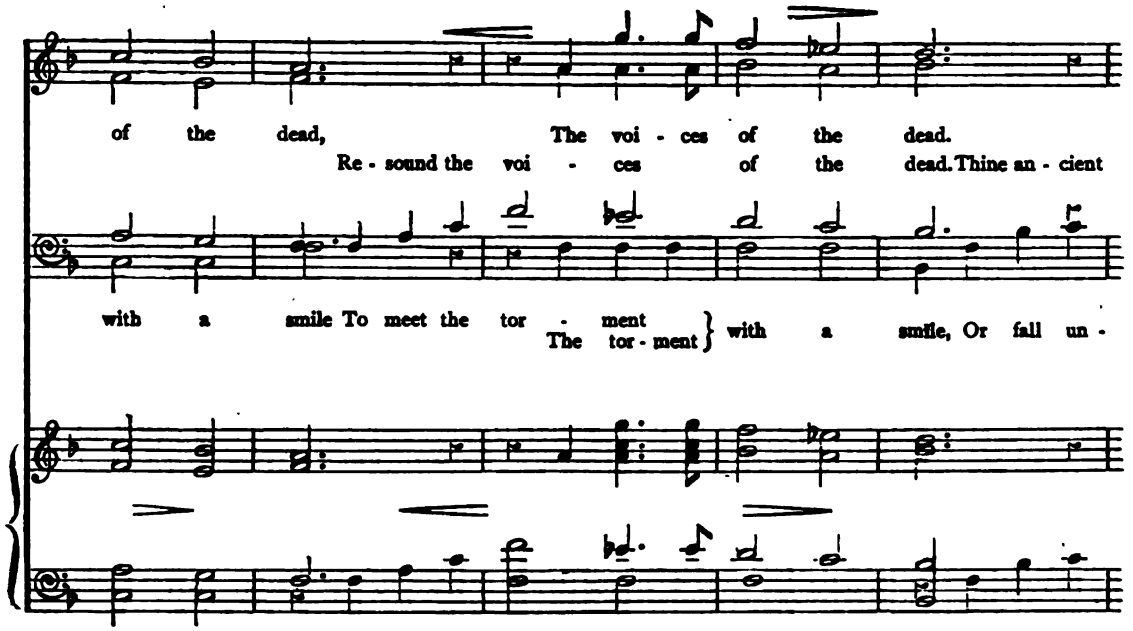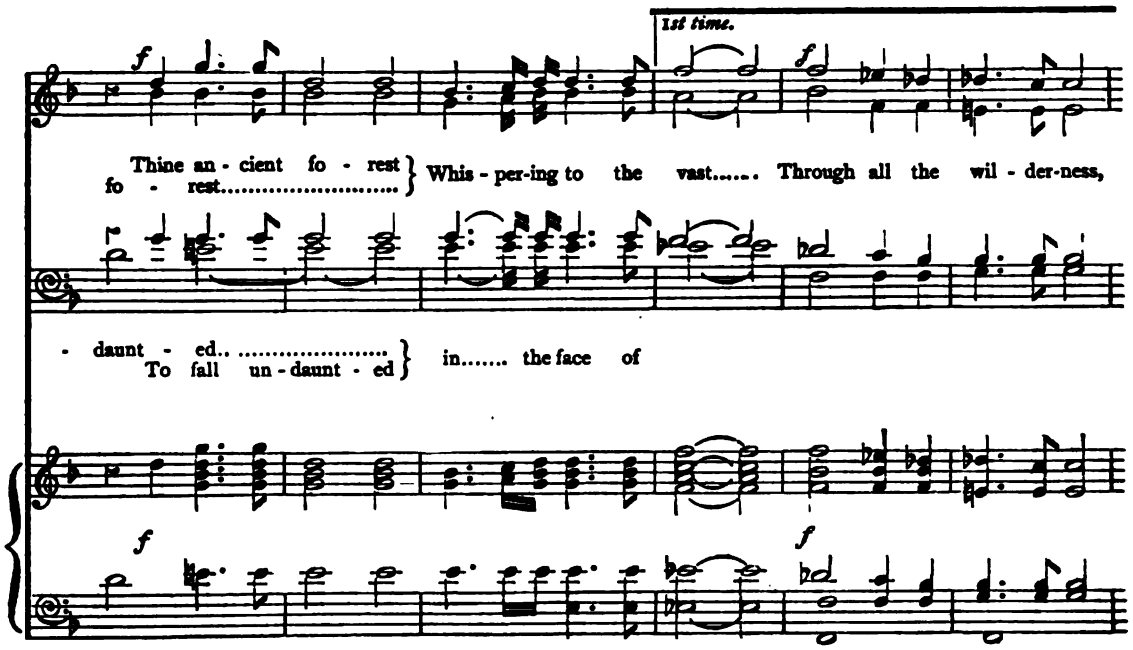



fades, For thou dost speak of days which nev - er die. O'er camp, and shrine thy
o'er camp,
calls To hearts that find, may be, more need to pray, The an - cient spi - rit
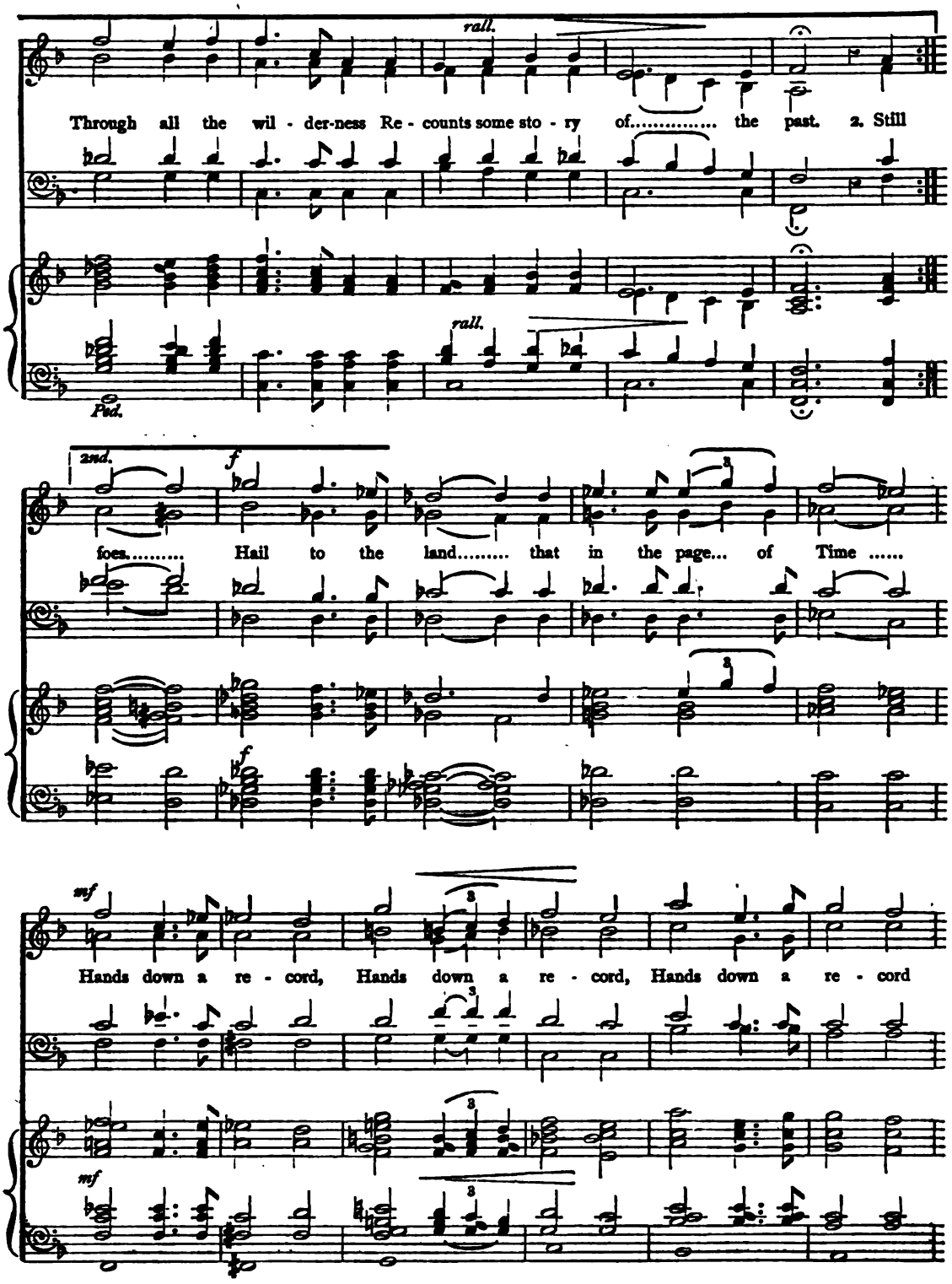

grass - y waves have rolled. The saint and pa - gan sleep be - neath our
The saint, the saint and pa - gan sleep..... be - neath
slum-bers for a while. Sted-fast, Sted - fast in faith, in faith, yet pa - tient in re -
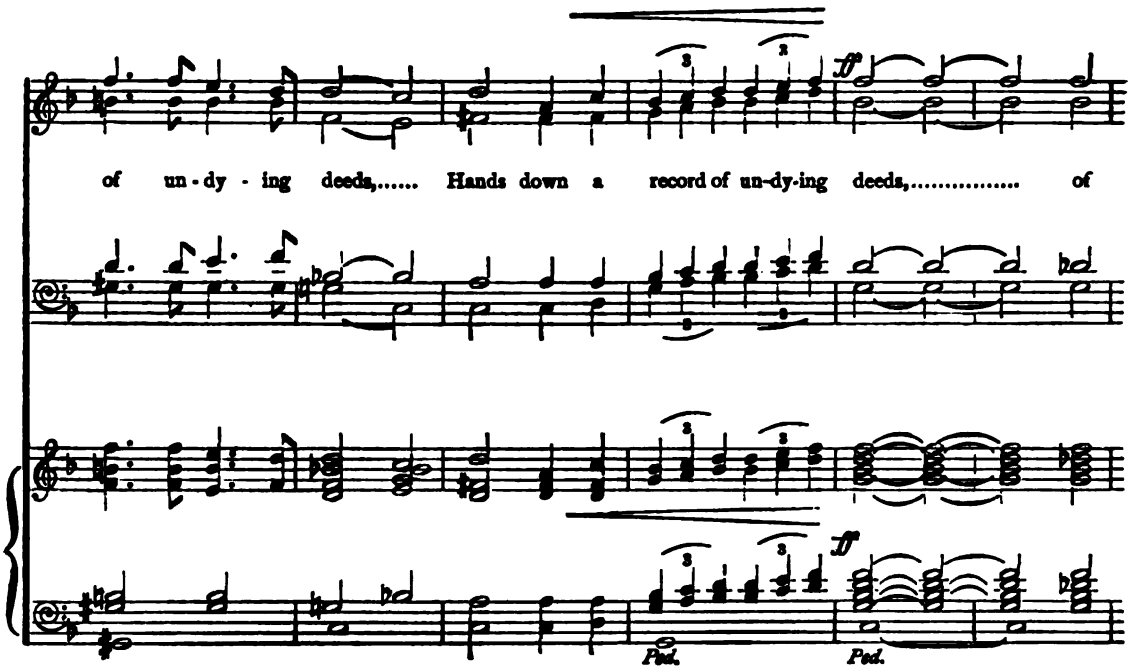

tread,..... From si - lent crypt and bat - tle - fields un - told Re -
- pose, ... To meet the mar - tyr's tor - ment with a smile, Or

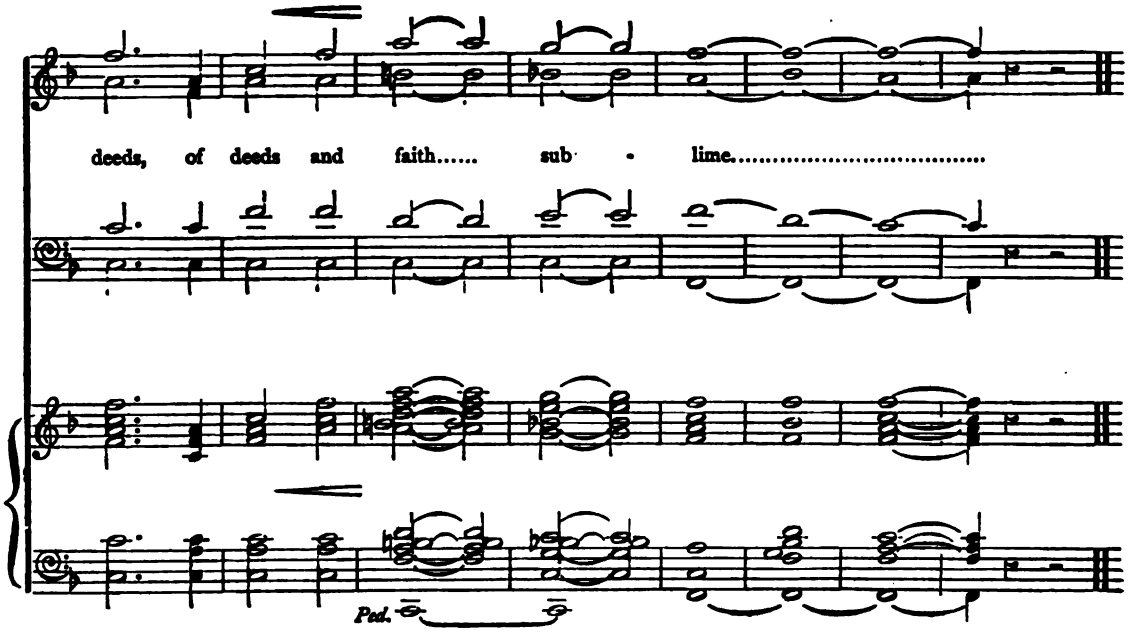

rau.
a tempo.
- sound..... the voi - ces of the migh - ty dead, the voi - ces
Re - sound the voi - ces
Re - sound the voi - ces
fall..... un - daunt - ed in the face of foes, To meet the tor - ment
To meet the tor - ment
rall.
a tempo.


of the dead, The voi - ces of the dead.
Re - sound the voi - ces of the dead. Thine an - cient
with a smile To meet the tor - ment
The tor - ment
with a smile, Or fall un -


1st time.
Thine an - cient fo - rest
fo - rest.....
Whis - per-ing to the vast..... Through all the wil - der-ness,
- daunt - ed..
To fall un - daunt - ed
in..... the face of
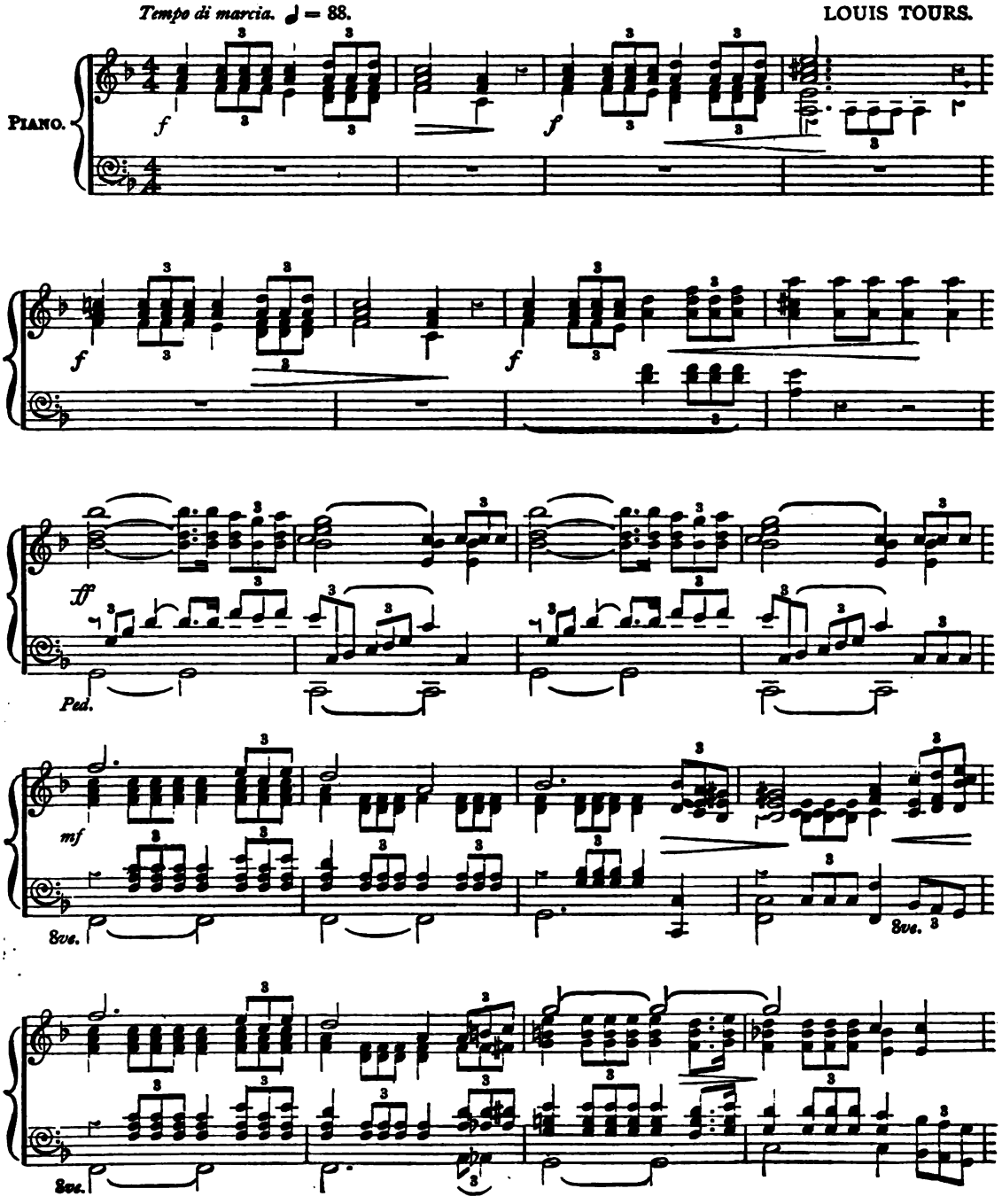

rall.
Through all the wil - der-ness Re - counts some sto - ry of..... the past. 2. Still
Ped.
rall.
2nd.
f
foes..... Hail to the land..... that in the page... of Time
f
mf
Hands down a re - cord, Hands down a re - cord, Hands down a re - cord
mf
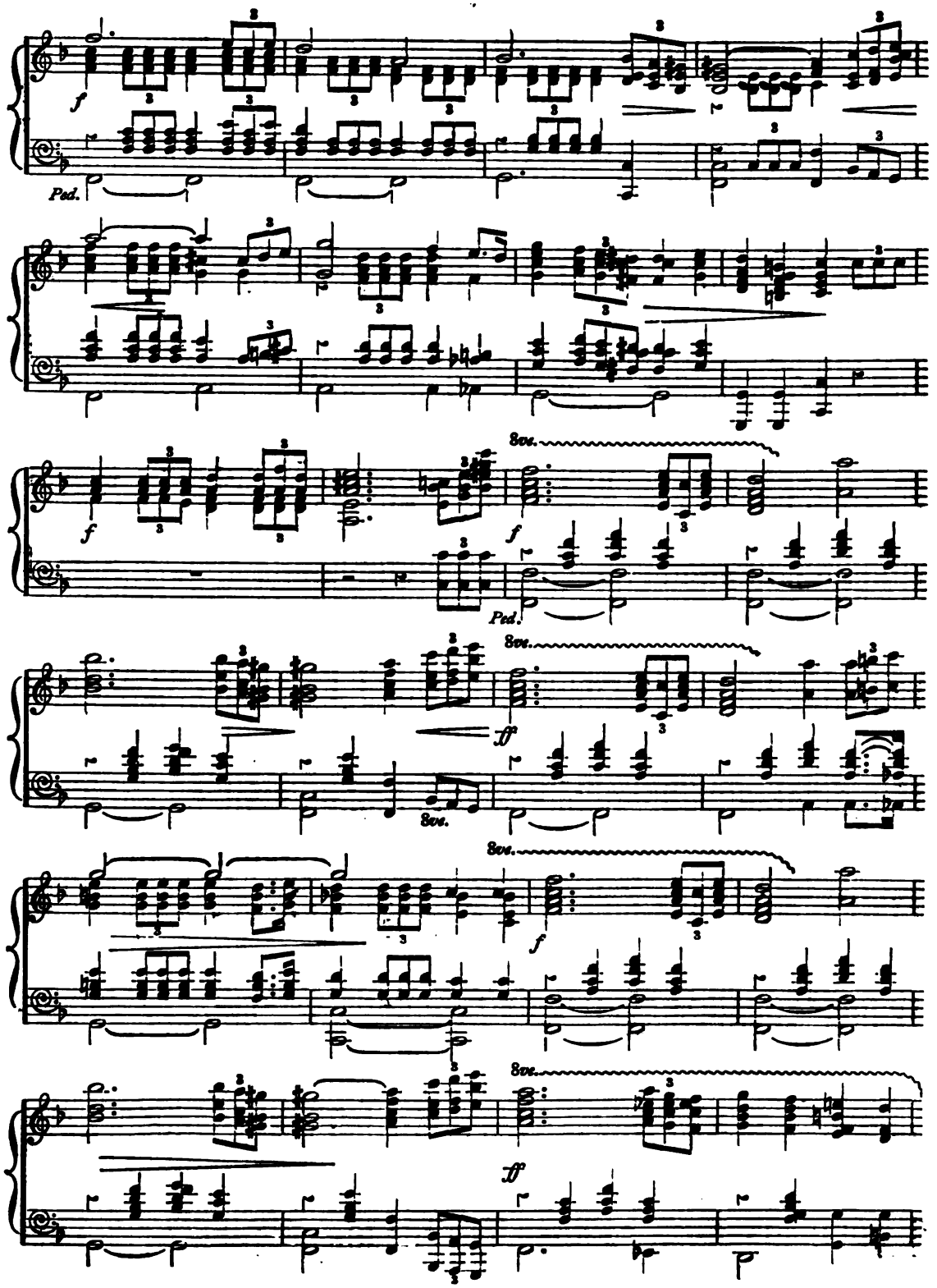

of un - dy - ing deeds,..... Hands down a record of un-dy-ing deeds,..... of
ff
Ped.
Ped.
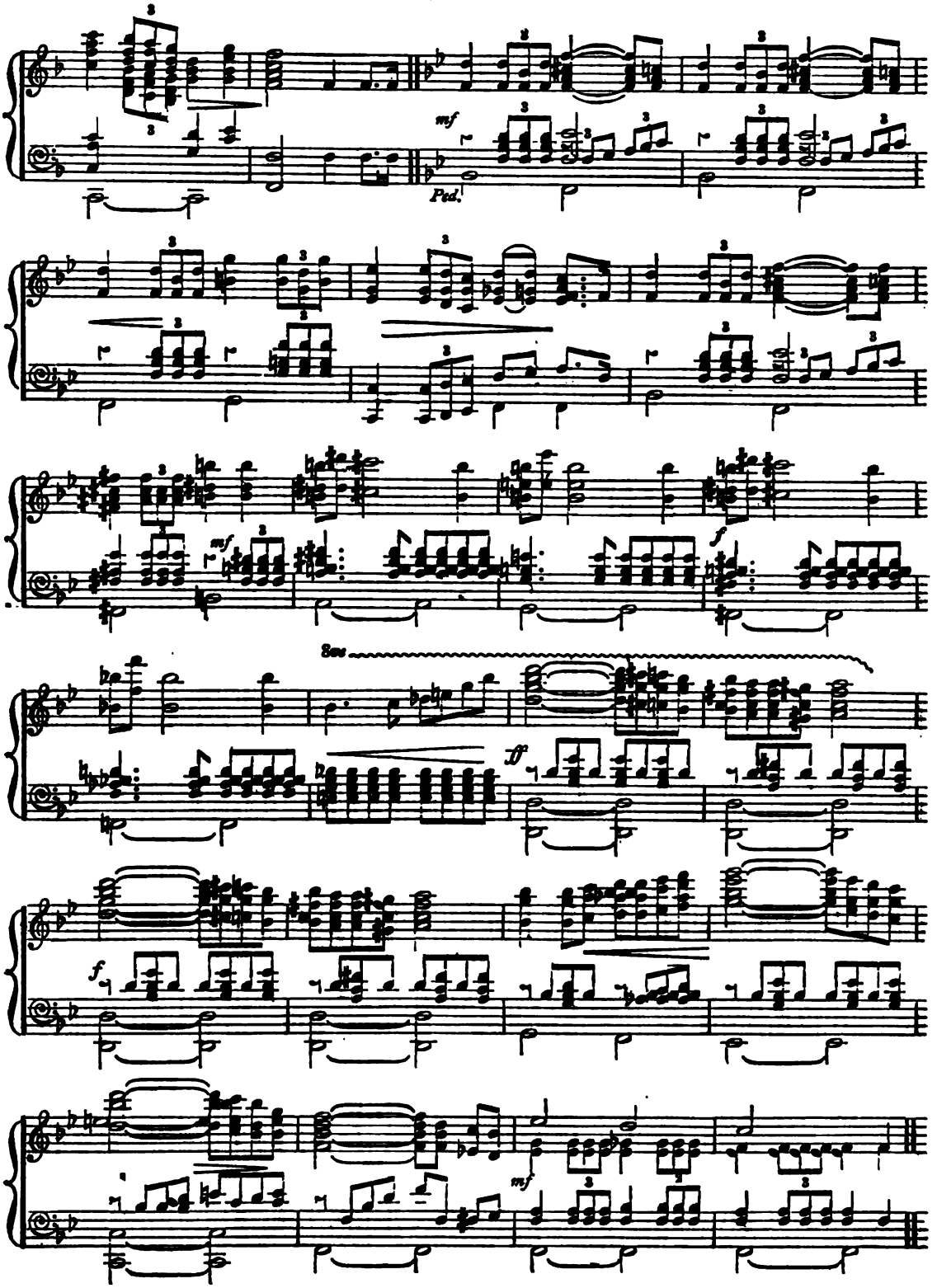

deeds, of deeds and faith..... sub - lime.....
Ped.
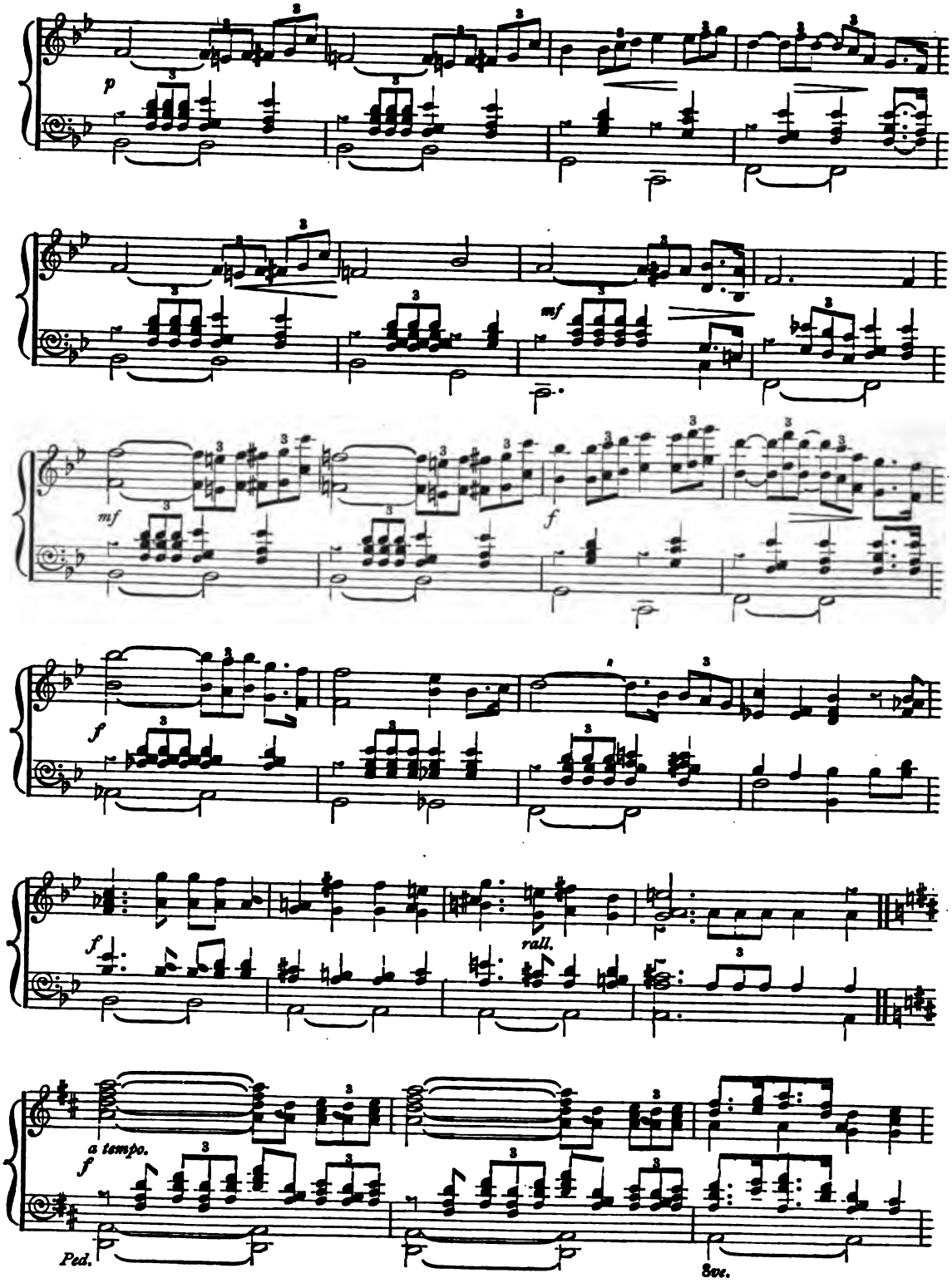
Triumphal March.
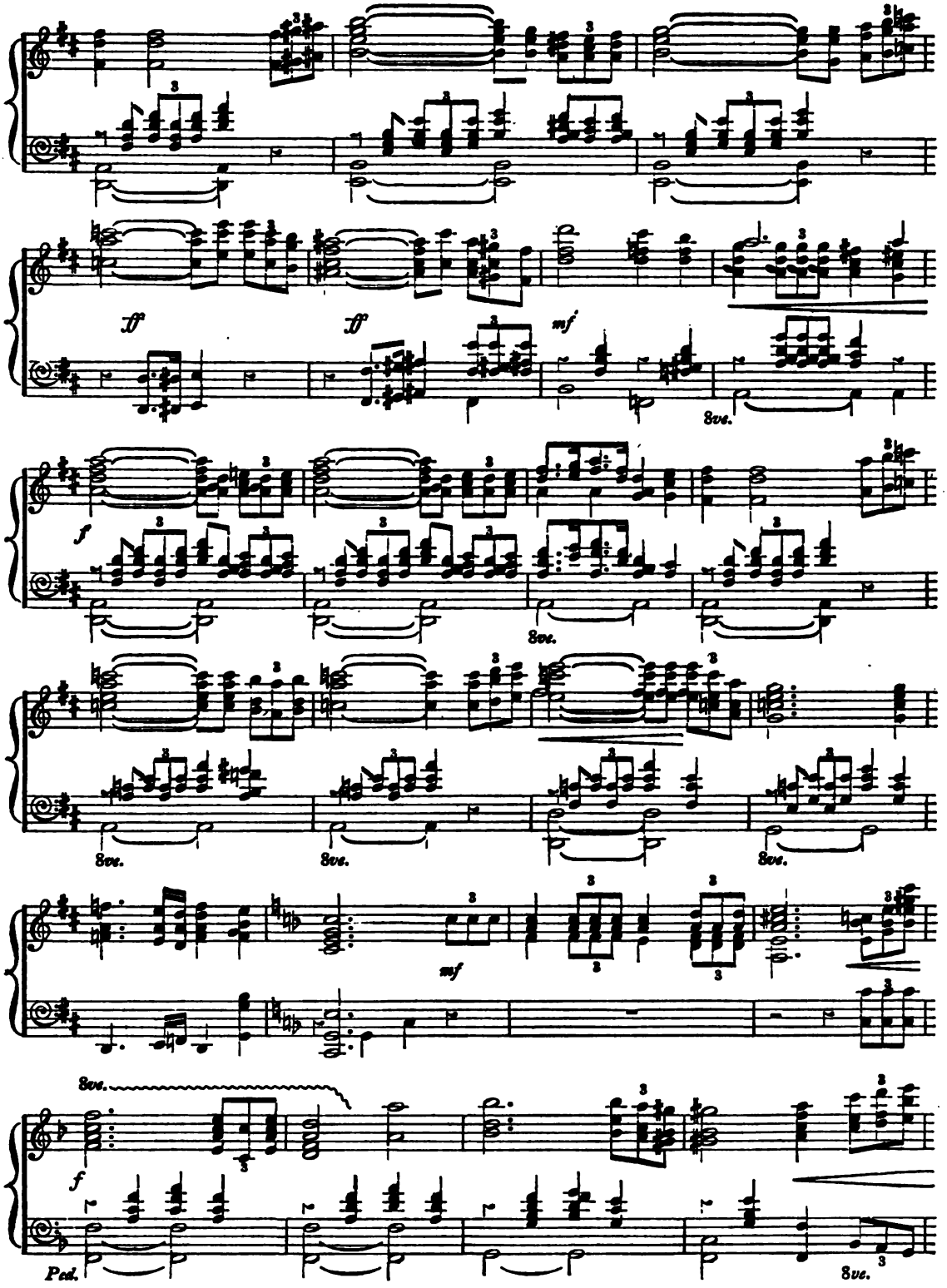
Tempo di marcia. ♩ = 88. LOUIS TOURS.
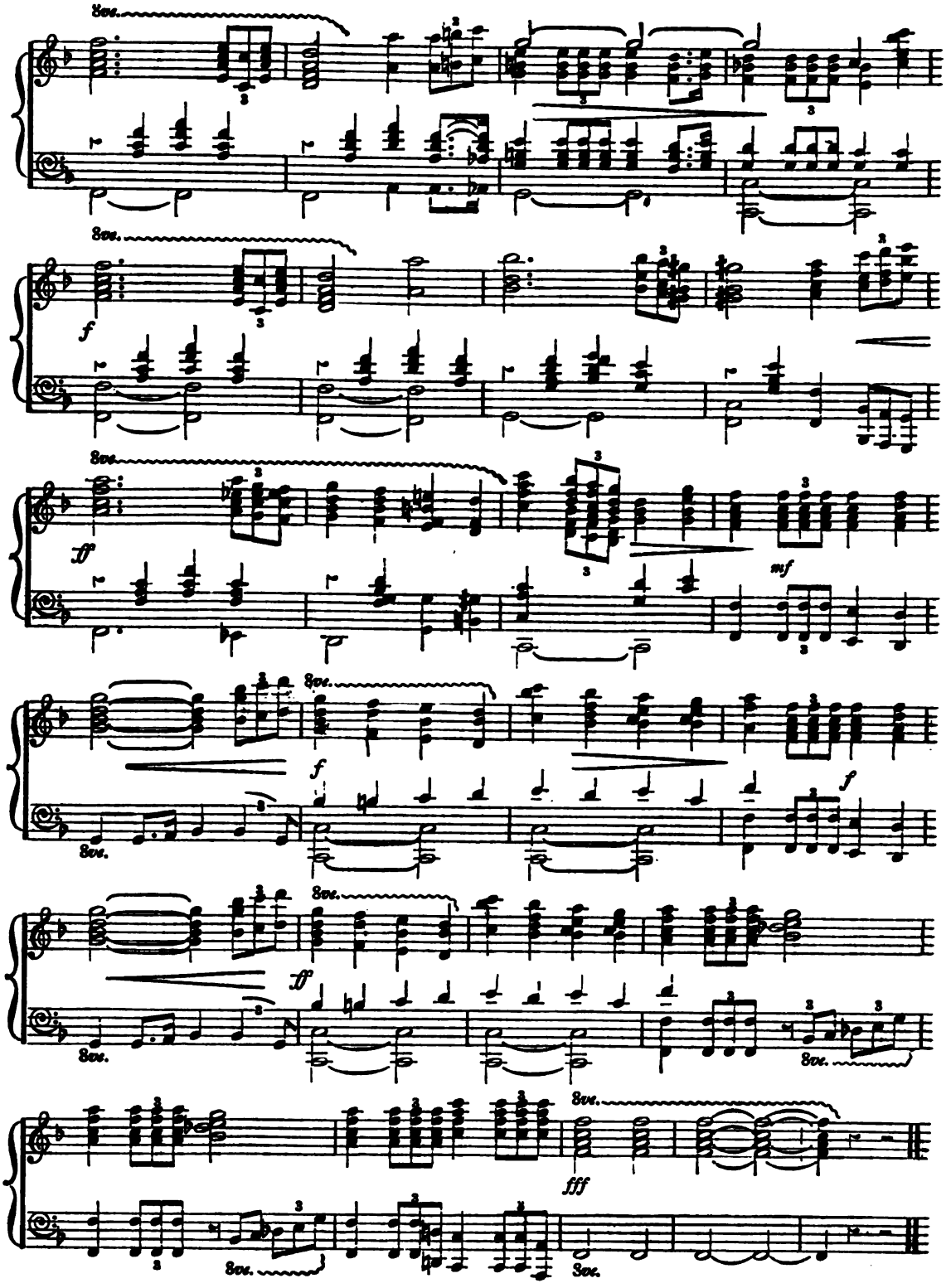



f
Ped.
8va.
ff


mf
Ped.
mf
f
8va
ff
f
mf


p
mf
mf
f
f
f
rall.
a tempo.
f
Ped.
8ve.


ff
ff
mf
8va.
f
8va.
8va.
8va.
8va.
mf
8va.
f
Ped.
8va.


8va.
f
ff
mf
f
ff
fff

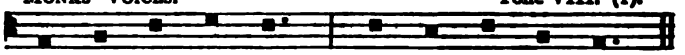
INCIDENTAL MUSIC

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY MR. T. C. RICHARDS, ORGANIST OF ROMSEY ABBEY.

PSALM CXXII.

At close of Episode I.

MONKS' VOICES. Tone VIII. (1).

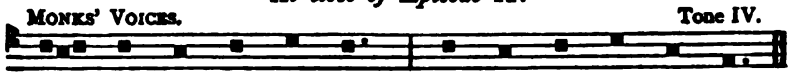


Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi : in domum Domini ibimus.
Stantes erant pedes nostri : in atriis tuis Jerusalem.
Jerusalem quæ ædificatur ut civitas : cujus participatio ejus in idipsum.
Illuc enim ascenderunt tribus, tribus Domini : testimonium Israel ad confitendum nomini Domini.
Quia illic sederunt sedes in judicio : sedes super domum David.
Rogate quæ ad pacem sunt Jerusalem : et abundantia diligentibus te.
Fiat pax in virtute tua : et abundantia in turribus tuis.
Propter fratres meos, et proximos meos : loquebar pacem de te.
Propter domum Domini Dei nostri : quæsivi bona tibi.
Gloria Patri, et Filio : et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper : et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

PSALM CXXX.

At close of Episode II.

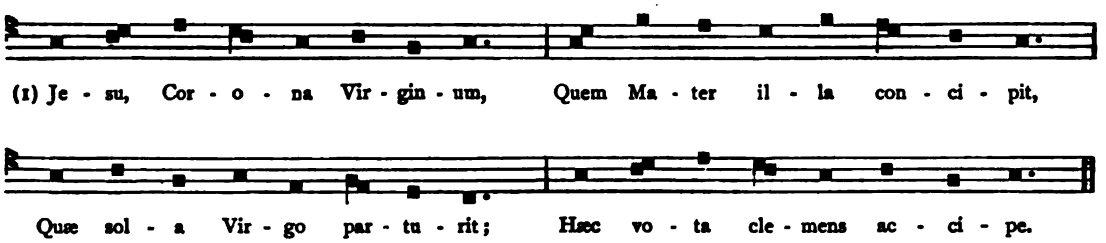
MONKS' VOICES. Tone IV.



De profundis clamavi ad te Domine : Domine exaudi vocem meam.
Fiant aures tuæ intendentes : in vocem deprecationis meæ.
Si iniquitates observaveris Domine : Domine, quis sustinebit?
Quia apud te propitiatio est. : et propter legem tuam sustinui te Domine.
Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus : speravit anima mea in Domino.
A custodia matutina usque ad noctem : speret Israel in Domino.
Quia apud Dominum misericordia : et copiosa apud eum redemptio.
Et ipse redimet Israel : ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.
Gloria Patri, et Filio : et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper : et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Hymn: "Jesu, Corona Virginum." (Attributed to S. Ambrose.)

At commencement of Episode III.



(2) Quæ pascis inter lilia,
Septus choreis Virginum,
Sponsas decorans gloria,
Sponsisque reddens præmia.

(3) Quocunque pergis, virgines
Sequuntur, atque laudibus
Post Te canentes cursitant,
Hymnosque dulces personant.

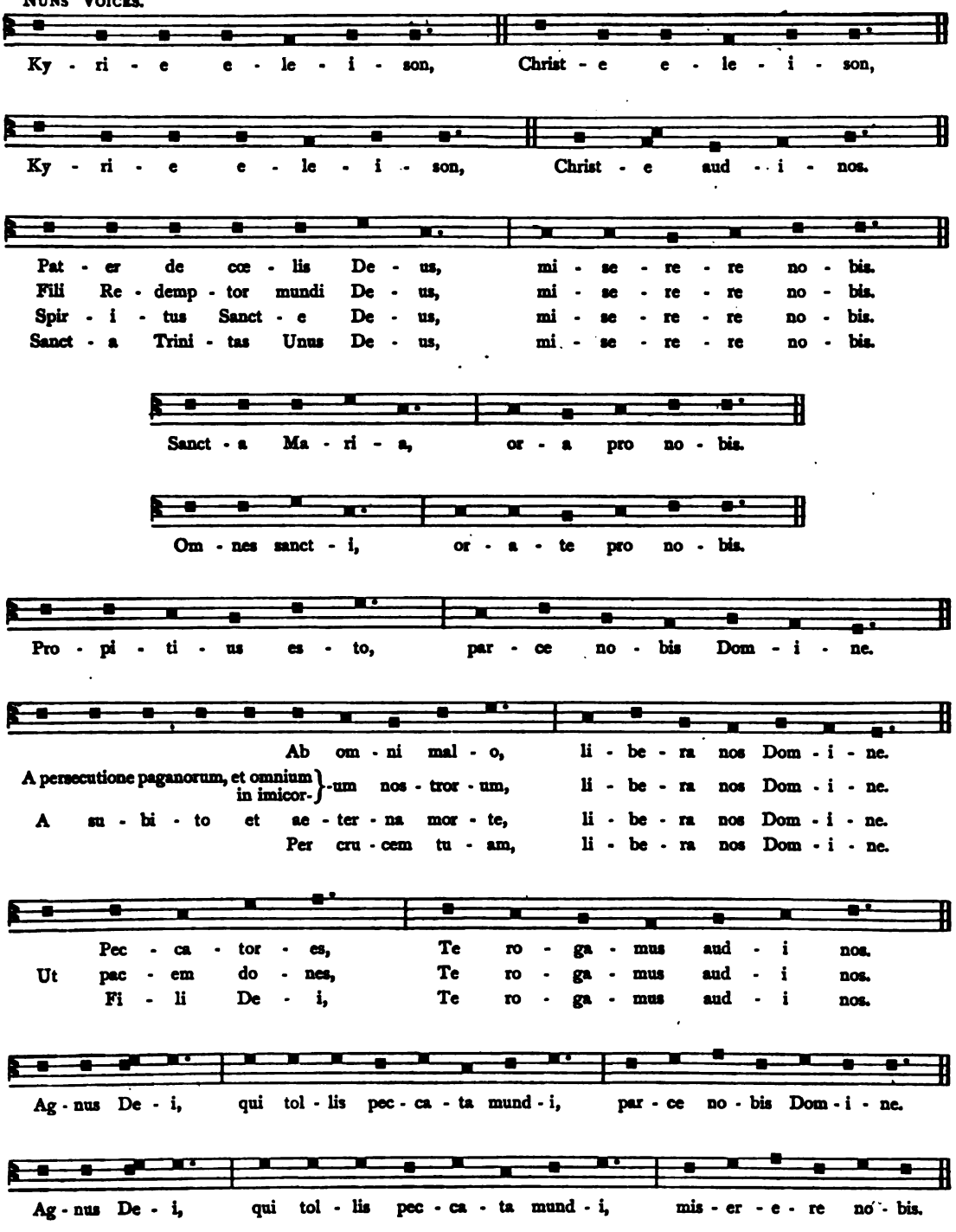
(4) Te deprecamur supplices,
Nostris adauge sensibus,
Nescire prorsus omnia
Corruptionis vulnera.

(5) Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,
Et nunc et in perpetuum.

Litany.

At close of Episode III.
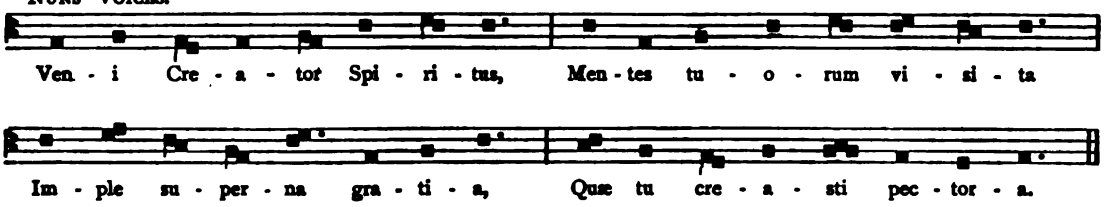
NUNS' VOICES.



Veni Creator Spiritus.

Episode VI.

NUNS' VOICES.



(2) Qui Paraclitus diceris
Donum Dei altissimi
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et Spiritalis unctio.

(3) Tu septiformis munere,
Dextra Dei Tu digitus,
Tu rite promissum Patris
Sermone ditans guttura.

(4) Accende lumen sensibus
Infunde amorem cordibus
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

(5) Hostem repellas longius
Pacemque dones protinus
Ductore sic Te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

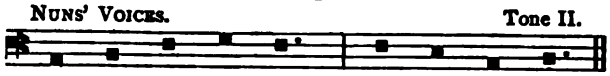
(6) Per Te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum,
Credamus omni tempore.

(7) Sit laus Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
Nobisque mittat Filius,
Charisma Sancti Spiritus. Amen.

PSALM LXXIX. (v.v. 1, 4, 6, 7.)

At close of Episode VII.

NUNS' VOICES. Tone II.
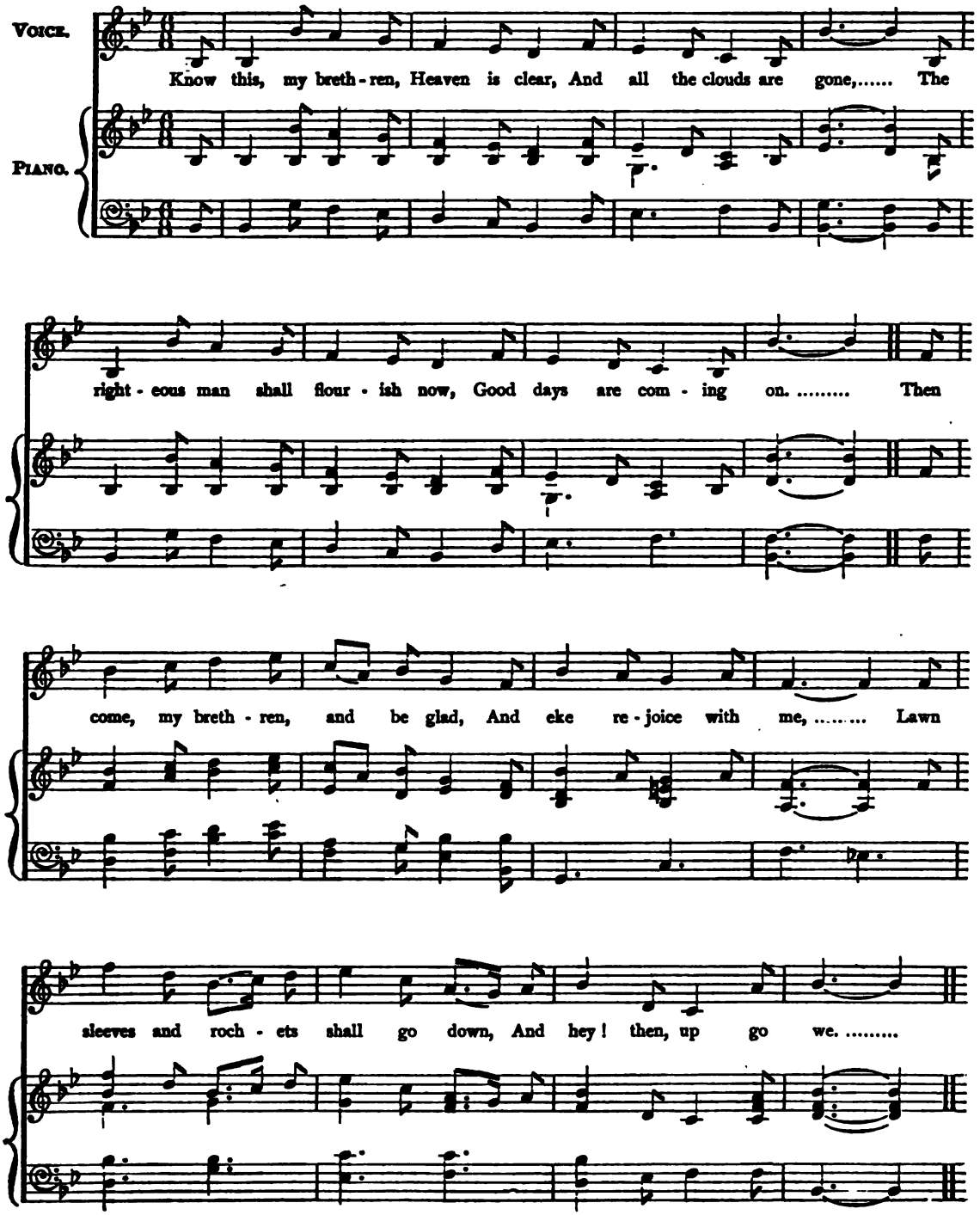


(1) Deus, venerunt gentes in hæreditatem tuam : { polluerunt templum sanctum tuum, posuerunt Jerusalem in pomorum custodiam.

(4) Facti sumus opprobium vicinis nostris : sub sannatio et illusio his qui circuitu nostro sunt.

(6) Effunde iram tuam in gentes quæ te non noverunt : et in regna quæ nomen tuum non invocaverunt.

(7) Quia comederunt Jacob : et locum ejus desolaverunt.

Puritan Soldier's Song.




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